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H. R. Trevor-Roper

Three Foreigners

and the Philosophy of the English Revolution

In November 1640 the Long Parliament met in London. The members who gathered at Westminster were angry, determined men. They had been kept out of Parliament for eleven years, and during those years they had suffered public and private grievances and humiliations. They disapproved of the government's foreign policy, which had been one of peace with ignominy while the cause of Protestantism was going down abroad and profitable opportunities of privateering lay neglected in the West Indies. They disapproved of its home policy which had consisted in a frontal war on the gentry, the laity of England in order to sustain at their expense a swollen, parasitic court and a reinforced, reactionary clerical estate. They disapproved of the government itself, which was unsympathetic to all their views, and of its means of sustaining itself, which had been by imprisoning its critics, even to death, without legal trial or just cause. And they were particularly enraged by its last desperate venture: for six months ago it had summoned Parliament only to dissolve it again in an arrogant, humiliating fashion, and to plunge into a desperate military gamble whose success (all agreed) would have meant the end of Parliament altogether. Fortunately, it had failed; and because of that failure, the leaders of opposition had been able to force upon the Government a new Parliament: a Parliament of angry men who were determined to make an end of this system of government, hold an inquest on its misdeeds, and punish the great gambler, Strafford.

All this is well known. It is also well known how Strafford resolved, even now, to break the Parliament; how the leaders of Parliament struck first against him; how for months all other business was interrupted by the trial of Strafford; how the judicial murder of Strafford poisoned relations between King and Parliament and led to civil war between them; and how that civil war turned ultimately to revolution, regicide, republic, military despotism, anarchy and, at last, restoration. And yet we also know that none of these consequences was intended by the Parliament. However angry men were in November 1640, they had not wished for anything like this. They were all of them deeply conservative men. Most of them—especially those who opposed the court—were elderly men. They were all of them royalists: even three years later, after a year of civil war, they would unanimously send to the Tower a member who only hinted at republicanism. What then, we may ask, did they really want? What would have been their course if the great rock of Strafford's case had not thrust itself up, at the very beginning of their journey, and diverted them from the smooth waters in which they had intended to sail into the headlong torrent and foaming cataracts which led them to disaster? It is easy to see what they did not want. They did not want wardship and purveyance, shipmoney and monopolies, prerogative taxes and prerogative courts, clericalism and Star Chamber. But what were their positive aims? What sort of a brave new world did they envisage, and confidently envisage, in that brief period, those few days, between the meeting of Parliament on 3rd November and the sudden, irremediable diversion of their course by the menace of Strafford on the 11th?

At first sight it seems easy enough to answer this question, for, did not the English gentry themselves express their aims? We

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look at their professed views, the views of their leaders: of the great patrons who had brought them into Parliament, of the common lawyers who had long formulated their demands, of the "Calvinian" clergy who preached to them and for them; and looking at these, we say that what they demanded was regular parliaments, constitutional guarantees, a presbyterian church. But at second glance—when we observe what they did to Parliament, the constitution, presbyterianism—we find that this answer will not do. No doubt they wanted these things, but they did not want them as ends: they wanted them as means to other things, and when they did not lead to those other things, then they were rejected. So were the leaders who advocated them. Already in 1641 Oliver Cromwell, in Parliament, was attacking the patronage of the peers; in 1644 he would sigh for the day when there would be never a nobleman in England; in 1649 he would abolish the House of Lords. And at the same time the cry of the puritan gentry would swell against those "insatiable cannibals," the common lawyers, whose robes Colonel Pride, after the battle of Dunbar, would have hung up, with the captured Scots flags, as spoils of victory in Westminster Hall. And as for the presbyterian clergy, we know how they fared. "Old priests writ large," they were used and thrown aside; they never, at any moment, controlled the puritan revolution.

Therefore, if we are to discover the positive aims of the English gentry—not merely the "puritan" gentry, but the "country party" which was united against the court (though not against the King) in 1640—we must not listen to their leaders only: we must listen to themselves. We must place our ear not in the corridors of Westminster, nor in aristocratic palaces, nor in law-courts and churches, but to the ground of rural England and Wales, in the counties from which these gentry came. We must discover, if we can, the voices not of metropolitan officials but of dim squires, men who, more often than not, never raised their voices to speak publicly across the centuries, who did not publish theories, or make set speeches in parliament, but who were nevertheless the angry men in parliament and behind parliament, the men who, from behind, struck down their lukewarm, politic, legalistic, aristocratic, and clerical leaders and pushed on, over their bodies, to destruction.

Can we ever discover the aims of such men, men who, by definition, are inarticulate? Well, we can try. Enough of them left some record —whether in diaries or commonplace books, casually recorded ejaculations, or pious, ungrammatical devotions—for us to risk some generalisation. In this essay I intend to take this risk. I intend to isolate, if possible, the positive, constructive aims not of the politicians, the front-benchers, but of the unpolitical back-benchers who at first followed those leaders and then, by going on when they had stopped, made the revolution. Of course this is not easy. The language these men used is not always the language of politics or even of sense. Sometimes their demands seem absurdly parochial: they are using the nation's Parliament, and demanding a national revolution, in order to change their village parson or village schoolmaster. Sometimes they seem absurdly metaphysical: they will mobilise the trained bands or sit in committee to halt the course of Antichrist or discover the Number of the Beast. Nevertheless, by reducing these demands to some common content, by generalising the parochial and condensing the metaphysical, I believe we can come to some conclusions. No doubt many of their conclusions were negative, but with those conclusions I am not here concerned: only with positive, constructive aims; and these were not entirely forgotten even in the anarchy which overtook them. Through twenty years of what Cromwell called "blood and confusion," the gentry of England lurched and stumbled; but in the brief intervals betwen bloody noses and confused noises they still saw, and were led on by a vision of society which they hoped somehow, at the end of it, to attain: a vision, moreover, made vivid to them by three philosophers, none of whom was English but who together may perhaps be called, both in their limited, practical aims and their wild, bloodshot mysticism, the real philosophers, and the only philosophers, of the English Revolution.

THE social programme of the "country party," as it was formed in the 1630's, in the years of Strafford and Laud, and as it emerges indistinctly from these records, can be easily summarised. Beneath the continued rule of a royal and episcopal government which they took for granted (only demanding that it govern in harmony with the people, as under "queen Elizabeth of glorious memory"), they demanded two things: decentralisation and laicisation. For throughout the last century the English people had seen a constant process of centralisation.

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There had been centralisation of the State—what else was Tudor government, the "new monarchy" with its great bureaucratic organisation? There had been centralisation—or rather, re-centralisation—of the Church: the Reformation had been a protest against Roman centralisation; but that protest had only half succeeded, and now central power was being built up again by Canterbury, and the country parishes remained neglected and starved. There had been centralisation of economy: London had constantly drained business, wealth, population from the old provincial towns. And the country gentry—the best of them, those who did not merely mope at home or clamour to be in on the racket—wished to see this process reversed. They wished to see their counties, their local towns, their parishes raised out of the squalor and neglect and indignity into which they had been allowed to slide, becoming mere backwaters, areas of emigration to the City and the Court. In wanting this, the "country" wanted also a continuation, or rather a resumption, of the Protestant Reformation: that Reformation which had originally meant not a centralised state church, "a patriarch at Canterbury instead of a pope at Rome," but the dissolution of parasitic corporations, the redistribution of locked-up resources, the settlement of adequately paid, useful, preaching ministers in the parishes, the foundation of municipal institutions, local almshouses, local schools.

We can see this policy in numerous details, if we look for it. We can see it in the law. Many of the demands for reform of the law which became so loud during the Puritan Revolution were essentially for decentralisation. Why, men asked, should all the law courts be in London? Why should "a mass of money" be thus "drawn from the veins into the ulcers of the kingdom"? Why should there not be local courts, giving speedier justice, not in "brackish French" but in the plain English tongue? And since lawsuits were generally about land, why should the titles to land be discoverable only in London? Why should there not be registries, one in each county; and all land, of course, held by simple tenure, in free socage, free from the control of another central, abusive court, the court of Wards?

Then there was education. Higher education for the gentry was the essential road to employment: why should it be centralised in the (to many of them) distant and costly towns of Oxford and Cambridge? The gentry demanded universities or colleges in York, Bristol, Exeter, Norwich, Manchester, Shrewsbury, Durham, Cornwall, the Isle of Man, wherever they themselves happened to live. And not only universities. Grammar schools were no doubt many, but their location was arbitrary, according to the residence or whim of their founders. There were demands for Eton colleges in every county. And, at a humbler level, there was a great demand for uniform, decentralised primary education. If the "country" was to raise itself up out of its seedy neglected state, it must be, men said, on the base of an educated, industrious artisanate. The Elizabethan gentry and middle class, says Dr. Rowse, "believed in education for their children," and took steps to ensure it; but "they thought education less important for the people, and they were right." But were they right? The best of them, by the 17th century, thought that they were not: that the educational system of the country, like its government and church, was top-heavy and that the balance must be restored.

It must be restored also in the Church. Nothing was so obvious to the conscientious country gentry of the 1630's as the unbalance in the Church. The Reformers had dissolved monasteries, abolished costly superstitions, redistributed wealth; but how disappointing the result now seemed! Had the tithes of the monasteries been returned to the parish clergy from which they had originally been filched? Had the gospel, liberated from its former constriction, been carried into the neglected North and West of England? Had the wealth of the Church been re-distributed within the Church? The answer was: no, or not enough. All men realised that, not least Archbishop Laud. Unfortunately, Laud sought to repair the base of the Church by repairing the summit first. He would first re-create clerical power, clerical wealth at the top, and then use that power and that wealth to enforce changes at the bottom. And his method of change was to be not co-operation with the laity, and lay piety—that great new force which lay behind the whole Reformation—but frontal war on it. Naturally the laity did not co-operate. They were eager to help—their achievement in augmenting the value of livings was in fact far greater than Laud's—but not in that way.

For the programme of the country party was not merely one of decentralisation. It was also one of laicisation. For in spite of the Reformation it now seemed to them that religion, education, the law had all become professionalised.

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They had fallen, or fallen back, into the hands of complacent corporations which were converting them, more and more, into private monopolies with mysterious, private rules, the means of perpetuation. But by now "the country" had begun to suspect the validity of these rules, and the motives behind them. The lawyers' "brackish French," the paramount Aristotelianism of the universities, the new "superstition" of the Anglican Church now seemed to be merely the mumbo-jumbo of social conservatism, the meaningless argument against useful change. But the country did not despair of change, and if the professionals were imprisoned in their own categories, the laity were prepared to reject those categories. Society would be changed, they said, by lay energy, using lay science; a simple, rational approach to law—the law of Selden or Hale; a simple, rational approach to learning—the learning of Bacon; a simple, rational approach to religion—the religion not of puritanism, which could so easily become a new clericalism, but of latitudinarianism, whether Anglican or puritan, the "layman's" religion of Chillingworth or Hales.

Such, in general, was the philosophy of the country party. Of course I have simplified it, and idealised it. In practice it ran into many difficulties, as the opposition of vested interests was discovered; and naturally it had many less reputable supporters whose interests tainted its simplicity. It was also carried to unexpected lengths. In the course of the revolution the demands for decentralisation—decentralisation of parliament, decentralisation of trade—became sometimes ruinous, sometimes ridiculous; and extreme laicisation sometimes led merely to anarchy. Still, if we are to see the practical philosophy of the country party at its best, this, I believe, is it. And once we have seen it in this form, we can see it also in another. This philosophy of the country, the enemies of the court, the austere, religious, parochial men who became puritans, rebels, republicans, was, in almost every respect, the philosophy of that greatest of courtiers, that extravagant, metropolitan sceptic, that "peremptory royalist" (as he called himself), Francis Bacon.

It is a paradox, and yet how can we deny it? Look at Bacon's works, look at his addresses to the lawyers, his memorials to the king, his memoranda on education, his speeches in Parliament, his declarations on science. It is all there.

The country party, or at least their leaders in parliament, did not listen to Bacon in his day. They lined up behind his great rival, the crabbed, pedantic, unimaginative idolator of the existing common law with all its obscurities and abuses, the greatest profiteer of its centralisation, Sir Edward Coke. And yet, if we look closely, or look later, how wrong they were! All the reforms of the law which would be loudly and angrily demanded by a rebellious people in the 1640's had been lucidly and loyally demanded, a generation before, not by Coke, never by Coke, but always by Bacon. It was the same in education. Bacon, the greatest advocate of lay reason and lay religion, would have reformed the universities, dethroned Aristotle, introduced natural science; he would have stopped the growth of grammar schools and built up elementary education; he would have decentralised charitable foundations, whether schools or hospitals, for "I hold some number of hospitals with competent endowments will do far more good than one hospital of exorbitant greatness"; he would have decentralised religion, planting and watering it in the forgotten "corners of the realm"; and he would have decentralised industry, trade, wealth, for "money is like muck, not good except it be spread." When we read this evidence —evidence which is obvious, inescapable, constant throughout his writings—we can easily agree with the greatest of English 17th-century historians, S. R. Gardiner, that if only Bacon's programme had been carried out, England might have escaped the Great Rebellion.

But how could the country gentry of England know this? How could Francis Bacon speak intelligibly to them? A double gulf separated them from him. First, there was a social gulf, the gulf between the great intellectual courtier of an outrageous, spendthrift court and the serious-minded, parsimonious, provincial country squires to whom, in fact, he had seldom addressed himself; for as a conservative reformer he had preached privately to the king, not publicly to them. Secondly, and perhaps even more significantly, there was a gulf in time: a very narrow gulf, it is true, but also very deep, the gulf between 1620 and 1630 in which a whole world, a whole philosophy of life, had irretrievably sunk and foundered.

For if we are to understand changes in human history and human philosophy, we must always remember the importance of single generations. One generation of men may be bound together by common experiences from which its fathers

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and sons are exempt; and if those experiences have been signal, terrible, inspiring, they will give to that generation a character distinctive to itself, incommunicable to other men. How can we, who lived through the 1930's, whose minds and attitudes were formed by the terrible events of those days, understand or be understood by men to whom those events are mere history, reduced to the anodyne prose of text-books? Of course not every generation has common experiences sufficient to mark it out in this way; the experiences, if they are to have this effect, must be powerful, formidable, inspiring. But if they are inspiring, then there are such generations. Spaniards, in their history, talk of "the generation of '98" as an enormous, significant fact which alone gives meaning to a part of its course. In Europe the generation of the 1930's may well prove similar. And in 17th-century Europe, and particularly protestant Europe, the generation of the 1620's was the same.

For the 1620's had been a terrible decade. For most of Europe it had been a decade of economic depression leading into new absolute power and European war. For Protestant Europe it had also been a decade of total defeat on all fronts: by 1629 the complete extinction of the whole European Reformation seemed in sight, and its intellectual leaders envisaged flight into uninhabitable wastes or imaginary islands. And in England, if the suffering was less, the shame was greater. To Englishmen the 1620's were a decade of irresponsible government and economic crisis at home and the betrayal, the fatal betrayal, of a great tradition abroad. When they looked back on history, Englishmen saw Queen Elizabeth giving leadership, strength, victory to European Protestantism. Now, when they looked out, they saw only feeble English intervention and then withdrawal into timid neutrality. And what was the result of this weakness? As English fleets and armies returned in defeat and disgrace from ill-managed expeditions, the whole Protestant cause collapsed. From Gibraltar to Danzig, from the Channel Ports to Hungary, the ideological enemy struck down every citadel of Protestantism in turn; and from Bohemia, Poland, the Rhineland, a stream of refugees arrived on these still safe but ignominious shores.

Amid such a series of catastrophes the whole climate of opinion in Protestant Europe was convulsed. It was the end of an era, the end perhaps of an illusion. The age of the Renaissance, that age of unbounded optimism, Olympian speculation, carefree *douceur de vivre* was over. Armageddon had arrived. How, in these last convulsions of the world, could men breathe the atmosphere or think the thoughts of the past, even the immediate past? Was it not rather a time to count the few remaining days of the world, to expect the conversion of the Jews, to listen for the last, or at least the penultimate Trump, to calculate the abstruse and fugitive Number of the Beast?

In the 1630's the serious-minded gentry of England indulged in a great deal of such calculation, in which they were assisted by many a crack-brained European refugee. And this new attitude of mind inevitably affected the Baconian philosophy which they accepted, or would accept, as the formulation of their more mundane hopes and interests. For in such a new climate they could not accept the pure Baconianism of Francis Bacon. Baconianism must be changed to meet them. It must put off its courtly Jacobean clothes, its patrician elegance, its metropolitan urbanity and scepticism, its traces of the galleries and aviaries of York House, the gardens and fishponds of Gorhambury, and become instead a "country Baconianism," acceptable in the new world of the 1630's, serious, puritan, dull, only with its dullness lit up here and there by lunatic flashes: millenary calculations, messianic hopes, mystical philosemitism.

Fortunately the need produced the men. Just at this moment the essential agents of this metabolism appeared. And they appeared, appropriately, out of the maelstrom of Central Europe. Just as the first Protestant Reformation in England, the Reformation of Edward VI, though an English movement, had been animated by foreign thinkers, seeking a new asylum and new base, so its 17th-century continuation, though also a purely English movement, was to seek inspiration from three displaced foreigners.

These foreigners were Samuel Hartlib, John Dury, and Jan Amos Komensky, the famous Comenius.

Samuel Hartlib was a Prussian, from Polish Prussia. His father was "merchant royal" to the king of Poland, and his home was in Elbing, on the Baltic Sea. He seems to have studied when young in Cambridge and there to have been captivated by Baconian ideas; but he returned to Elbing and it was only in 1628, with the Catholic conquest of Elbing, that he

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came, with other refugees, permanently to England. There he threw himself into works of charity, collected money for Protestant refugees from Poland, Bohemia, and the Palatinate, set up a short-lived school, on Baconian principles, at Chichester, and finally, in 1630, moved to London and lived permanently in Duke's Place, Holborn. The rest of his life and fortune was spent in a "superabundant charity to his neighbours and to God, in a faithful adventure much tending to his glory": in other words, in relieving his fellow refugees, encouraging practical, lay piety, and, more particularly, in disseminating useful knowledge interfused with messianic speculations.

For essentially Hartlib believed in "useful knowledge." As a Baconian, he was convinced that a whole world of such knowledge was at hand, if only men would seek it, and that it could be applied, if only they would distribute it. And how profitably it could be applied, even by governments! "The public aims," he once wrote, "of those that are over the affairs of state, to reform and direct them towards the good of all, may be infinitely improved," if only they learn how to make use of the statistical, economic, and other information which could so easily be supplied to them. And he was ready to supply it. All he required was co-operation. To ensure co-operation he advocated a union of all good men, bound together in an "invisible college" by religious pacts and devoting themselves to collective undertakings. They should improve husbandry, teach languages, forward inventions, compile statistics, educate the Red Indians, the Irish, the poor, recommend domestic servants, welcome—perhaps convert—the Jews, interpret the Apocalypse. They should put at the service of the state an "engine" for "the settlement of the felicity thereof." And for such a union, such an "engine," he offered himself as universal secretary. He would advertise, solicit, publish, co-ordinate, lubricate. In fact it was to his "great and unwearied zeal for learning" that England owed Milton's essay *On Education*, Pell's *Idea of Mathematics*, Evelyn's *Sylva*, the work of Weston on husbandry, of Petty on "political arithmetic," and a dozen other manuals of general improvement. He was "the great intelligencer of Europe," himself unoriginal, but the friend of every thinker in his adopted country; and the basis of all his friendships was his zeal for Baconian science, Baconian methods, combined with that inevitable addition of the 1620's, protestant unity and apocalyptic prophecy.

With Hartlib we must always associate John Dury.

Dury also came from Elbing. The son of an exiled Scottish minister, he had studied in Holland, taught in a Huguenot household in France, and then become a minister in Elbing, where he had met Hartlib and discovered that he too was a Baconian. Then, when the Jesuit reconquest squeezed him too out of Elbing, he had become a wandering missionary, preaching Protestant Union as the means of political survival, Baconian methods as the hope of social regeneration. He presented himself to Gustavus Adolphus, the sudden saviour of the Protestant cause; he was taken up by Sir Thomas Roe, the advocate of English intervention; he even pressed his cause on Archbishop Laud, who treated him very shabbily, sending him on fool's errands to Devonshire, then to Germany, to be rid of him. But no one could get rid of Dury. He was indefatigable, an idealist, a crusader.

> Methinks I see you [wrote one of his English patrons] clambering up that laborious and rugged way after St. Paul, in journeyings often, in perils of water, of robbers, of false brethren, in perils both in city and in country, in weariness and painfulness, in watching often, in want and necessities, and besides all these conflictations, labouring under the daily care of the churches.

Whenever we catch a glimpse of him he is in one of these postures: he is in Germany, in Holland, in Denmark, in Sweden, beset with poverty, selling his father's books to buy bread, waiting in the ante-rooms of warring princes and generals, indifferent bishops, querulous theologians; he is writing on education; collecting Bacon's works for German princes or the Queen of Sweden; counting the Number of the Beast. And all the time his rear is protected by the "agitation and co-operating industry" of his constant friend in London, Samuel Hartlib, "the boss of the wheel," as Dury called him, "supporting the axle-tree of the chariot of Israel."

The third member of this remarkable triumvirate was a much more famous, and dottier man. Comenius was a Bohemian, a minister of the pietist church of the Bohemian Brethren. He too had fled from place to place as the Habsburgs and the Jesuits reconquered his native land. In 1628, after many displacements, he had arrived, with his community, on to the estate of a Polish devotee, Count Raphael Lescyński, at

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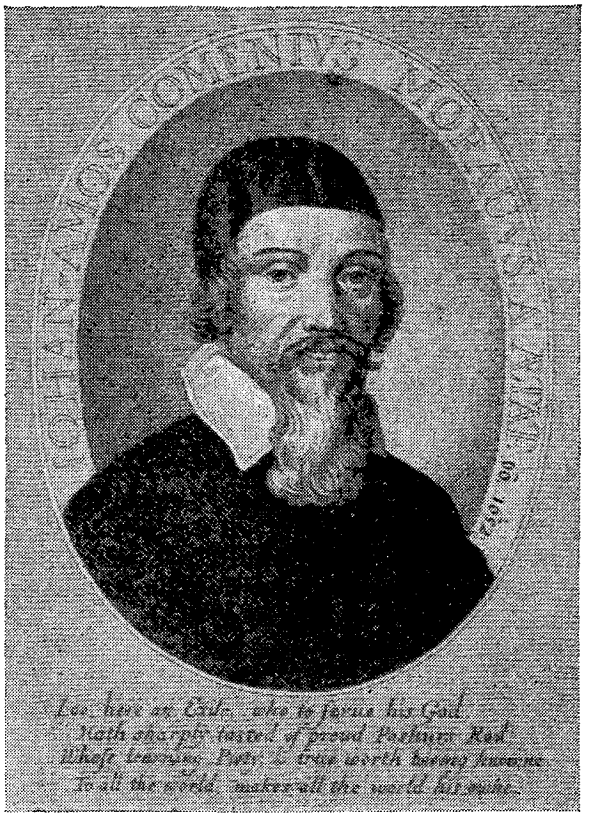
Leszno in Poland. There he too had discovered the works of Bacon and had at once become an enthusiast. He was already an enthusiast for the Millennium, the Messiah, and the Jews. In Leszno he wrote his first works on education. At once they were pirated in England. But before long the pirates were overtaken by a disinterested admirer, who wrote to him from England offering to send him some of Bacon's manuscripts, to collect money for his work, to look after his disciples in England, to procure him an amanuensis. This disinterested admirer was, of course, that universal agent, Samuel Hartlib.



Comenius was charmed by Hartlib's advances. How could he fail to respond to such unexpected "christian charity towards me, albeit unknown, and towards us, whom the world had cast off"? He sent his works to England, where Hartlib published them. Soon afterwards Hartlib put him in touch with Dury, and Dury, now in Sweden, saw to it that his books and ideas were distributed there.

The result was exciting. For in Sweden at this moment there were two great men who seemed natural patrons alike of the Protestant Reunionist and the educational reformer. One was the King, Gustavus Adolphus, the leader and saviour of European Protestantism, who was also the founder of Uppsala University and the educator of Sweden. The other was his indispensable financier, the greatest, most enlightened Protestant merchant, banker, and industrialist of his day, the founder of the Swedish copper and iron industries, the patron of scholars, the Liégeois immigrant, Louis de Geer. When Gustavus and Louis de Geer beckoned Dury and Comenius to settle under their patronage in Sweden, it seemed inevitable that they should yield. But in fact they did not.

For in fact Hartlib, in England, had already built up for them a rival group of patrons. That group consisted of their natural disciples, the inarticulate, intellectually leaderless "country party" of England.

PERHAPS it sounds extravagant to represent these three foreigners as the intellectual cement of the English country party. That party, it can be said, had other, non-intellectual bonds: it was held together by patronage, by kinship, by the great puritan "cousinage" of which we read so much. And yet was this really so? The bonds of patronage were soon snapped, the bonds of cousinage were far less clear or exclusive than historians pretend.

No doubt Oliver Cromwell was related to John Hampden and Hampden to Sir Thomas Barrington and Barrington to the Earl of Warwick, and all these were puritan leaders. But what of Sir Oliver Cromwell and Alexander Hampden and Warwick's brother the Earl of Holland, who were also in the "cousinage" and were all royalists? No, within the cousinage, within the patronage-group, there is another, more exclusive bond: the bond of common ideas. And if we make a list of all those men who were acknowledged leaders of the "country party" in 1640, clergy and lay, and then ask what common intellectual influence they acknowledged, the answer is clear. Whatever other interests may have divided them, they were all united in the patronage of our three philosophers, Hartlib, Dury, and Comenius.

Let us glance at that list. First there are the clergy. Their most important clerical patron was John Williams, bishop of Lincoln and dean of

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Westminster, formerly Lord Keeper of England, now the leader of clerical opposition to Archbishop Laud. Williams had been the friend, the successor in office, the executor of Francis Bacon; he held Baconian views and lived (much to the irritation of Laud) with Baconian magnificence. He founded libraries, patronised schools, enriched colleges, encouraged teachers of the new learning. Already in 1630 Hartlib and Dury were in touch with him, and he was liberal to them both. In 1632 he put Hartlib in charge of his "academy" of young noblemen at his palace of Buckden.* Other bishops soon followed his example: Archbishop Ussher of Armagh, Bishops Davenant of Salisbury, Hall of Exeter, Morton of Durham. These were notoriously the "anti-Laudian" bishops, the men whom the country party praised as the type of "moderate" bishop required in a reformed Church. Not a single "Laudian" bishop appears among the patrons of Hartlib, Dury, and Comenius: such patronage was a badge of the "country party" in the Church.

It is a badge also in the State. For who are the lay patrons of these three foreigners? At the head of the list is Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the King's sister, the royal figurehead of opposition, with her diplomatic supporters, Sir William Boswell, Ambassador at the Hague, where she kept her exiled court, and Sir Thomas Roe. Then we find the great peers, who would force the king to summon Parliament, and their clients, who would fill it: the Earl of Pembroke with his followers John Selden and Sir Benjamin Rudyerd; the Earl of Bedford, with John Pym and Oliver St. John; the Earl of Warwick with Lord Brooke and Lord Mandeville, Sir Nathaniel Rich, Sir Thomas Barrington, and Sir John Clotworthy. All these would be famous in parliament, and every one of them on the "puritan" side. Only when we go out of politics, below the level of politics, do we discover an occasional "royalist" among the patrons of these three men, and even then they are "country" royalists, not courtiers: Sir Justinian Isham of Lamport, Sir Christopher Hatton of Holmby; men hardly distinguishable from their unpolitical supporters on the other side, Sir Cheney Culpeper of Leeds Castle, Kent, or Nicholas Stoughton of Stoughton, Surrey.* These men were interested not in politics but in their estates (or in the Apocalypse and Armageddon). They planted trees or were concerned about village schools, and they clutched at the three philosophers as possible re-creators of rural society. "Truly," as Culpeper wrote, "I shall value myself by nothing more than in that it may please God to give me a heart and the honour of contributing my mite towards them."

To us perhaps the most interesting of all is the link with John Pym. We know so little about Pym, he is so pure a politician, so elusive a personality, and yet so decisive a figure in our history, that any light on his private views is welcome. And here is a little, oblique, and yet illuminating shaft. For Pym, that uncommunicative "unintellectual" friendless man, was one of the earliest and most constant supporters of Hartlib, Dury, and Comenius. He had "intimate and familiar acquaintance" with Hartlib, with whom he often corresponded, subscribed money to Dury's ventures, offered support to Comenius and maintained one of his disciples at Cambridge. He was so affected, he wrote, to the undertakings of Dury and Comenius that if he were able he would support them alone; as it was, he prayed that richer men than he would swell that support. We shall soon see the practical way in which Pym sought to achieve the object of his prayers.

THUS we may fairly describe Hartlib, Dury, and Comenius as the philosophers of the English Country Party in the 1630's. Peers and bishops, parliament-men and country gentry, all who were bound together by opposition to the rule of Strafford and Laud, were also bound together by support of these three men. They recognised them as the prophets and articulators of Baconian reform. But how seriously did they take this programme of reform once they were in power? The proof of the pudding is in the eating. When the leaders of the Country Party found themselves in authority in Parliament, they soon showed their capacity for destruction.

* Comenius, our source for this episode, does not name the great patron, who gave Hartlib a "castle" as his academy, and some have conjectured that it was the Earl of Warwick or Lord Brooke; but the remarkable parallel between Comenius' account and what we know, from his chaplain, of Williams' "academy" for young noblemen at Buckden—as well as certain other details—convince me that the patron was Williams and the "castle" Buckden.

* Stoughton had been a member of Parliament in the 1620's, and would be again in 1645, but he seems never to have spoken there, and so can safely be called unpolitical.

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What evidence is there that they attempted to apply this limited, constructive policy?

I have said that the crucial moment, the moment in which we should look for such evidence, is very short. It is in the few days at the beginning of November 1640, the days between the meeting of Parliament, when a social programme could be stated, and the overshadowing of all such long-term projects by the immediate political danger, the case of Strafford. Another time at which we can look is the summer of 1641, the period between the execution of Strafford, which men thought had liberated them from such danger, and the Irish Rebellion, which brought it formidably and permanently back again. Let us therefore look at these two periods, and, first, at those early November days in 1640. Is there any evidence in them of the ultimate social intentions which the Lords and Commons had hoped to realise if immediate political danger had not intervened?

I believe there is. In general, in the Great Rebellion, it is difficult to know the real purpose of politicians. Events quickly took control, and men's statements of policy are too often immediate responses to those events. Sometimes they are tactical, sometimes over-passionate; seldom can we be sure that they represent deliberate, long-term aspirations. But there is one source which has not been much used and which, I believe, does give us, on certain occasions, the agreed "party line." I refer to "fast sermons."

At first on special occasions only, but later at monthly intervals, the House of Commons held a "solemn fast" at which it listened to two sermons, one in the morning, one in the afternoon. The preachers were specially appointed in advance, on the nomination of some member, and afterwards they were officially thanked and generally invited to have their sermons printed and published. From the names of the members who proposed the preachers, or who conveyed the thanks of the House, or from other evidence, we can generally deduce which preachers were put forward by the leaders of Parliament, and on such occasions we can be reasonably sure that the preachers were briefed. Pym, like his great heroine Queen Elizabeth, did not neglect the art of "tuning the pulpits." Frequently, in the course of the Parliament, we can see this happening. The opening of the iconoclastic campaign, the revival of the impeachment of Laud, the attack on the Queen—all these changes of policy were first foreshadowed in fast sermons. Such sermons, therefore, when we have them and know their sponsors, can be valuable pointers to general policy; and we naturally ask whether such a pointer exists for the early days of November 1640.

The answer is, yes. At the very beginning of the Parliament, before any other business was undertaken, two fast days were arranged and preachers chosen. One of the days was to be "Queen Elizabeth's day," the 17th of November, upon which the clergy would seasonably remind members of their duty to resume the great queen's interrupted work. The other day, a day made more solemn by a collective taking of the sacrament, was to be a few days later, and the preachers chosen for it were George Morley, afterwards bishop of Winchester, and John Gauden, afterwards famous as the author of *Eikon Basilikē*. For our purposes Morley is unimportant: he was clearly proposed by Hyde and Falkland, and his sermon was so little liked by the leaders of the House that he alone was not invited to print it. We therefore can (indeed must) ignore him. But Gauden is different. He was one of the *protégés* of the Earl of Warwick, and the thanks of the House were conveyed to him by Warwick's kinsman, Pym's great ally Sir Thomas Barrington. We can be reasonably certain that Gauden was proposed and briefed, in our crucial period, by Pym and his friends. His sermon may therefore supply the evidence we seek of Pym's long-term policy.

Gauden's sermon was entitled *The Love of Truth and Peace*. In general, it was an invitation to peaceful reformation. But for our purpose the interesting part of it is the end, for the preacher concluded by commending to the favour of the House

> the noble endeavours of two great and public spirits who have laboured much for truth and peace: I mean, Comenius and Duraeus, both famous for their learning, piety, and integrity, and not unknown, I am sure, by the fame of their works, to many of this honourable, learned, and pious assembly.

Who, he asked, had done more for truth than Comenius? Or for peace than Dury? "But alas," he added, "both these noble plants are like to wither to a barrenness for want of public encouragement"; and therefore he urged his hearers

> to consider whether it were not worthy the name and honour of this State and Church to invite these men to you, to see and weigh their

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> noble and excellent designs, to give them all public aid and encouragement to go on and perfect so happy works, which tend so much to the advancing of truth and peace.

It seems probable that Gauden himself was quite unfamiliar with Dury, Comenius, and their work.* What he said was simply what he had been told to say. And it seems that the proposal which he made excited some questions, for when he came to publish his sermon he added, as a necessary answer to such questions, a fact which had evidently not been known to him at the time. It might not seem easy, he now wrote, to fetch Comenius and Dury to England, "the one being in Poland, the other in Denmark." However, it was easier than it seemed, for

> there is a fair, easy, and safe way of addresses to them both, opened by the industry and fidelity of Mr. Hartlib, whose house is in Duke's Place, London. . . .

The hint was taken. Hartlib was approached. He was told to invite both Dury and Comenius in the name of "the Parliament of England." And he duly set to work. He was not more eager to fetch them than they were to come. In Denmark, Dury lost no time in preparing for the journey. In Poland, Comenius was filled with enthusiasm. Far away in England he saw the dawn breaking, and he longed to be there. If only he could free himself from his duties in Poland. . . . But he would free himself. Somehow or other, he would come and play his part in the new reformation. Unfortunately, in England, by this time, all long-term plans were in temporary suspense. To the leaders of Parliament, for the time being, there was only one business. From mid-November to May public attention was concentrated on that *cause célèbre*, that struggle upon which the fate of Parliament itself seemed to depend: the trial of Strafford. Only when that was over, only (cried the majority) when Strafford was dead, could the long-term constructive aims of Parliament be once again pursued.

On 12 May, 1641, Strafford was executed. The long struggle was over, the unbearable tension was suddenly released, and throughout England there was a new mood of exhilaration. To us, who know the consequences, who look back and see from 1641 to 1660 nothing but anarchy and bloodshed, useless victories and doomed experiments, this may well seem paradoxical, and we easily overlook it. Prudent politicians, even at the time, foresaw these consequences: they realised that Strafford's death might well ruin the prospect of bloodless reformation. But at the time the prudent politicians were in eclipse. To the enthusiasts, the excited, the angry, the apprehensive men, the execution of Strafford was like the execution, half-a-century before, of Mary Queen of Scots. The great bogey-man, whose life was a standing threat to liberty, religion, Parliament, had been destroyed; the nightmare of the past had been dissolved; and from now on, it seemed, the great task of reformation was easy, almost automatic.

While plans were made for reform in Church and State, Pym prepared to disband, as no longer needed, the forces he had mobilised to achieve his power. In September he made peace with the Scots. The armies of "our brethren of Scotland" had done their work; they were sent home, and the church bells pealed through all England as they had done on the defeat of the great Armada and on the return of Prince Charles, uncommitted, from his Spanish journey. And Pym's Irish allies had done their work too: they had helped to kill Strafford; now they too could be dropped. With supreme tactical skill Pym double-crossed both Scots Presbyterians and Irish Catholics. He had made them work for him, but had not paid their price. In the new England there would be neither a Presbyterian Church nor a toleration for Catholics, but a purely English reformation. Who could then suppose that to pursue that reformation, Pym would find himself, before long, imprisoned in the alliance of the planter-gentry of Ireland, buying back (and this time paying the price of the English Church) the alliance of "our brethren of Scotland"?

It is essential to remember the mood of exhilaration which possessed the spirits of Englishmen in the summer of 1641: it illustrates many of the purposes of the revolution, and it explains much of the depression and bitterness which followed in the years of failure afterwards. It was like the exhilaration which men felt in the early days of the French Revolution. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive" cried Wordsworth; and in the summer of 1641 the poet of England felt the same. These were the months of Milton's

* In Gauden's numerous writings there is no other reference to Hartlib, Dury, or Comenius, and when all three were in England, in answer to his recommendation, he appears to have paid no attention to him or he to them. Hartlib told Comenius that he had been summoned by Parliament. He clearly regarded Gauden as a mere mouthpiece.

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great pamphlets, those marvellous works, so buoyant, so intoxicated, so rich in imagery, in which he saw England as a young man glorying in his strength, waking and shaking off his past torpor and bondage, and himself, its poet, singing, among "the hymns and hallelujahs of the saints," "the jubilee and resurrection of Church and State." And that same phrase, "jubilee and resurrection of Church and State" was echoed again, from the pulpit of St. Margaret's, Westminster, by Pym's favourite preacher, Stephen Marshall, when Parliament, by another solemn fast, celebrated the peace with Scotland. For had not civil war been avoided? Was not the basis of reformation now truly laid? Stephen Marshall, on that morning, invited his congregation to look back on "the wonders (I had almost said the miracles) of the last year," so different from the fate of neighbour nations "when Germany remains a field of blood." 1641 was

> this year, this wonderful year, wherein God hath done more for us, in some kinds, than in fourscore years before....

In the afternoon Jeremiah Burroughes assured them that the great day, prophesied in Scripture, had now come, when swords should be beaten into ploughshares, spears into pruning-hooks. 1641 was a more wonderful year even than 1588: "Babylon is fallen, it is fallen, so fallen that it shall never rise again in power...."

SUCH was the emotional background of politics in the summer of 1641, after Strafford's death. And who were the men who hoped to profit by this victory, to harness this emotion? The greatest, most constructive politician of 1641, the Earl of Bedford, was dead. He had died suddenly, prematurely, of smallpox, a few days before Strafford, whose life he had vainly tried to save. But he had his successors. In the House of Commons, of course, there was his client, his man of affairs, whom he had placed, with his own son, in his own pocket-borough of Tavistock, John Pym. In the House of Lords, which still at that time kept its ascendancy, there was another man who, like Bedford and Pym, would also ultimately fail in politics, but who, at that time, had an incontestable superiority: John Williams, bishop of Lincoln.

History has dealt hardly with Bishop Williams. He is remembered as the aristocratic *frondeur* of the Church under Laud, the clerical Kerensky of the revolution, a critic who could never construct, a reformer who was swept aside. And yet, when we look closely at that year of hope, that "wonderful year" 1641, we cannot avoid seeing something of his greatness. For now he had come into his own. He was the undoubted leader of the House of Lords. He was the only man, among the leaders of the country party, who had held great political office: for he had been the greatest officer of State under King James. He was indefatigable in public business; in this year, 1641, he sat on more committees of the Lords than any other peer, and one of these was the most important of all at that time. It was "Bishop Williams' committee" on religion, a committee of moderate, still undivided clergymen which was devising a constructive plan of ecclesiastical decentralisation and institutional reform agreeable to all parties. To lower religious passions, to create a basis for such reform, the indefatigable bishop was spending the summer recess visiting his diocese, "ladling cold water" (as his chaplain put it) "over clerical heat." Never did his position seem so strong as in those confident summer months of 1641. Obviously, if reformation was to be achieved, now was the time, and Bishop Williams and John Pym (if only they would keep in step) were the men. And Bishop Williams and John Pym were certainly in step in some matters. Both (unlike the Earl of Bedford) had demanded the death of Strafford. Both were patrons, convinced and generous patrons of Hartlib, Dury, and Comenius.

Therefore, in this summer of 1641, we should not be surprised to learn that the plan to bring Dury and Comenius to England was revived. By the end of June, Dury had arrived in London, and had been given an honorary post as chaplain to Strafford's successor, the nominee of Parliament, the Earl of Leicester. Next month Comenius, who was still in Poland, received three different letters from Hartlib. All three had been sent by different routes; all three conveyed the same message; all three breathed the excitement, the urgency, the exaltation of those summer days.

"It is for the glory of God," Hartlib ended his appeal; "Deliberate not with flesh and blood. Come! come! come!"

Comenius consulted his colleagues, the elders of the Bohemian and Polish churches then in session at Leszno. No one knew why or for how long he had been summoned, but it was agreed that he should go. He himself thought he knew: he was to realise Bacon's *New Atlantis*

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in England. So, full of enthusiasm, he set out from Danzig. He had a dramatic journey. Off the coast of Norway his ship ran into a tempest and was driven back "over the whole Baltic Sea for nearly a hundred miles by the force of gales." Comenius never forgot this first experience of the sea: long afterwards he would incorporate an account of it in his most popular religious work, his *Labyrinth of the World*, the Czech *Pilgrim's Progress*, which he had written seventeen years before when a refugee on the estate of a Protestant lord in Bohemia. His ship returned battered to Danzig, and for a time Comenius doubted whether to persevere in his strange, unsought mission. But in the end his friends and his conscience both urged him on and he put to sea again. This time he had a smooth journey, and on the 21st of September he arrived in London. It was an appropriate moment. All England was rejoicing in the Scottish peace; with Parliament in recess and the King in Scotland, the acrimony of public argument was stilled; and there, in London, were Hartlib and Dury, who with other admirers, English and foreign, had come to meet him. Thus, in London, in an atmosphere of universal euphoria, all three philosophers met together, for the first time, to launch the new reformation.

Their first public entertainment was appropriate too. Comenius was taken to lodge with Hartlib in Duke's Place. He was told that he was summoned by Parliament and was to spend the whole winter in England, planning the new golden age; and a tailor was fetched to make him a suit of English clothes. "Scarcely was the suit ready," says Comenius, in his own account of his visit, "when we were told that we were all invited to dinner by a mighty patron of the Pansophic Society."* This mighty patron was the great Baconian, the heir of Bacon himself, the aristocratic politician of the hour, Bishop Williams; and the dinner, no doubt, was in his London house, the deanery of Westminster.

It was an impressive dinner. Bishop Williams liked to impress. Like Bacon, he piqued himself on his magnificence: his houses, his hospitality, his gestures, his gratuities were always on the grand scale, even when he was in political eclipse. Four years ago, when Laud had at last (it seemed) ruined him, he had distributed £2,500—a truly Baconian gesture—to the servants he was forced to abandon, before setting off for imprisonment in the Tower. And now, at the height of his power, he showed the same liberality, charming and dazzling his guests.

Why, he asked, had Comenius not brought his wife and family with him? They should be fetched. Did someone refer to the expense? Before anything was publicly voted, the bishop guaranteed £120 a year, and others, he said, would add more. Hartlib and Dury urged Comenius to accept. Comenius protested that in his Church there was community of goods: he must consider, must consult his friends. But the bishop would not be put off. "After dinner," says Comenius, "proffering me his right hand, he placed ten Jacobus pieces into mine, a bounty so large that I greatly marvelled at it."

With such a patron Comenius had good reason to be delighted. Williams, he wrote, was "the most learned, the most cultured, and politically the most sagacious of all the bishops." Moreover, the King himself recognised the fact. Shortly after the dinner party at Westminster, he made Williams Archbishop of York. Since the Archbishop of Canterbury was discredited, under impeachment, in the Tower, this meant that Williams was not only one of the two greatest politicians in the State but also effective primate of the whole English Church.

The other great politician, of course, was Pym: the leader of the Commons as Williams was of the Lords. But happily Pym, too, was a devoted supporter of Comenius and his friends. In the midst of business he took time to see Comenius, to discuss his plans of universal elementary education. So did the other leaders of the "country party."

No wonder Comenius, always an enthusiast, even a fantast, walked as in a trance through the streets of London. Everywhere he admired the signs of literacy and educational zeal. He watched the London congregations taking shorthand notes of sermons, and admired the vast output of books. Even the fair at Frankfurt, he thought, had fewer bookstalls than London. He noted a new edition of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*. And both he and Hartlib set to work, in these favourable circumstances, to prepare their blue-prints for the new society.

Hartlib's work, which was published in October, 1641, was a dialogue, *A Description of the Famous Kingdom of Macaria*. It is very brief, but important; long afterwards, Hartlib still dwelt upon it, declaring its purpose to re-

* "Pansophia" was the name Comenius gave to his philosophy, and "the Pansophic Society" was the society of its believers.

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form the whole world. Macaria, "the Blessed Island," is a utopia, the new, reformed England; and it is based explicitly on More's *Utopia* and Bacon's *New Atlantis*.

Basically, Macaria is a welfare state, in which the wealth of society, instead of being concentrated in the capital and consumed in extravagance or irresponsible policy, is carefully husbanded at its source and then distributed productively over the whole country. The key to this process is the utilisation of all resources —estates are to be no larger than can be well cultivated, fisheries are to be encouraged, and trade increased by mercantilist methods—new methods of taxation (a 5 per cent inheritance tax on all fortunes), and reconstruction of the base of society: popular education, local public works, repair of highways and bridges, a local health service in every parish, run by a clergy educated in modern science. How easy it would be, thought Hartlib, to create such a rational society, if only rulers would understand the mechanics of it! Thanks to a little "engine"—what he would afterwards call an "Office of Public Addresses" and his disciple, William Petty, would name "Political Arithmetic"—the whole kingdom of England could be made "like a fruitful garden."

Such was Hartlib's concept of the new reformation. That of Comenius was at once more detailed and more metaphysical. Soon after his arrival in England, he wrote, but did not publish, three drafts for the reform of English education, filled with mystical, millenary language.*

"I presume we all agree," he wrote, "that the last age of the world is drawing near, in which Christ and his Church shall triumph"; and this age was to be "an age of Enlightenment, in which the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea." But let us not suppose, he added, that this great cosmic revolution entails any political revolution. Scripture warrants no such assumption. Tyrants will disappear, but just kings will remain, and under them the new reformation, the reign of Light, will be brought about. Universal education will be set up, on the Comenian plan, with a central "Pansophical" college, Bacon's "House of Solomon," and a system of schools reaching down, by new methods, to the humblest levels and the outermost fringes of society. And where could this pansophical college more appropriately be set up than in England? From England Drake had sailed round the world; in England Lord Chancellor Bacon had laid the foundations of universal reform; surely it was in England that "the plan of the great Verulam" should now be realised. England should be the centre from which the new age of Enlightenment should transform the whole world.

Such was the mood, such the projects, of September and October, 1641. In mid-October, when Parliament reassembled, hope was still high. Hartlib and Comenius were told to hold themselves in readiness: a committee of Parliament would be appointed to consult with them. Meanwhile a site for the Pansophical College was being sought. The Savoy Hospital was considered; so was the Hospital of St. Cross at Winchester; so was King James' abortive Chelsea College. Comenius studied the revenues of Chelsea College in anticipation. Everything seemed to be going smoothly. Then suddenly came ill news from Ireland. The Irish Catholics, double-crossed by Pym, had broken out in revolt. The King, in Scotland, hailed the news with satisfaction. Here was his chance. The Parliament, in London, was filled with gloom. The tide had turned. The period of euphoria was over:

> *ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri res Danaum.*

OF COURSE it was not really as sudden as all that. All through the summer rifts had been opening up. In particular there was the rift between Lords and Commons, between Williams and Pym.

Even Comenius had noticed this. The bishop, he had observed, was beginning to be criticised, and had himself spoken "most reservedly" to him about the future; but Comenius would not be discouraged. "I hope and believe," he had written home to his friends in Poland, "in better things for the good bishop." Given goodwill, given political skill, surely these little rifts in the party of reform could be repaired.

But now the Irish rebellion and its consequences burst them all wide open. In November, while the King returned from Scotland, Pym, feeling his power crumbling, moved to

* These three works are *Via Lucis*, which he published in 1668, and two briefer works which have recently been printed from the MSS. by Mr. G. H. Turnbull ("Plans of Comenius for his stay in England," in *Acta Comeniana* II, i, Prague, 1958).

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the Left and, with the Grand Remonstrance, launched a public, frontal attack on the Crown. It was a fatal act and one which, incidentally, gave the King what he had previously lacked: a party. Thus encouraged, the King struck back, even more fatally. From now on constructive reform was impossible. Such reform depended on an agreed, effective political structure, and such a structure, if there was to be no revolution, could only be a "mixed monarchy" of King and Parliament. "All reformations," Bacon himself had told King James, "are best brought to perfection by a good correspondence between the King and his Parliament." By destroying Strafford, the great divider, the leaders of the country party thought they had achieved such a "good correspondence." Now it was clear that they had not. From now on men would fight about the constitution, destroy the constitution: the social reformation which depended on a working constitution must wait. As Comenius wrote, long afterwards, "one unhappy day, bringing tidings of massacre in Ireland and of outbreak of war there," had ruined all.

Comenius spent the winter in England, hoping against hope. He circulated his blueprint in manuscript. But soon hope faded. The "country party" was split, hopelessly split. So were his own patrons. In December Pym, the leader of the Commons, launched an open attack on Archbishop Williams, leader of the Lords, who then made a serious tactical error. Isolated, circumvented, ruined, he was sent back to the Tower from which Pym, only a year before, had rescued him. In his attempt to reform and save Church and monarchy he had failed utterly, and the last years of this former Lord Keeper and Archbishop would be spent as a discredited soldier of fortune in his native Wales. By the new year Pym was preparing not now for social reformation but for military rebellion. Why should Comenius dally longer in this disappointing land? "Our island," lamented one of his gentry supporters, "is not yet worthy of that famous Oriental professor." Meanwhile, other less distracted patrons were beckoning him away, Cardinal Richelieu to France, John Winthrop to New England, Louis de Geer to Sweden. In particular, he was pressed to go to Sweden; Louis de Geer, said his foreign friends, would do more for him, give him greater opportunities, than the whole chaotic Parliament of England.

On 21st June, 1642, Comenius sailed from England.

> It was decided [he wrote] that I should go to Sweden, assent being given even by my greater friends—for so St. Augustine was wont to call his patrons—the Archbishop of York, Lord Brooke, Master Pym and others; but only on this condition, that when affairs in England were more tranquil, I should return.

The last message to be sent to him from England was from John Pym. On 20th June, the day before Comenius left, Pym, who was even now mobilising for civil war, wrote hastily to Hartlib. He had been approached by an aged scientist, a follower of Copernicus, who wished to create a new model of the universe for use in schools and thereby to teach astronomy "without all those chimaeras of epicycles and eccentrics by which the minds of young students are terrified rather than taught." In the midst of political and military distractions, Pym did not hesitate to seize this opportunity.

> If you think the matter of importance [he wrote to Hartlib] I pray you come to me as speedily as you can, and consult with Mr. Comenius if he be not gone, as I hope he is not; and to you both I present the affectionate respects of your very affectionate friend, *John Pym*.

THUS the "wonderful year" 1641 ended in disillusion and despair. Instead of Reformation and a new society, instead of a welfare state and an age of enlightenment, came civil war and revolution and long years of "blood and confusion." The social reforms of the "country party" slipped ever further into the background: their mere interests, their destructive passions found expression. Nevertheless, it would be wrong to stop here, as if all hope was finally given up. We should not forget the condition on which Comenius was released from England, that when its affairs were "more tranquil," he should return. All through the following years, as men fought and fumbled, they looked forward to such a period of tranquillity or "settlement"; at intervals, they seemed to catch a glimpse of it; and at each glimpse of it —in 1646, when the Civil War was over; in 1649, when the Republic was set up; in 1653, when the oligarchy of the Rump Parliament was overthrown—we see them harking back to that old programme and its prophets, whose triumph had seemed so near in 1641.

Consider the cries which break through the din of battle and revolution all through the next twelve years. Decentralisation of government, a "more equal representative of the people"; such was the object of all proposals of Parliamentary

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reform. "Reform of the law"—how often that demand is reiterated, after each apparently final battle, after Dunbar, after Worcester! Decentralisation of law—it was the infinite obstruction by the lawyers of the Bill to set up county registries that made Cromwell despair of the Rump and appeal instead to a new Parliament. Decentralisation, laicisation of religion—what else was Independency? What else were the Propagators of the Gospel in the North and West set up to achieve? Decentralisation, laicisation of education—in 1649 the gentry of the North petitioned for a local university and George Snell dedicated to Hartlib and Dury his plan of general educational reform with rural colleges teaching lay subjects in every county town; in 1653 came the concerted attack on the Aristotelianism of the universities and William Dell's proposals for local colleges; and meanwhile scores of new elementary schools were being founded, as occasion allowed. A welfare state based on statistical knowledge—in 1650 Hartlib's "engine," his "office of address" was set up by his friend Henry Robinson.

Nor did the men who were seeking to do all this forget the philosophers who had inspired them. All through the civil wars Hartlib and Dury were kept in London, kept supplied. When Pym died, the care of Hartlib was passed on to his step-brother Francis Rous and a public allowance was voted to him. Dury was given successive appointments as a member of the Assembly of Divines, tutor to the King's children, now in Parliamentary hands, Keeper of the King's Library. Finally, after all these brief, deceptive glimpses, came in 1654 the nearest to settlement that was ever achieved by the Puritans.

THE Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell was at best a rickety settlement. Cromwell himself did not like it. It was forced upon him and he accepted it reluctantly. Still, from his point of view, it was something. "Forms of government," constitutions, to him were always of secondary importance, "indifferent things," "dung and dross compared with Christ." The essential thing was policy, and any government —monarchy, aristocracy, parliament, usurpation —was legitimate provided it was accepted and enabled a sound policy to be carried out. The English monarchy, the English aristocracy, the English Parliament had all in turn been overthrown, not because they were wrong in themselves but "because they had betrayed their trust." Therefore the English people had "accepted" (as he maintained) his usurpation. And this usurpation would justify itself by doing what its more legitimate predecessors had not done: it would, at last, after all these "windings and turnings," this generation in the wilderness, achieve what had seemed so near to achievement in that distant "wonderful year" 1641, only to founder in long anarchy thereafter: the new Reformation, the reformation of the "country party."

It is important to remember this if we are to understand Cromwell's impatience with his first Protectorate Parliament in 1654–5. All through the first nine months of his Protectorate, Cromwell had sought, by ordinance, to lay the basis of that reformation. He had reformed the law and the Church. And now that Parliament had met, he expected it to vote money and approve and continue his work. Instead, it disputed the terms of his rule. To Cromwell such constitutionalism was exasperating, unintelligible. It was putting the cart before the horse. For what had been the purpose of the revolution? To change the constitution? Certainly not. The old constitution of King, Lords and Commons, the "mixed monarchy" of Queen Elizabeth, was far the best constitution—if only the Stuarts had been willing to work it—and ultimately Cromwell would try to return to it, with himself instead of a Stuart as king. The purpose of the revolution had been to find a constitution—any constitution—under which the social reformation of England could take place. At the moment they had the Protectorate. Perhaps it was not ideal, but what of that? Why could they not accept it, try to make it work, and instead of pulling it to pieces, disputing about "circumstantials," use it, such as it was, to achieve "fundamentals," the aims of the revolution? Unfortunately, the leaders of Parliament did not see it thus. They insisted on "pulling the instrument to pieces" and thereby, in effect, on obstructing the reformation.

So Cromwell disposed of his parliaments, those tiresome interruptions of his work, and sought, in the intervals—whether by ordinance or through Major-Generals or otherwise—to realise the programme of that unpolitical "country party" which he still so perfectly represented. Ignoring the great London lawyers with their obstructive legalities, he fetched a country lawyer from Gloucestershire to advise him in reforming the law. Together they devised "provincial courts throughout the whole nation

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and a register in every county"; they "startled the lawyers and the City" by "courts of justice and equity at York," and sought to insist "that all actions be laid in their proper county wherein the cause did arise." Cromwell also encouraged the movement for endowing and planting resident preachers throughout the country, gave public grants—more than had ever been given before—to repair the long-neglected fabric of old churches, or build new, in remote or backward areas. He sent commissioners to enquire into educational needs, took care for the founding or re-founding of elementary schools, set up a new university at Durham. And as a logical corollary of this policy he also resumed the patronage of the early philosophers of the reformation, the philosophers of the 1630's whom his predecessors had patronised, the architects of Macaria, Protestant Unity, and the Way of Light: Hartlib, Dury, and Comenius.

For the intellectual world which surrounded Cromwell was very largely the world of these three men, the "invisible college" of which they were the centre. His practical ideals were their ideals; and so, it must be added, were his illusions. He, like them, was essentially a man of the 1620's, that disastrous decade in which the whole Protestant cause in Europe seemed to be foundering, and foundering because—in so far as the cause was human—the Protestants of Europe would not unite, and there was no English Queen Elizabeth to give them the old leadership. From the fearful experiences of that decade, he, like them, had also drawn messianic conclusions: he had believed that a new heaven and a new earth were coming; that the Jews—that other persecuted race who were also expecting the Messiah—would be received into the Christian fold; and that Christian men had a duty, while reforming society around them, and gathering up their strength to beat back the temporarily triumphant Antichrist, to seek the key to the Scriptures which were now being fulfilled: the vials that were being poured out, the trumps that were being sounded, and the inscrutable Number of the Beast.

Such had been the philosophy of the 1620's. And now, in the 1650's, though all these experiences were long past; though Protestantism, thanks to its glorious saviour Gustavus Adolphus and the armies of his daughter, the Virgin Queen, the new Elizabeth, Queen Christina, had been saved; and though a number of grave miscalculations about the Trumps and the Vials, the Ancient of Days and the Beast, had been exposed—Cromwell could not change his mind. It had been moulded, fixed, and perhaps slightly cracked, in that grim and lurid furnace of the past. And so now, as Lord Protector, Cromwell adopted a foreign policy that was thirty years out of date, the policy which (in his opinion, and the opinion of most of the country party) King James and King Charles should have adopted in the 1620's: Protestant reunion in Europe, Elizabethan war in the West Indies, and a top-dressing of ideological mysticism which included the reception of the Jews.

Who could be the agents of such a policy? Professional diplomatists, practical men, younger men, men who understood present politics or national interest, were aghast at such a programme. But Cromwell did not care. He listened not to such men but to the *émigrés* of the 1620's, the men whose voice he had heard thirty years ago, and which still echoed imperatively in his ears. Out of its scattered fragments he would re-create the Protestant Interest in Europe. He would offer his alliance to Sweden, wind up the fratricidal, economic war which the wicked Rump had declared on the Dutch, offer his protection to the demoralised German princes, the Swiss cantons, the persecuted saints of Savoy. And for the organisation of such a crusade, for the employment of suitable agents and emissaries in it, whom should he more naturally employ than the great crusader himself, the old apostle of Protestant Reunion, the *Doctor Resolutus* of the 1630's, John Dury?

In 1654, as soon as Cromwell's rule was settled, Dury set out again on his travels, as the Protector's special envoy, to the Netherlands, Switzerland, Germany. With him, as a regular ambassador to the Swiss cantons, Cromwell sent another envoy from the same circle. This was the mathematician John Pell, Hartlib's earliest disciple, who had begun his career as a schoolmaster at Hartlib's school at Chichester. Two years later, when Cromwell wanted to send a regular ambassador to the German princes, he again consulted the same circle. He applied to its organising secretary, Hartlib, and Hartlib proposed Sir Cheney Culpeper—that unpolitical Kentish squire whose only fame consists in his constant patronage of Hartlib, Dury, and Comenius. It was an odd choice, but no odder than Pell; and anyway it was to implement an odd policy. But in fact Culpeper did not go: Cromwell's secretary took the precaution of

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seeking a second opinion—from Dury; and Dury, though personally favourable, doubted Culpeper's diplomatic gifts.

Meanwhile Dury had put the Protector in contact with another strange figure. In Amsterdam, he had run into his old friend, the Jewish philosopher and enthusiast Menasseh ben Israel. Both Hartlib and Dury were active philo-semites, and Dury had long acted as London agent for Menasseh, distributing his works and fostering his millennary views. Now, from Amsterdam, he wrote to England to warn Cromwell of Menasseh's impending visit: the famous visit which, if it did not secure, at least blessed and publicised the return, after four centuries, of the Jews to England.

MEANWHILE, what of Comenius? He had left England thirteen years ago, only to return "when affairs were more tranquil." At first he had worked in Elbing, safe again for Protestants under Swedish occupation; then—with an interval of travel in Hungary and Transylvania—he had returned to his community at Leszno. When the Protectorate had been set up, Hartlib had suggested that he return to England: were not affairs now "more tranquil"? But after so many false dawns Comenius could reasonably be sceptical about the English Enlightenment. He was now an old man of sixty-five; he had his duties to his community; and in Louis de Geer he had found a patron more useful than Archbishop Williams or John Pym. Why then should he risk again that terrible sea journey? Then suddenly, in 1656, his life at Leszno was violently dislocated. In the course of the Swedish-Polish war, the Polish Catholic army recaptured the place and the whole township of the Bohemian Brethren, with the school and library which Comenius had made famous, was razed to the ground. Comenius lost all his possessions, books, and manuscripts. When the news reached England, Cromwell ordered an official collection for the relief of the victims, and once again Comenius received an invitation.

By now the Irish Rebellion, which had ruined his hopes in 1641, had been effectively crushed; another of Hartlib's early disciples, William Petty, had been appointed by Cromwell to survey the conquered country; and settlers were being invited to people the land. Why should not Comenius bring his whole community to Ireland? Hartlib conveyed the invitation to him; but it was not accepted. The Bohemians, Comenius replied, still hoped that one day they would return to their native land. Besides (though it was not he who made this obvious point), how would he ever find in Ireland a patron as munificent as Louis de Geer had been, or as his son Lawrence de Geer now was? "Truly," a friend remarked when he observed this generosity, "I do daily admire God's singular providence in bringing Comenius to this new jewel. There is no prince or state in the world who would have assisted him so really and furthered all these things as he doth." Comenius did not stay in Poland; he did not go back to Bohemia; in Lawrence de Geer's house in Amsterdam he found a last refuge far more comfortable than the bogs of Munster.

But if Comenius himself never returned to England, that did not mean that his work there was forgotten. Far from it. His educational reforms, which in the exaltation of 1641 he had hoped to impose wholesale, were applied piecemeal. "Comenius societies" were founded in London. And if his universal college was not set up in splendour in Winchester or Chelsea or the Savoy, nevertheless, from a more modest beginning, it had in the end a greater future. When Comenius had arrived in London in 1641, one of those who had turned out to meet him had been another *émigré*, a refugee from the Palatinate, Theodore Haak. After his departure, Haak became, in London, the continuator of his influence, the secretary of his disciples. Around him there collected those "Baconian" thinkers and scientists, the friends of Hartlib and Dury and of their patrons in the "country party." There was Pell, there was Petty; there was Christopher Wren, whose earliest piece of architecture was a transparent three-storied beehive for Hartlib; there was Cromwell's personal physician, Jonathan Goddard; and there was Cromwell's brother-in-law, the grandson of a puritan preacher, brought up in Pym's circle at Fawsley in Northamptonshire, the parliamentary warden of Wadham College, whom Cromwell made effective ruler of Oxford University, John Wilkins. It was at Wilkins' house at Oxford, under the Protectorate, that the whole group regularly met: the group which, after the Restoration, was to become the real fulfilment both of Bacon's "Solomon's House" and of Comenius' "Pansophic College"—the Royal Society.

"The Royal Society"—the title might seem ironical for the result of an anti-royal revolution; but in fact it would not have been dis-

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dained by the consistent members of the Country Party. After all, these men were not republicans, they were Baconians. In 1641, though they held forms of government to be ultimately indifferent, they had been royalists and Anglicans. Hartlib had attended the Anglican church in Duke's Place; so had Comenius when in England; and Dury had held an Anglican living. Pym, to his dying day, had been an outspoken monarchist. Cromwell had been unable to conceive of government without "something monarchical in it." It was only the impossibility of King Charles that had driven such men, in their despair, to look for another political system under which to pursue their unpolitical aims. Now they had found that no other system could sustain itself. Only a monarchy, complete with House of Lords and Established Church, could provide that "tranquillity" which they needed for their work. And so, when the new half-monarchy of the House of Cromwell had failed, there was nothing for it but to go back to the old full monarchy of the House of Stuart, from the Baconianism of the country, of the puritans, to the Baconianism of the court, of Bacon himself. It was without any real inconsistency that the Pansophic Society, first blessed by Pym, would become the Royal Society; that Petty would become, like Bacon, a courtier, and Wilkins, like Williams, a bishop.

But if the Stuart monarchy, in the end, provided the basis for a Baconian academy, how far did it sustain (as in theory it could) a Baconian society? Did the Merry Monarch realise the reformers' plans for a decentralised, laicised, locally reconstructed society?

Institutionally, we can only say that he did not. When a revolution is defeated, its achievements and aspirations, good and bad, go down together. In 1660 Durham College was dissolved. The decentralised Cromwellian Parliamentary franchise was scrapped. The Cromwellian law reforms were abandoned. It was not till the mid-19th century that these projects were resumed. Similarly, the new elementary schools in Wales disappeared. Elementary education after 1660 was fostered best in the Dissenters' schools, cut off from the Establishment. "County Registers" were no more heard of. The parish clergy, if resident, remained largely ignorant and poor. Perhaps this was not mere reaction. Perhaps society had not yet the productive capacity to bear so ambitious a "welfare state." At all events, the attempt, as a systematic attempt, was abandoned. On the other hand the means of change had been created, or at least the obstacles had been removed. The top-heavy administration, the prerogative courts, the vast bureaucratic superstructure of the State had been shed. If the new wealth of England was not planted in the country by planned decentralisation, at least it was allowed to flow thither, even (thanks to the triumph of the mercantilists, who saw that a prosperous commerce depends on a robust industry) to grow there. For the rational part of their programme, Hartlib and his friends had plenty of disciples whom government, from now on, seldom obstructed. But to build up the English country they had to rely on State liberalism, not State control. This perhaps was true "laicisation."

THE one universal casualty was the irrational part of the "country" philosophy. In 1660 that had gone, gone for ever with the generation out of whose experiences it had been born. For by 1660 the generation of the 1620's, of the Protestant *débâcle*, was dead or dying, at least in high places. With the death of Cromwell, whose power had artificially prolonged it, it was found to be suddenly spent.

There is continuity in history, but there is also discontinuity: each generation profits by the acquisitions of its predecessor, but sheds its mood, the mere deposit of incommunicable experience. And so Wilkins and Petty, Boyle and Wren might continue the scientific or social philosophy of Hartlib, Dury, and Comenius. But never having experienced the disasters of the 1620's, they were exempt from its peculiar metaphysics. They would not waste their time on the Millennium, the Messiah, or the Number of the Beast.

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Pamela Hansford Johnson

Proust 1900

IN every serious novel there is a climacteric year. It is the year in which the characters come to their full ripeness before, like peaches, they split and the dying flesh sparkles through the skin: it is the year, the moment, before the decline into dust of mildness. In *War and Peace*, the year is 1812; in Roger Martin du Gard's *Les Thibault*, it is 1914; in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* it is—I think—1900.

I say "I think," because there are very few certainties in the dating of Proust. Despite his philosophy of Time, he did not play with it as, say, Aldous Huxley played in *Eyeless in Gaza*, Barrie in *Dear Brutus*, Mr. Priestley in *Time and the Conways* or *Dangerous Corner*. After the "flashback" to Swann's love-affair the narrative is a straight one, covering a period roughly between 1885 and 1920. But it was a part of his disregard for the mathematics of time that Proust handled it as if he were the master, and Time the servant. Chronologically careless? Yes; especially in the latter parts of his book written when he was very ill, and only partially corrected: but also, chronologically uncaring. When I once tried to make out a plausible chronology for the novel, I found myself checked at all turns. With the Dreyfus case, and with 1916, we are on sure ground. But otherwise, the ground slips, slithers and subsides with every step we take.

For Proust did not mind, when describing a person or an event, taking an analogy from a time long after that person had ceased to exist, or the event had taken place. The student who thinks he has settled a date when he finds a reference to Landru or to Diaghileff, will find nothing is settled at all. Proust wanted the references, and he stuck them in Time as a child sticks a plucked flower into the earth in the hope that it will take root.

In the *Bulletin de la Société des Amis de Marcel Proust et des Amis de Combray* (No. 6, 1956) M. Willy Hachez proposes a chronology which is extremely thorough and extremely interesting, working backwards, as I did myself when attempting one, from the final party at the house of the Princesse de Guermantes (formerly Madame Verdurin) in 1920. For I think it must be 1920: yet the date is confused by a reference to Réjane "touring triumphantly abroad." Réjane, in fact, died in Paris on June 14th, 1920, at the age of 63. Push the party ahead a little, if you like; but not too far, or the characters become impossibly, grotesquely old. In 1920, the Duc de Guermantes was, as we know, 83. Marcel, if we accept his birth-date as 1871 (M. Hachez wants to put it in 1881, but I find this unacceptable), is 49. Oriane is about 72, M. de Charlus (had he lived) would have been 80. Odette is 70. They are too old already, far too old. Further than this, we may not dare to take them.

The problem now is the date of the party at which M. de Charlus is broken by the Verdurins, never to rise again in his daemonic splendour, Lucifer of the Faubourg, triumphant over the Faubourg. Now there are two great social occasions which

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take place earlier, both in the same year: the dinner party at which Marcel is invited for the first time to dine with the Duchesse de Guermantes, and the Princesse de Guermantes' evening party. According to the discussion of the Dreyfus case, these should have taken place in 1897, since the Revisionist Agitation has begun, but there is yet no direct reference to the suicide of Henry.

They are glorious occasions, all golden, painted with the light of Raphael, the elaboration of Crivelli. The Duchess, in middle age, is still in the full flush of her grandeur; M. de Charlus, though showing signs of wear and tear, is still able to insult, and to exclude. The decay has not yet started to fret and strain the rosy skin of the peach. As for Marcel, he is only twenty-six*; he is just beginning to insert himself into society, he is still shy enough, sufficiently self-doubtful, to think that the Princess's invitation might be a hoax. He has a long way to go to his own climacteric year, the year of disillusion and the loss of love. So, for that reason, I cannot consider the year of the two great parties is the "Year" of the book, in the sense I mean it.

Marcel's year, and I think, for reasons I shall give later, Proust's year, was 1900, the year of the party given at Madame Verdurin's house by M. de Charlus, for the first performance by Morel of the Vinteuil *Septuor*. But there is a strong doubt about this. M. Hachez places this party in 1902, and he may very well be right; I would not like to dispute it, as other internal references would push it ahead not merely from 1900 to 1902, but to 1909: a year otherwise implausible, having respect to the ages of the characters. My reason for settling for 1900 is the reference to the niece of the Queen of Naples, Elisabeth of Bavaria, "celle qui devait peu après épouser le prince Albert de Belgique." This marriage, in fact, took place in 1900, and must set the party, at the latest, in the early part of the year, if it is fairly to be seized on as a point of reference.

I DON'T really believe it is. I do not think Proust either looked things up, or even wanted to do so. For him the seas of Time wash evenly over whole epochs, never breaking upon the rock-points of certain days, or even (with some exceptions) of certain years. If the year of Charlus' downfall, which is the symbol of the downfall of the aristocracy and its supersession by a power-hungry bourgeoisie, rich, able, forward-looking, is 1900, then we must be surprised to find Madame Verdurin preening herself at the side of the exquisite Princess Yourbelietef, at the Diaghileff ballet, which was not founded until 1909, or raving about Stravinsky (*The Fire Bird*, 1910) as she once raved about Wagner and Debussy.

Nevertheless, the year of Proust is likely to be the Year of his book, the peak year, the year of the splendour before the fall; and for him, I think, this was 1900. At that time he was surprisingly fit, or at least, surprisingly able to overcome his physical disabilities. It was the year of the move to the Rue de Courcelles, of the visit to Venice and Padua, of surprise visits to friends in the country. Round about that time he was still active, wandering about at nights like the Calif Haroun al Raschid to the sleeping villages, setting out in the evening from Evian and passing through Avallon, Vézelay, Semur, Dijon, black eyes many-faceted as a fly's, senses sharply awake to the least thread of sound, the faintest tremor of scent from a cornfield.

More astonishing still, he could walk, he could take long walks. One day, when he was staying at Cabourg, he walked over to Bénerville to see his actress friend Louisa de Mornand, a distance of seventeen kilometres. Gaston Gallimard, who was to be his publisher, met him for the first time on that occasion.

> I can still remember him as he burst upon my vision, in an ill-fitting black suit with the coat buttoned up crooked, a long velvet-lined cloak, a high, starched collar, and a shabby straw hat, too small for him, which he wore tilted over his forehead. He was high-shouldered, and had thick straight hair. His patent-leather dress shoes were covered with dust. A man dressed like that on a

* This is older than one cares to think and hard to reconcile with the boyishness of the narrative standpoint: but as Marcel is likely to share not only a name but a birth-date with his creator, I think it must be allowed to stand.

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bright, sunny day, should, by rights, have looked ridiculous, but the effect he produced was somehow one of pathetic charm. One was conscious of a kind of elegance, but, at the same time, of a supreme indifference to all elegance. There was nothing very extraordinary about his having undertaken the long journey on foot. At that time there was no other way of covering the seventeen kilometres which separated Cabourg from Bénerville. All the same, the considerable effort involved, which had left marks of exhaustion on his face, was evidence of his goodness of heart.

Nothing extraordinary to Gallimard, perhaps; but extraordinary to me. Even now I cannot believe it. Even now I cannot repress the unworthy thought that someone must have given him a lift. It is so very much against the legend, so very much un-Proust. I remember myself walking from Calais to Ambleteuse, a distance something less than seventeen kilometres, and there abandoning my walking-tour in favour of the bus. And I was twenty-five, and not asthmatic. But there is no doubt that 1900 was, for him, the year of maximum physical activity.

It was a joyous and triumphant year, for he was well into the heart of smart society, as into an enclosure of sacred cows. Indeed, in the following year he was able to give a party rivalling in splendour anything of Oriane's, and to give it, daringly, as an attempt to reconcile the warring elements of the Dreyfus case, to join the hands of Revisionists and Nationalists over the dinner-table. He asked Anatole France, Léon Daudet, Abel Hermant, and the Comtesse de Noailles: the Prince and Princesse de Polignac, the Princesse de Caraman-Chimay, the Marquis and Marquise d'Eyragues, the Comtesse de Guerne, the Comte de Briey, the Prince de Brancovan, the Vicomte de Maugny, the Comte Gabriel de La Rochefoucauld. The names must have set themselves to music in his head, creating entrancing images like the names of Benodet, Quimperlé, Pont-Aven. *Noailles*, perhaps, an arum lily, remote as Undine, cool as water, *Brancovan*, shaped like a shield, flushed with the orange-colour of the first syllable . . . the æsthetic and historical romanticising of a worldly joy, which would for him have been no joy at all but for the lustre his imagination was able to lend it.

He was working, too, on his Ruskin translation. It was for him, above all, the Age of Names, the age when words were most beautiful and most enriching, when illusion and reality were still blended in the faces upon which he looked, and when friendship still seemed to him something inviolable, pure, and without echoes. His life stood in the fullest light he was to know. Four years later, with the death of his mother, his world had faded.

THERE is a moment before the falling of the sun, before the *Gotterdämmerung*, when the light seems simultaneously to increase and to darken. In the orange floodlight, all dying faces are for a moment younger, more beautiful, more proud than they have ever been; it is in that moment before death that death seems most impossible. The Baron de Charlus, receiving his guests in the Mistress' drawing-room and permitting them to snub her not only by coldness but by downright insult, was utterly unconscious of coming disaster. It was true that he had become silly; for a long time past he had been getting sillier and sillier. He, so proud to display his masculinity, to despise effeminate young men, to dress with masculine rigour, to give the lie to rumour merely by the display of his own harsh, arrogant person, had taken to an open, defiant "camping" which, though he imagined he had got away with it, was stripping down the whole of his social and moral prestige. There was something about this, however, in keeping with his whole *mana*: it was absurd, it was suicidal, and it was sublime. The braver and more high-flying the spirit, the more fatal its tendency to choose the right moment for the destroyer and hand it to him on a plate: M. de Charlus could not have chosen a better one for his.

He had been talking his head off to Brichot, one of those heterosexuals who are flattered by the gossip of inverts, thinking it admits them into some kind of arcanum, while at the same time they take malicious

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delight in the idea that damaging secrets are being put into their hands. Brichot, sufficiently disappointed in his own love-affairs, owing to the interference of Madame Verdurin, to relish absurdity and the aura of coming distress in the affairs of others, listened to M. de Charlus as if he himself "*en était*," as if there might be, deep in his nature, something which responded not merely in empathy, but in fellowship. The Baron was now making only a pretence of concealing his love for Morel, a pretence more delicious and even more revealing than an open admission.

> Oui, il est venu ce matin me tirer par les pieds. Il sait pourtant que je déteste qu'on me voie couché. Pas vous? Oh, c'est une horreur, ça dérange, on est laid à faire peur, je sais bien que je n'ai plus vingt-cinq ans et je ne pose pas pour la rosière, mais on garde sa petite coquetterie tout de même.

Madame Verdurin did not hear this particular conversation, but many of the same kind had been reported to her. The talk of the drawing-rooms had become far more free; women discussed between themselves openly things at which they would have shuddered ten years ago, and the men kept them supplied with gossip. (M. de Charlus himself was shocked at the talk which went on at the Duchesse d'Agen's.) This new social freedom had proved an element in the Baron's destruction; the days when the Princesse de Guermantes would have loved him for years in innocence were over and done with. Now, everybody "knew these things."

And with the social freedom which first came into the open by means of words, there came the realisation by the new order of the rich and powerful that the old order could be at first infiltrated, and then overthrown. Change was in the air, no matter how unchanging Paris might seem in the morning, with the harsh and beautiful cries of the market place sounding in every cadence exactly as they had sounded in the Paris of Balzac.

The Duchesse de Guermantes, still smart, the smartest of the smart, was nevertheless beginning her metamorphosis into that mythological scarlet fish obliged at last to appear in the drawing-room of a new and parvenue princess. Age and new customs were destroying her.

But Madame Verdurin had not come to ripeness; she was beginning the process. She was filled with all the confidence of knowing, though knowing unconsciously, that the world was moving her way: that she could risk audacity, could risk rudeness not only in the privacy of her own dining-room where for years she had been sneering at the Laumes and the La Trémoïlles, but in public. The tide had turned against Charlus and she knew it. Her blood was thick with the consciousness of power, and her heart beat with it. She would meet with an immediate comeuppance, certainly, from the Queen of Naples: but that would be a momentary check. Apart from that, and it mattered no more than the Queen herself mattered in a modern world, her success would be absolute.

IT WAS Marcel himself who stood at the point where brook and river meet; or, more properly, brook and Styx. At last he was not merely accepted into society, Oriane's dear little dark genius, he was part of it. And he was sick of it. He had seen through it, because it had spoken to him with an honest tongue. He was long past the days when the name "Guermantes" filled him with the romance of history; he had seen the Guermantes naked, and Charlus, the greatest of them all, reduced to a laughing-stock. No one bothered any more what was said in front of him; people had ceased to pretend. And it was essential for him that pretences should be maintained for ever, because in them was all the honey and hope of the world. The true voice was the harsh voice, and he had heard it. So, in his full acceptance into the circles he had so adored, had so glorified by the genius of his imagination, he stood with Brichot and Charlus, with the ways of Swann and Guermantes, on equal terms. Nothing now was hidden from him, and he had adored only that which was hidden. His disillusion forced upon him an ignominious rôle.

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There can be few thoughtful readers who have not stopped to wonder why, knowing that the ruin of M. de Charlus was at hand, he did not raise a hand to save him. He cared for Charlus; he had only an amused contempt for Madame Verdurin. Nevertheless, he was not only silent, he was an accessory before the fact. He had got into the habit of accepting the way of the world as it was, and not as he thought it ought to be; and in the horrible scene of deception and treachery, he became a supporting figure, motionless, but bearing a part of the weight, a part of the guilt.

The strangest figure in this scene, however, or perhaps one should say, waiting in the wings, was Charles Morel, the valet's son who had fought his way up the ladder by his talent and by patronage, and who was now about to rid himself from the burden of the latter. Charlus had not recognised this: he believed that the only thing he need do to bind Charlie to him for ever was to get him the Cross of the Legion of Honour. It has been said that it is hard for any of us to believe in the presence of genius in somebody we know well. Charlus had at first believed in Morel's genius, and at the Verdurin party he still did: but he failed to realise how powerful that genius had become. For others had recognised it. It had taken wings, it could fly on its own. And Charlus still believed it could fly only if the favouring wind were provided by himself. He also believed in gratitude: that Charlie could cease to be grateful would never have entered his head. He was wrong. Morel was past the point where gratitude is a necessity, and after that point only the most morally pure of protégés continues to offer it. Morel was the least morally pure. In Proust's whole work, he is the single creature untouched by his creator's charity.

Charlus, in his arrogance, in his silliness, continued to dig his own grave. He did not know that the whole world about him was changing; that the great Silly Season lying around him was in itself giddy with decadence, whirling upon the edge of the dark chute and the inundation. For Paris had never seemed richer, prettier, more feather-headed, more delicious, more absurd. In the film conceived by Nicole Vedrès, "Paris 1900," there is a wonderful evocation of this particular *Belle Epoque*.

Everything seemed to be on the rise, like the Eiffel Tower still celebrated by the ballad-mongers at café-concerts. In July the first Métro station was opened; gentlemen in the light-coloured trousers favoured by M. de Charlus rattled out of the *pissoirs* (buttoning themselves in a manner that now seems curiously coarse) and jerked like Charlie Chaplins down the stairs to the underground. The women in their enormous hats, great wads of hair shutting in their faces, swished about in the lovely dresses of the day, superbly draped from breast to ankle, the marbly folds giving to the wearers a caterpillar dignity and grace. They were very pretty women, taking as their physical ideals Cléo de Mérode or Liane de Pougy, as women half a century later were to take Marilyn Monroe or Audrey Hepburn. They were dashing, too; they were

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sportswomen; they skated, they played hockey, they experimented discreetly with bloomers. For the first time, women cab-drivers were appearing on the streets to dash the pleasures of M. de Charlus.

The craze was for elaboration of all kinds. Prostitutes might wear jewelled anklets, and garters with little bells on them; sometimes two garters to one muscular black silk calf. Anything Oriental was the fashion, from anywhere that could be called Oriental; from China, from Japan, from Arabia. Proust, influenced as he may have been by *The Thousand and One Nights*, was as much influenced by the prevailing "eastern" mania of his own time. In the Allée des Acacias, extremely handsome women walked their extremely little dogs. Fête-days were made charming by parades of remarkable fancy: in the film, there is a procession of rose-decorated bicycles, spires of blossom towering over the handlebars and spraying from the carriers. To-day these bicycles have a surrealist air; to anyone like myself who saw the May Day procession in London in 1938 which the Surrealists insisted upon joining (despite the glum, incomprehending, and quite natural disapproval of the Trade Union and Labour Party delegations), they bring a certain *frisson*. For these rosy bicyclists of the *fin de siècle* and those bicyclists of 1938, with cages of roses or of birds upon their heads, were all pedalling steadily into the abyss.

In 1938, they had a pretty good idea that this was so. In 1900, no idea at all. Everyone was having a wonderful time, and having it with a superbity of style, or rather, a superbity of good-bad taste, which had probably not been bettered since Marie-Antoinette gave parties at Versailles. Down the Seine the *bateaux-mouches* were fluttered all over with handkerchiefs like flowers in a breeze swarmed by butterflies. Young bloods in high collars, hair worn with the ubiquitous side-middle parting, set forth in their explosive, stinking motor cars. Aesthetes were still reading Pierre Loüys, and adoring Debussy. Thoughtful amorists with psychological interests were studying Georges de Porto Riche. Gabriele d'Annunzio, a trifle sere, unexpectedly minute, was racing greyhounds, and had just published *Il Fuoco*. It is just conceivable that Marcel Proust was paying surreptitious visits to Oscar Wilde, in his rooms in the Passage des Beaux-Arts.

Anyway, Madame Armand de Caillavet thought it possible.

> During the dark days of 1898, when the Revisionists were suffering their worst disasters, Proust was working at the apartment of a humble friend in the Passage des Beaux-Arts. So at least he told Madame de Caillavet, when he met her on the street. But she knew that in or near the Passage a broken and bloated acquaintance of Proust's, Oscar Wilde, was living under an assumed name and she could not help wondering. Was Proust surreptitiously seeing Wilde? Was he paying regular visits to the florid and dingy bedroom at the Hôtel d'Alsace? She was inclined to suspect that he was. But it seems more likely that he was doing exactly what he said—visiting a humble friend and working in surroundings that he found more congenial than those in the Boulevard Malesherbes.*

Though speculation is not much use, it is not altogether unlikely that Madame Armand de Caillavet was right. Those who sense some inherent probability are basing it on a conviction that Proust would have been open in the friendship, had it existed; I don't believe he would. Despite the increasing freedom of chatter on forbidden subjects, Proust had lain very low about his own inversion. Gide reproached him for it, for disguising the real Marcel, for disguising the boys as girls: artistically, Proust was right and Gide was wrong. For the strength of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* is the objectivity, not so much of Marcel himself, but of a shadowy Marcel standing just behind his shoulder, a little derisive at times. When the Marcel of the book is ridiculous, the other Marcel knows it. Proust, unlike Gide, wished his own nature had been otherwise than it was. He makes a few attempts to make homosexuality seem beautiful, with his

* Proust had certainly met Wilde at least twice, in 1894, and possibly earlier. I am indebted for this information to his biographer, Mr. George D. Painter, who has also suggested to me that some traits in the character of Charlus may conceivably find their origin in Wilde. This is a novel idea, and the more I think of it the more plausible it seems.

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images of the flower, the bee, and the medusa. Yet on the whole he condemns: condemns himself as well as others. He is a moralist, and the spiritual city he chose for his inverts was the city of Sodom, on which the fire rained down. That he *could* do this, is an enormous strength to the work. There is no kind of special pleading. Indeed, there is objective comment falling between sadness and risibility. Charlus, with his assessment of "Thirty per cent!" as the ratio of homosexual males to the whole population, is a figure of fun. If Proust had ever abrogated his capacity for human judgment and self-judgment by openly taking sides, the steel structure of the book could never have been erected. He may have visited Wilde after the downfall: but he would not have confessed to it.

As a social historian, Proust is altogether remarkable. He wrote only of a small section of society, the aristocracy and the rising bourgeoisie; but demonstrated the rôle of each with the harshness of a Marxist. It is an odd thing that nearly all great cataclysms have been preceded by a silly season. This silliness appears to be the last hilarity in the last moment of the sunset. It was endemic in France before the Revolution; in Germany (but it was a grim silliness) before the rise of Hitler; in Petersburg from 1905 right up to 1917. What Proust saw was the downfall of the last remnants of feudalism, remnants powerless in practical terms, but still the basis of the Establishment. It takes a good many little revolutions to effect a total change; and it took one, under the leadership of Madame Verdurin, the new Madame Tallien of an age in which money talked loudest, to put an end to the kind of controls M. de Charlus was still attempting to exercise.

> Saintine aurait dû me consulter avant de se marier . . . il y a une eugénique sociale comme il y en a une physiologique, et j'en suis peut-être le seul docteur. Le cas de Saintine ne soulevait aucune discussion, il était clair qu'en faisant le mariage qu'il a fait, il s'attachait un poids mort, et mettait sa flamme sous le boisseau. Sa vie sociale était finie. Je lui aurais expliqué, et il m'aurait compris car il est intelligent . . . on est ainsi soi-même, quand on sait m'écouter, l'accoucheur de son destin.

It was certainly not yet time for Madame Pipelet* to come to the party; she would have to wait a good seventeen years for that, and in another country; but it was time for Madame Verdurin and her friends, for the Cottards, the Bontemps, the Forchevilles. She knew it: and she knew that a good kick would throw the door wide. She had recovered from her worst social set-back, the Dreyfus case, when her drawing-rooms had been open to Reinach and to Labori; the scars were growing over those old social wounds and the subject could be dropped. Indeed, she had got some very positive good out of it as well as evil; only the Affair could have brought the Prince de Guermantes, as a convinced Dreyfusard, into her house at La Raspelière.

So she struck; and despite the withering snub by a crownless Queen now so poor that she had to make use of the public transport, she triumphed. It was possible, Marcel said, that her assault upon M. de Charlus had little practical effect upon the Baron, since he contracted septic pneumonia afterwards and lay for months between life and death. In such circumstances, he may not have bothered about his "executioners" at all. Yet—

> Après avoir pensé un instant aux Verdurin, M. de Charlus se sentait trop fatigué, se retournait contre son mur et ne pensait plus à rien.

But Madame Verdurin continued to think of him; that was her strength. Having joined battle, she did not retire from it at the first successful skirmish. The "neurasthenic" Morel ("neurasthenia" was as fashionable a complaint in 1900 as a slipped disc in 1950) was egged on to persecute his former patron, to write brilliant lampoons entitled, "*The Misadventure of a Pedantic Duchess, the Old Age of the Baroness*," "*Oncle d'Amérique et Tante de Francfort*," and "*Gaillard d'Arrière*," which were privately circulated among the Baron's enemies and former

* "Pipelet," from Eugene Sue's *Mystères de Paris* (1842–3); pejorative: a *concierge*.

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friends. By the time the war was under way, M. de Charlus was held to be not only a ridiculous old pederast but a potential traitor. He was completely ruined, and with his glory faded the whole glory of the dukes and princes, the last russet glow of the Middle Ages.

IN FACT, the characters of Proust fell to decay just a little before the actual decay of the golden age set in. They were heralds of the downfall; in their faces the future was written large. The year 1900 might have been the peak year for Proust himself, of his remaining strength, of his social hope and social triumph; yet, looking back with his own peculiar wisdom, it was in that year that he set the "execution" of M. de Charlus and wrote of Marcel as a cynical, even a treacherous, bystander by the steps of the scaffold. This was the colour, the tone, of the year as he saw it by hindsight. At the time, it had seemed pure gold.

> Marcel used to spend his evenings working in the big dining-room, the walls of which were austerely panelled in mahogany. The table held books, papers, and an oil lamp "the mild golden illumination of which he particularly liked." There, when the electric lights had been switched off and the house was asleep, he would sit reading Saint-Simon, Chateaubriand, Sainte-Beuve, and Emile Mâle. He never kept his door shut against familiar friends — Antoine Bibesco, Georges de Lauris, Louis d'Albuféra, and Bertrand de Fénelon whose bright eyes and flying coat-tails were later to take their place among the list of elements that went to make up Saint-Loup's charm. Pretty Louisa de Mornand would sometimes look in, after the theatre, to say goodnight. It is worth remarking that all these people, actress, diplomat, scholar, poet and horseman, considered it a privilege to be counted a friend of this obscure invalid who seemed to be using them as a means by which he might explore the world. "To us he was like some foreign nobleman wrapped in the mystery of a land which existed only in his mind and memory." (André Maurois, *The Quest for Proust.*)

In Nicole Vedrès's haunting film, the shadows fall very suddenly over the refulgent life of Paris in flower. The flood waters rise, literally, from the Seine; there is a shot of people wading through the streets past the flooded shops, groping along by a wall on which in great letters is painted the name of a tradesman—"THIRION." Monsieur Thirion, the social nobody whom Madame de Villeparisis married for love. I cannot suppose the name on that wall suggested a name to Proust; yet I can't help hoping it did. After the floods, hunger; the soup-kitchens, the strikes, the bread-lines, the gorgeous charity concerts given by women as pretty as Renoir's Madame Charpentier. M. Fallières, like an old and happy hen with a white beard, hunting for the last time with the Kaiser at Rambouillet. And then, filling the streets with a vast flutter, white as the flutter of the *bâteau-mouche* excursions fourteen years ago, men and women snatching at the newspapers which gave the order of Mobilisation.

The golden weather was ended. The troop trains drew out of the stations. And the rain came down.

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Three Poems from South Africa

In Bloemfontein

Woman to man, they lie,
He not quite white
As her, nor she
So black as he.

Save where her stomach curves
His flesh and hers,
Commingling, match.
Eyes catch,

That dare not meet
Beyond the night,
Though their alternate
Thighs, locked tight,

Defy you to discriminate
Between his skin and hers.
To him Pass Laws
Apply; she knows no night.

But that pale strip her loins
Keep from the sun
Marks her, his tiger-woman,
White, while he's all one.

That stripe convicts. He covers
With his hand the site
Of crime. Soon shutters,
Striping him with light

Peel colour from his hips—
She his woman, he
Her man, simply human
Like the heart beneath her lips.

A matter of degree
Elsewhere, no more;
But here, in Bloemfontein,
Keep closed the door.

At Umhlanga

He to her: "I lick salt
From your lips, your tongue
Tasting of oceans I long
To travel together."
Betel-pink, her mouth halts
All thoughts of whether,
Or rather, assuming—

And she, loosening her sari,
Cinnamon, leans from the silk,
"Darling, let's not talk
Now, hurry—"
The sugar cane shielding
Her yielding
To him, surf at their elbow booming.

Sometime Never

Could she, I wonder, fake it?
Pretend for that other
Now that he takes it
His due, what I knew,
When it were true?

Or will her wish to inflict
Pain on us both constrict
Those masochist muscles, and illusion
Continue, he not knowing
The game, and its throwing?

Perhaps simply the greater her pain
The pleasure, as that other
Time, when we parted, and in rain,
Through brambles, she walked
Her bare flesh, like an animal
Tearing it, willing herself less beautiful.

Alan Ross

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Clancy Sigal

The American

THE "G.I.'s" are men of the United States Air Force, and belong to the tactical Third Air Force, which is NATO-committed, or to Strategic Air Command which takes its orders straight from the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington and has its command-post at Offutt Air Base near Omaha, Nebraska, site of the famous red telephone. (Other American service branches maintain only token units in the United Kingdom.)

There are about 30,000 American servicemen in England, all volunteers, half with families over here, making 75,000–80,000 Americans at (mainly) bomber bases spread out roughly in the triangle between Norfolk, Lancashire, and south of London. They are fewer, and they live less conspicuously, than at any time since the Berlin Blockade.

"The behaviour of the G.I.'s has improved beyond all recognition. But sometimes I think the cost was too high. We never see them any more."

—EDITOR, OXFORDSHIRE NEWSPAPER.

These bases, technically speaking, are commanded by R.A.F. wing commanders who are rarely in evidence.

The Americans living on them tend to come from the small town and rural areas of the South, South-west, and Middle-west areas of the United States. They are a different sort from the G.I. of the 1940's. Only among the young airmen in the lower four ranks do you still find the basis of the old G.I. stereotype, compounded, as it was, and is, of World War II memories, the portrayals of the late Bonar Colleano and Hollywood's own clichés, the cartoons of Giles and the fleeting glimpses of one's own eyes. But this young, bachelor G.I.,

"Remember, you are all ambassadors. As Americans you stick out like a sore thumb. Don't criticise them and don't compare their way of life with ours. We're guests here and don't you forget it."

—BRIEFING OFFICER TO NEW ARRIVALS AT AMERICAN AIR BASE, SCULTHORPE.

"That's another thing we don't like about the Yanks. You feel they're ordered *to be nice to you."*

—YOUNG LABOURER, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

"Frankly, I don't care for the Blokes. Slow, stupid, and unimaginative. Why don't they get on the ball? Like the Germans."

—AIR FORCE MAJOR, BURTONWOOD.

"The Bloke kids. Ever see anything like them? Why can't our kids be like that?"

—SUPPLY SERGEANT, BRIZE NORTON.

"Oh, I couldn't marry an English boy now."

—GIRL IN DANCE-HALL, WARRINGTON.

"No, we don't like girls from our village marrying Yanks. If they do it's their look-out, and we let them know about it."

—MINER, NEAR ST. HELENS.

"Well, I'll tell you straight. We see an Englishman and right off know what he is. With an American you never can tell. There's a definite barrier there between us, like the colour-bar."

—LOCAL JOURNALIST, OXFORDSHIRE.

"I can't very likely explain it. I want to raise my family here. It's good for them. They love the English."

—AIR FORCE CAPTAIN, WETHERSFIELD.

"Look, mister. Let's not talk crap. If that whistle ever blows for real, do you think I think I'm coming back alive?"

—PILOT OFFICER, BRIZE NORTON.

"The only thing that gets us nervous as the dickens is a question in the House of Commons."

—S.A.C. PUBLIC INFORMATION OFFICER.

"Man, after those two years in Georgia it wasn't my country. I never want to go back. This is where, you know, I can swing like any other cat. Understand?"

NEGRO AIRMAN, BRIZE NORTON.

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G.I. in Britain

however often he may be seen promenading in Piccadilly Circus on week-end nights, is becoming statistically less significant.

It is an industrialised, volunteer, career-minded Air Force, with deep affinities in organisation and ethos to the American business corporation, staffed by fliers who look (and behave) like business executives, sergeant-technicians, and young airmen who, as like as not, are slightly disillusioned with how unglamorous it has all become. For better or worse, the day of the swashbuckling, open-handed G.I. is drawing to a rapid close.

Most of the officers are in the thirty-to-forty age bracket, the enlisted airmen in their late twenties, with few teen-agers. Almost all the officers and a big number of non-coms have their wives and children over here with them. Crime and juvenile delinquency rates are low, re-enlistment high.

"It is a good feeling. You're never alone in the Air Force."

—SERGEANT, SCULTHORPE.

"I like it in the Air Force. You don't have to keep up with the Joneses."

—AIRMAN'S WIFE, BURTONWOOD.

"The mission is everything. I am nothing."

—PILOT CAPTAIN, BURTONWOOD.

Many of the airmen and their wives are of Scots-Irish-English origin and asked to come here. They feel a vague blood attachment to the United Kingdom, which soon fades when they perceive the Britons do not reciprocate. Yet, despite disappointments and mixed feelings about the English environment, a high proportion will attempt an extension of their tour, particularly those who live in the semi-luxury of on-base "tobacco" housing.

THE first thing that strikes an outsider about the American bases is their almost caricatured *Americanness*. The kids keep up with the latest Stateside fad, the adult women dress like schoolgirls, and the vernacular of their husbands is a flavourful but strikingly self-conscious blend of obscenity, slang, and technical lingo.

The atmosphere is unbelievably domestic. Launderettes and prams and airmen, dutifully carrying mountainous bags of groceries, compete against the improbably streaking whine of jet bombers. There is a dominant note of family as against military activity, and also an enforced youthfulness which, like everything else on the base, is an amplification and distortion of Stateside civilian patterns.

The Air Base is an enclave of strictly American life. Virtually all the G.I.'s and their wives, even those who are out in the villages ("on the economy"), make the Base the centre of their lives in England. The officers and non-coms who are in the low-rent, ultra-modern "tobacco" houses—American-style dwellings built on the bases by British contractors as part of a complicated barter deal involving surplus tobacco—consider themselves lucky and rarely venture off the base. Contact with the surrounding English is minimal. It is not unfair to say that the vast majority of the inhabitants are living in something like a social vacuum, and are effectively, if accidentally, self-insulated against the people, traditions, and day-to-day events in Britain.

"I expected England to open up its arms to me. After all, we've been taught it's the mother country. But nothing like that happened."

—SERGEANT'S WIFE, SCULTHORPE.

"All right, I'll tell you why I don't like the Americans. They won't mix with us but just keep to themselves. They might as well live in another world."

—TEEN-AGER, LAKENHEATH.

The main Third A.F. Base is near Sculthorpe, Norfolk. Ten thousand Americans live on it. The B-66 bomber wing at Sculthorpe is an all-weather round-the-clock striking force, the only one of its kind in NATO. On this huge base—the largest U.S.A.F. station in the United Kingdom—the air crews live with their families in an official state of combat readiness termed *"Blast Off."*

Further south, on a covey of bases in the Oxfordshire area, Strategic Air Command maintains what is probably the greatest concen-

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tration in the world of what it calls "nuclear deterrent power" (atom bombs).

S.A.C. is something of a corps unto itself. In its mission, and the way it has been taught to think about itself, it is different. Unlike the Third A.F., S.A.C. performs under an operational concept, known as *"Reflex,"* in which combat crews do not live with their families but are rotated to this country in their B-47's for only a few weeks at a time and then return to America. (Third A.F. crews can sometimes count on assignment in England for as long as three years.) Until about a year ago it was S.A.C. practice to deposit entire wings of B-47's on English bases for tours lasting several months. *"Reflex,"* however, involves the use of only a small number of bombers, dispersed on the ground, and instantly prepared to go against pre-selected targets in the event of an alert.

Practice alerts are held all the time. Crews go aloft without knowing whether an alert is practice or not. In both its internal and external publicity, the Air Force emphasises the extreme unlikelihood of a nuclear weapon exploding accidentally; according to one official account, to drop the bomb it would be necessary for a crew member to loosen the appropriate mechanism with a hand-wrench.

The three-man S.A.C. bomber crews are usually composed of mature family men with much flying experience and a low kindling-point temperament. Some are grandfathers, many look like suburban business-men, and they are a hand-picked élite.

S.A.C. bases exist solely to house these few *"Reflex"* crews who, when they are on stand-by status, never leave each other's company. They live and eat together, attend the cinema together, even go to formal dances *ensemble* in their green flying suits with pistols at their hips. On stand-by duty, they are treated like *samurai*, and their status and privileges tend to be resented by non-flying base personnel.

"No, sir, I don't think much about what you call the consequences. No, not very often: in fact, seldom at all. You're too busy up there. . . . We know that we would never drop a weapon on the Russians unless they started a war first. Also, we've practised so many times it's a routine. Just like carrying this Coke bottle across the room and bringing it back. . . . Well, yes, if someone told me to I'd press the button. I'm not, you have to remember, sir, because of my job, the most competent to do things like that. But yes, I would.

"Like I said, we wouldn't unless they started it first. . . . You have to remember, bombing now, it's a lot more efficient than in the last war. We always, you understand, try for pin-point bombing, and we get pretty good at it. But this time when we deliver a bomb we know it's going to knock out the factory or whatever is our target. It may be five miles off the mark, but we know we'll have struck our target anyway. I know it sounds a little, well, you know, crude, but when you knock out everything you knock out something. I guess it does sound a little crude, put that way."

—B-47 CREW MEMBER, LANCASHIRE.

It is tempting, but I think not accurate, to ascribe certain incidents which tend to recur on the bases (particularly Sculthorpe) to "atom jitters." (DANCER ALLEGES G.I. MOLESTED HER ON A-BASE/ATOM SERGEANT BARRICADES SELF WITH GUN/TRIGGER-HAPPY H-BOMB CAPTAIN FRIGHTENS NORFOLK CIVILIAN, *etc.*)

Physical isolation, the hugeness and impersonality of a large base, the bleakness of the wintry rural landscape, probably have as much to do with sparking off these affairs as any other factor. Though it may be that the undercurrent of rumour-mongering you hear about suicides and mental breakdowns (especially on the smaller S.A.C. bases, which appear to have higher general morale) is symptomatic of worry driven underground. Morbid gossip is endemic.

WITH their barber shops, beauty parlours, liquor stores, laundries and dry-cleaners, post offices, shoe repair shops, American Express Company, movies, service clubs, bowling alley, library, chapels, PX's, snack bars, photo hobby shops, gyms, etc., the bomber bases radiate nothing so much as a heavy absence of emergency or crisis atmosphere. Life has the surface placidity of a newish housing development in Indiana or California.

"Hell, nobody around here worried about Quemoy for about two months. That's what I figure the political time lag on these things. Two months."

—BASE LIBRARIAN, BRIZE NORTON.

But in talking to them in off-duty hours, and in the villages and towns around the bases, I did gain an impression that many officers, particularly those closest to Operations, are—despite a clubby bonhomie which is one of the guises of the general apathy—jumpy at moments of sudden political stress.

I was at a base last winter when a pale and rather excited officer (a combat hero) told me in his office that Khrushchev's "ultimatum" speech had just come over the radio. This

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officer, who had until then seemed an easy-going and imperturbable man, rattled off an inaccurate and highly-charged version of what had actually been threatened in Berlin.

"The Russians say they're not going to let our truck convoys into Berlin," he said. "So we're to send in an armoured column. I've just been talking to the boys in Operations, and they say this could be it...."

Away from operations, off the flight-line, however, I could not escape the impression that the bases seem more blanketed in domestic phlegm than jumped up by atomic nerves. The overall G.I. picture is one of normality, even of placidity, a remarkable absence of juvenile delinquency among dependent children and cohesive family units: a community free of many of the economic, psychological, and racial stresses of America.

II. The Community

"Sure, we're a mirror of the United States. A cracked and distorted mirror."
—RED CROSS OFFICIAL, OXFORDSHIRE.

VIEWED as a social organism, the G.I. Air Force community in England can be compared to nothing in the British scene. It stands apart, a lonely colony of nomadic strangers, in a perpetual state of indecision about its own identity.

In fact, the G.I. community in England is a "company town," whose inhabitants are normal, decent, and friendly Americans, who may be morally and emotionally disenfranchised, but are materially secure in a way that relatively few Americans are in the United States.

"We came in for security, for a Welfare State, and got more than we bargained for. It smothers us, without meaning to. The Air Force isn't to blame, the Government isn't to blame. I don't know. Maybe it is a good life."
—SERGEANT'S WIFE, EASTCOTE.

"No, you've got it wrong. The Air Force isn't Big Daddy. It's Big Momma."
—AIR FORCE PSYCHIATRIST.

By and large, the Air Force in England is composed of Americans who find themselves in the service as a career almost by accident and who rarely planned it that way, men with large families, a certain level of administrative or technical proficiency, and a burden of domestic worries. Many of the young low-rankers came in to escape an Army draft, a surprising number of older non-coms were business failures in civilian life, and a large number of World War II reserve officers reluctantly elected to remain in, after abrupt call-backs during Korea, when they saw they had lost their hand-hold on the civilian ladder of status. To-day, most have settled down to putting their time in towards the minimum twenty-year retirement which, more than promotion, is the almost hallowed goal. They live and eat exceedingly well, surrounded by expensive duplicates of virtually every facility in the civilian world of the United States (from barbecue pit to P.T.A.) which the Air Force can reasonably provide. Including perks, a sergeant with a family enjoys an Air Force standard of life which a Birmingham board director might envy. Very few G.I.'s to whom I spoke could tell me exactly how much money they made. After laborious computations with paper and pencil, most gave up with a sheepish grin and said I would have to find out from the Finance Office.

Everything on these bases is more American than anything I can remember in America, except that phenomenon which they most nearly resemble: the brand-new jerry-built suburban housing developments which you can see on the outskirts of any city from Levittown, Pennsylvania, to San Fernando, California.

And here, of course, is one of the clues to the G.I. frame of mind. Because he inhabits a community *manqué*, like his counterpart in the Stateside New Towns, he compensates for a feeling of individual lostness and absence of real community tradition by compulsively reminding himself of his American-ness. In this, he is assisted by the Air Force, which, in order to retain its cadre of specialists and air-crew members, has so energetically institutionalised the most typically "American" features of small-town life that the grandiose end-product often resembles nothing in the U.S. scene it is presumably copying and representing.

"These Americans. They're the loneliest people I've ever dealt with. They just don't know how to be alone."
—COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER, OXFORDSHIRE.

Contributing to this impression of hyperbolic Americanism is, paradoxically, the geographically unrepresentative nature of the G.I. himself. He's a small-town and rural American.

Largely absent is the urbanised second-generation immigrant, the Jew or Italo- or Slavo-American, the "melting-pot" boy from New York or Chicago, who is indispensable to the

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full-featured American face. You can actually see this in the cast of the G.I. faces, which fail to reflect that diversity in genetic strain that is the trade-mark of America's great city streets and was so recognisable in the conscript forces in England during the last war. (The exception is the Negro G.I., of which more below.)

Which means that on these bases you seldom meet up with "pepper," that characteristically American streak of free-wheeling, urban critical scepticism. As in the U.S. itself, the evidences of a passionate demand on life are not as visible as they once were. I had a haunting sense that for these people "the great American dream," the secular utopia, has been, at least temporarily, packed in.

The Churches play no important rôle. Like the PX's they exist to dispense a commodity and satisfy a need but are not a significant influence on the community. The chaplains officiate at religious ceremonies, try to help in personal tangles, and organise Little League baseball games.

"I'll tell you what it is with these people. At bottom it is a failure of identification."

—CHAPLAIN, SCULTHORPE.

Contributing to this lack of community introspection and this sense of void is the marked absence of any important body of informed or liberal opinion. Air Force "intellectuals" are as rare as hen's teeth. All ranks eschew politics with a fierce boredom: they simply won't be drawn out. Critical periodicals, such as *The Nation*, *New Republic*, *Progressive*, etc., are not, as far as I could see, sold on any of the newsstands.

Thus, despite a variety of clothes, regional accents, and former social positions, there is an impression of extraordinary *sameness* to these bases, an outward show of conformity which earns a visitor, regardless of where he is or to whom he's talking, the same response, over and over again, to his questions—sometimes in exactly the same words. Few venture to say what is really on their minds. Involved less in present worries than future anxieties, the Air Force people seem uneasily, vaguely aware of the forces making for change in the world and in their own country, but want very much to disregard them.

"When I get back home, after my enlistment, maybe I'll talk about Karl Marx. But you won't catch me talking about the National Health Service. I've got a career to think about, mister."

—SERGEANT, BURTONWOOD.

THE Americans at the air bases present a picture of themselves as being in a state of conscious flight from the competitiveness and anxiety of American life. Family heads speak of the Air Force as a heaven-sent refuge against the disintegration of family solidarity in the States. True, there is a nagging suspicion, among both air crews and non-fliers, that the new military science of missilery may put them out of business (and some men are already switching over). But the others insist that, in one way or another, the Air Force won't forget them.

Again and again, husband and wife tell you that they like life in the Air Force, that they feel protected and cared for, that they can owe an undivided allegiance to the Air Force as to no civilian corporation, and that "Thank God, we don't have to keep up with the Joneses."

"With each man's rank on his sleeve, and with every one of us knowing exactly how much money he makes, there's no chance to put on the dog like back home."

—ELDERLY NON-COM'S WIFE, LONDON.

By its members, the Air Force is often seen as placing an artificial but none the less reassuring limit on the degree to which they can compete with one another. Though there is constant gossip about promotions and ceaseless fears of "Riffing" (Reduction In Force, or redundancy), it is quietly known that, particularly with non-officers, a man does not get sacked unless he is considerably below the efficiency line. My hunch is that because of this there is less viewing of personal relationships as a source of self-aggrandisement. (Some Air Force doctors to whom I put this disagreed bitterly.)

Husbands and wives say that they find this less competitive system more than compensates for the annoyances and necessary submissions to military life; it relieves them of participation in "the civilian rat race." (You also hear this argument from G.I.'s who come from the most backward and impoverished areas of the United States where "the rat race" has yet to come.) The officers occasionally complain that their wives try to duplicate, in the social whirl of the bases, the carousel of status-seeking, but the Air Force conveniently provides too many escape-hatches—flying duty, temporary assignments elsewhere, etc.—for this to get on a man's back.

"It's like . . . we go through all the motions and nothing very much happens. I mean, when the woman next door passes by without coming

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in for morning coffee, I start to wonder what's wrong. Yet I can't say that I really like her that much."

—CAPTAIN'S WIFE, BURTONWOOD.

IT IS in the home, however, that there is still very much the American pattern of competition—between husband and wife (though on a muted scale), and with, again, the Air Force acting as arbiter and de-limiter of tensions. The adult women wear bobby-socks and teen-age skirts, and their husbands drink too much and boast of their sexual exploits far more than they would dare in an American civilian community. (The Air Force is quite permissive about alcoholism and promiscuity, and very punitive on homosexuality.)

The G.I. children are healthy, well-dressed, and out-going. A number of them are step-children from marriages made unstable by divorces and war deaths, and many of the boys want to join the Air Force "like Dad." Their teachers say they are skilful at making friendships which, because they move about so much, rarely go deep. G.I. husbands and wives are terrifically touched and impressed by English children, whose discipline, sobriety, and good manners they admire and envy.

"The G.I. marriage is more stable than a civilian marriage. They're protected here, so there's less tension. Also, here in England, far less adultery. Yes, definitely more stable and less adultery."

—RED CROSS OFFICIAL, BASE X.

"If I had the time I could do marriage counselling all day, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year."

—CHAPLAIN, SAME BASE.

The teachers disagree among themselves about the source and authenticity of the even balance displayed by the G.I. kids, which is in such contrast to Stateside adolescent behaviour. Those who have taught in the turbulent classrooms of the big cities enjoy it. A few privately suspect this "adjustment" is only superficial and temporary.

"I don't know. Maybe it's because we move around so much. Still, most of the people you've been talking to are assured of staying here for three years, maybe more. That isn't so short a time."

—SERGEANT'S WIFE, SCULTHORPE.

The airman and his wife make the base the focus of their lives, and except on holidays rarely venture off it. Unlike the young bachelor G.I., who tends to swing between the extremes of rhapsodising England and denigrating it, the mature Air Force couple stubbornly tell themselves they are "having a wonderful time in Europe." When you ask them, they admit they are not quite sure where along the line they decided to "stick it out in the Service"; probably, the husband tells you, during his last furlough back to his home town where he became frightened at the steep rise in civilian prices and how rapidly the small business man was being pushed to the wall. The wife often is worried about her husband forming a dangerous dependence on the Service, but even she is forced to concede that the family is doing better than it would in "the big PX" (the United States).

"They idealise what they're doing here, and they idealise their retirement. But when it comes to the point, they either re-up or crack-up, or both."

—FORMER AIR FORCE DOCTOR.

Perhaps the husband drinks too much, and he may have an English girl friend "stashed away" in one of the nearby villages, but otherwise he leads a quiet family life. More often than not, his wife is bored but resigned, and spends much time in local villages shopping for antiques. They may run, at considerable expense, a Detroit-made car, which is clumsy on the narrow English roads; but they keep it because it makes them feel less homesick, more "on top" of a strange country which sometimes confuses them when they venture out into it, because the language is the same and so little else is.

As a rule, they take it as it comes. Theirs is a live-and-let-live attitude. They don't fight anybody. If they have contrary opinions, they either do not develop or express them, except as the careful "griping" formula of the Air Force community allows. No sense, they say, in rocking the boat. And anyway, it's only "a few more years" to retirement and that fishing lodge in Vermont or hunting cabin in Maine. The wife, who has heard other G.I.'s weave fantasies about *their* fishing lodges, hunting camps, and tourist motels, occasionally wonders what kind of story her husband is telling himself. For it has not escaped her notice how many G.I.'s swear they are going back to civilian life only to re-enlist after their twentieth year, and how many of those who do leave the military simply go out and hunt up Civil Service jobs where, again, they have a huge organisation to take care of them. (Non-coms, on the down-side of their twenty years, habitually suffer from periodic fits of depression, known as "sweating-out blues.")

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MANY Britons, impatient with the American habit of building their military establishments to resemble a gigantic PX-cum-maternity centre, forget that it is an industrialised Air Force whose operations could not be conducted without trained specialists. And these are men who happen to be pragmatic, amenities-conscious Main Street Americans to whom no amount of propaganda or glamour can match the in-hand attractions of salary, security, and perks. To keep its people, the Air Force civilianises and normalises its operational bases to a remarkable (and often, to the British, a disagreeably startling) degree.

Even so, career airmen and their wives who are old enough to have felt something of the venerable American distaste for the military (especially sharp in the 'thirties) now often feel guilty and slightly ashamed of where they are, and (except for the operational fliers) feel, more than their counterparts in the R.A.F., a need to explain themselves. They don't try to conceal their doubts with patriotic or political rationalisations, but explain their presence in a military establishment as part of their "search for security" for themselves and their children. This is not to say that some do not feel, in a vague and partial fashion, identified with "the mission." Especially in the officer ranks they can and do feel towards the Air Force a proud, deep, and sentimental loyalty, and are, in fact, not as emotionally uninvolved as they themselves often pretend.

"If they ask me, I tell them they're on the right side, that there is a just war. But nobody ever comes in to seek guidance on that sort of thing."

—CHAPLAIN, BRIZE NORTON.

Part of this process—of keeping a leg stuck firmly in both camps, of drawing security and a kind of high purpose from the Service while maintaining a civilian guise and outlook—seems to involve a wholesale semi-conscious agreement not to recognise the full implications of the military function of the Air Force. For the airmen and their wives to whom I spoke—including atom-bomber pilots—the meaning of what they are doing over here is as abstract, impersonal, and remote as it is to the average Englishman.

"No, of course there won't be a war. How can there be? All these bases, in England and everywhere, it's just a way for Washington to pay out a lot of money to keep the economy running. Like the W.P.A., in the Depression."

—PILOT, JET TANKER.

This is nothing so much as the atmosphere of American small-town normality—so much that it requires almost a physical effort of imagination to remember that many of these families live in an official state of combat readiness. Practice alerts are common. It is generally assumed by the G.I.'s, their wives and children, that stored somewhere on their base is an atomic or hydrogen bomb, which they call by its familiar name, *the Weapon*, *the Item*, or simply *the Thing*. But, if they feel a special anxiety about cohabiting with nuclear bombs and bombers they do not, in any measurable way, show it. Questions about the rights and wrongs of their job they meet with sincere blankness or else dismiss as inspired anti-Americanism.

BUT at what cost has the G.I. community purchased its security and balance?

As in any town, a silent conspiracy directed to mutual and self-deception exists. (The new literature of anti-conformism—*The Organisation Man*, *White Collar*, *Crestwood Heights*, etc.—has not touched the G.I. community.) The members are accustomed to projecting themselves as, if not happy, at least well contented. But what lies behind the gregarious gaiety, the back-slapping, the spontaneous almost compulsive overtures of friendship which, as an American, I took for granted and enjoyed?

I put this to a number of Air Force people—base doctors, teachers, former Service psychiatrists, education and community relations officers, chaplains, Red Cross workers, and civilian employees. None of them would agree on any single generalised characterisation for the Air Force community in England. But if I had to condense the main line of their observations into a single statement I think it would run something like this:

"Theoretically, the American air base is the ideal community: a place where a group of people bracketed by the same allegiance live in close proximity and also work together.

"But it doesn't happen this way. A certain vital spark—exactly what is uncertain—is missing. Perhaps it has to do with the absence of genuine status symbols. Aside from the obvious differences in rank, there is really nothing in the Service for a man to respect. He does not really respect higher rank, even when he says he does, because he knows that, with few ex-

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ceptions, all a man has to do to be promoted is wait, put out a good minimum of work, and keep his nose clean. The men who fly the aircraft and plan the operations are an obvious exception. But the run-of-the-mill G.I. isn't even sure he's necessary. He does not truly participate, and what responsibility he has is negative. . . .

"The G.I. operates in a psychological and moral vacuum. He is neither happy nor unhappy; putting the question that way doesn't make sense. He is very capable of having a hell of a good time, but he is at odds with himself when he isn't having this good time. He is not representative of American life because in many ways he is not a genuine citizen. . . .

"Unlike the average American, the G.I. has no democratic say in how his community is run. It is all handed down to him from on high. Life in the military service permits of indefinite postponement of adult responsibilities, and even of the 'male menopause.' The G.I. feels no responsibility to the community and therefore has a strong tendency to regress to adolescent patterns. If he does not already have a personality which is permissive, pliable, and dependent when he joins the Air Force he gradually acquires one. He is often dominated by his wife, who runs to anxiety, not least precisely because of this dominance. . . .

"The migratory G.I. feels no serious commitment, except perhaps to his family. But even here the major decisions are out of his hands. The women often suffer from sexual frigidity; they are a lot franker, and potentially more rebellious than the men, and this often causes trouble in the home, trouble which is not solved but compensated for by the G.I. when he goes off elsewhere for temporary duty. . . .

"The G.I. is rather lonely and sad, like an orphan. He is not in touch with either the joy or tragedy of life, only the emptiness of it."

III. The Negro G.I.

"Back in the States they say you can't legislate a change in men's hearts. Let them take a good look at the Air Force over here. It may not be all that I want, but it's a damn good first step."

—NEGRO OFFICER, OXFORDSHIRE.

DESPITE dour prophecies when the policy was originally put forth in 1948, the integration of Negroes into the Air Force has worked out well. At the American bases in England, white and Negro airmen work closely and easily with one another, not without tensions, but "unseparate and equal." The Negro is accepted, and what is more important he accepts himself as a first-class citizen. He receives equal pay for equal work, has equal access to all base facilities, and holds jobs ranging from the most highly skilled to the least. Negro M.P.'s lay the law down to their white buddies, and Negro children go to unsegregated schools on the base. Air Force psychiatrists report somewhat fewer anxiety cases than among whites.

"The Blokes, they didn't even know how to spell Jim Crow. I had to tell them. It's a great little country."

—NEGRO SERGEANT, SCULTHORPE.

On each of the bases in England I visited and enquired about, I found that the Negroes inclined to form into a loose-knit and informal organisation which is sometimes, wryly, called just that, "The Organisation."

"The Organisation" never exerts sanctions, or in any other way treats itself as governed by a defined function. It exists in the background with deliberate vagueness and informality, for mutual aid and intelligence. It rarely operates as a corporate mechanism; its members, who more than anything else desire acceptance as individuals, do not wish it to; but in times of crisis, reluctantly and hesitantly, it does show itself. At one S.A.C. base, the Negroes, hard-pressed during the original Little Rock disturbances, felt it necessary to gather in a gymnasium to air their grievances and discuss the advisability of appointing one of their number to represent them to the base commander. The only conduct which Negro airmen do view as impermissible, and which they seriously attempt to stop, is "Uncle Tom-ism"; i.e., an obsequious posture to whites, usually by deep South rural Negroes.

"Sure I've got a persecution complex. I'll be needing it when I go back home."

—NEGRO AIRMAN, BURTONWOOD.

At some of the bases it is not unusual for the younger Negro airmen to regard some senior Negro non-com or young Negro officer as the "father" of the unofficial coloured community, a rôle for which this individual usually is not grateful because he, like the others, is impatient

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for the time when the Negro G.I.'s have no special problems. That time has not yet arrived.

"It just about kills some of the white boys to see me with an English girl. Tant pis!"
—NEGRO CORPORAL, BURTONWOOD.

While Air Force policy, as it was explained to me in terms of the on-base life of the Negro G.I., is good and reasonable (e.g., different white and Negro rosters have been discontinued), the picture in the social sphere comes up different. Here, though in many ways equal, the Negro is still separate.

When integration began, a small flood of young, low-ranking Negroes came into the Service. For one thing, sexual competition with young white airmen became inevitable. In England, until recently, this friction expressed itself by way of ugly incidents and fights. However, as the proportion of bachelor G.I.'s in the United Kingdom declined, things settled down somewhat. Gradually a *modus vivendi* was achieved, until by now, both groups understand that Negro airmen have as much right as the whites to seek relationships among English girls. Understood, too, by the Negroes is that they are not to go to certain towns, and certain dance-halls and pubs in other towns; they do so at their peril or discomfort. At Burtonwood the town is Warrington, at Brize Norton Cheltenham, at Sculthorpe certain specified clubs in Norwich and sometimes the entire town of King's Lynn. The Negroes do not blame the residents but know that, by several devices such as "black-listing" any English girl who dates a Negro airman, the white G.I.'s in effect declare a town off-limits.

"When I first started seeing Americans, it didn't make a difference to me what colour he was, white, black, or purple. But soon the other girls told me the white G.I.'s wouldn't see me if I kept that up. And then once a date I had said so himself. Well, you know, I'm not that much in love with Negroes."
—GIRL, WARRINGTON.

On none of the American bases situated near very large cities which I visited did the Negroes feel welcome at the adjacent G.I.-frequented small town. The Negroes do not seem to find this either surprising or unduly provocative, but rather an expected price they must pay for the lag between Air Force policy and the civilian prejudices of the white airmen and officers (many of whom come, of course, from the Southern States).

A continuing sore point in race relations is the insistence by many Air Force Negroes on carrying on a normal social routine within view of white G.I.'s. A Negro seen with an English girl in a town is usually left alone. But when a Negro airman brings a white girl to the base trouble sometimes starts. From my own experience, it is undeniable that the atmosphere at a base-dance (or at an Airmen's Club or Officers' Club) heightens when a Negro enters with a white girl. It was always, it seemed to me, the whites who "provoked."

Dances and parties on the base are the sources of most of the incidents between Negro and white G.I.'s; they are not so frequent as to represent a serious problem, but they do happen. A few near race-riots have taken place at these gatherings. In order to ease things all round, it has been known for a local commander to import, at considerable expense and in special buses, coloured girls (e.g., from Cardiff, Liverpool) for Negro airmen at base-dances.

"Oh hell, you know the sort of thing that happens. A Mississippi boy—though he don't have to come from the South, he can just as well be a Northern boy—he has one too many. He says to me, 'Who's that whore you're with?' Then of course I got to hit him. No other way."
—NEGRO AIRMAN, BRIZE NORTON.

At the time of Little Rock relations between Negroes and whites worsened: Negro airmen say they were suddenly and for no reason "jumped" by whites. Feelings ran high for a while. This kind of thing appears to have died down, undoubtedly helped by the fact that local commanders, despite the southern origins of many of them, seem not to have deviated from strict enforcement of Air Force policy. But both whites and Negroes are uneasily aware that something which they have solved, perhaps only in a limited way, is still being fought out in the United States.

"No, I don't mind especially living with nigras. When I get back home? We'll see."
—TENNESSEE G.I., LONDON.

CONTRARY to a general impression among Air Force personnel themselves, I found the Negroes to come from a higher (Negro) social stratum than whites. Here, the big-city Negro is more prevalent, bringing a ghetto humour and dry urbanity to an otherwise markedly provincial G.I. community. The statistics are hard to come by, but I suspect there

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are more Negroes in the Air Force (with a lower proportion of Negro officers) than their share of the national census would indicate.

The situation of the Negro officer can be sticky. Often himself a scion of the Negro middle class—which provides most of the leadership of such civil-rights organisations as NAACP, but is still stubbornly conservative in race matters—he finds himself viewed on all sides as some sort of radical social experiment. Far more than the Negro airman, he must watch his conduct all the time. He mustn't flirt, sound off, get drunk or glad-hand; he mustn't, in other words, do as his brother officers do. He feels, or is made to feel, that anything untoward he does will prejudice the newly-won position of the Negro G.I.; so he's even more careful than the organisation-minded white officer not to step out of line. As I met him, the Negro officer isn't a "handkerchief head," an Uncle Tom. He is, on the contrary, sharp to react to open cuts and encroachments on any of his prerogatives, as a Negro or an officer. But he's not very relaxed.

"Remember Jackie Robinson [the first Negro in professional baseball]? He got an ulcer doing it, but he paved the way."

—NEGRO OFFICER, MANCHESTER.

On the whole, Negro G.I.'s like England. They do not seriously complain of the climate, as the whites do, despite many of their origins in the warmer zones below the Mason-Dixon line. Many try to stay on by requesting an extension of tour; a few marry English girls. (Air Force authorities do not interfere with these marriages. When the Negro airman is ready for re-deployment he is never assigned to any of the Southern States, most of which have anti-miscegenation laws.) Many Negro G.I.'s seem to have real doubts about returning to the United States, and some frankly wish to remain in Europe.

"If you want to put it this way, I achieve a dignity here impossible anywhere—North or South—in my own country."

—NEGRO LIEUTENANT, COLUMBIA CLUB, LONDON.

"Man, you can swing over here without having every time to look over your shoulder for some crazy redneck with a dumb sheet over him."

—NEGRO COOK, SCULTHORPE.

The Negro G.I., once he learns the ropes (and especially if he finds an English girl), makes a greater effort to involve himself with the English life around him than the white G.I., and is correspondingly more successful. Not once did a Negro mention to me an incident provoked by an English man or woman.

"Man, I don't mind them copying Elvis Presley and American cars, but when they start importing that Faubus jive, like that Notting Hill, I say easy does it, easy does it."

—NEGRO AIRMAN, LONDON CLUB.

But what of the attitudes of the white airmen and officers who come from the South? Bred since birth to see as normal and even meritorious the system of second-class citizenship for American Negroes known as "Jim Crow," they have adapted to the new situation of complete (formal) equality with startling ease and rapidity. There is little doubt that this experience of living and working together affects the outlook of both white and Negro, but in particular the prejudiced Americans. Again and again, from both Negro and (especially Southern) white G.I.'s I heard stories, remarkable in their similarity, of how friendships began after the Negro stood up for himself after provocation.

"You know, I came in minding my own business. I don't look for trouble. But as soon as I moved into this hut I knew I was going to have trouble with Red. A week went by, and you know, remarks, funny looks. He was on my back. One night after chow he said something I didn't like. I went up to him and I said, 'Red, you got something to say, say it straight.' He looked at me and said he wasn't looking for any trouble. I haven't had any trouble with Red, not since then. He's all right now. We buddy around."

—NEGRO WEATHER MAN, BURTONWOOD.

"Naw, I don't like niggers. Back home they work for us and keep to their side of town. When I came into the Air Force and saw all this integration I almost told the man to forget it. First time I had to shave next to one I almost puked, to tell you the truth. But hell, now I'm used to it. Naw, I still don't like it. But if the Air Force says I have to work and live with them, well that's the way it's going to be."

—WHITE CLERK, BRIZE NORTON.

The friendships thus formed have not progressed much beyond the front gate of the air base. They don't go into town together, yet. But, for what they are, the black and white G.I.'s are inordinately and self-consciously proud of these new and troubled bonds.

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IV. Anglo-American Relations

IN effect, the G.I. is told not to relax from the moment he first lands in the United Kingdom. At his very first briefing, he is told he is an ambassador, an emissary of the Free World, and that he stands out like a sore thumb. He is told not to make unfavourable comparisons of modes of life. Great stress is laid on the necessity to avoid untoward publicity.

The Community Relations officer then comes on (the G.I. notes with pleasure she is a pretty English girl) and urges him not to criticise Royalty or to speak in a familiar way about the Royal Family. There is instruction about traffic laws and currency regulations, almost nothing about other realities of British life, about the real and deep differences in social systems and outlooks.

Instead, there is this extraordinary emphasis on not cracking wise about the Royal Family, which is compared in sacredness to the American flag. Indeed, many G.I.'s and their wives seem to feel that having successfully avoided the subject of the Royal Family they are therefore and in perpetuity immune to the sins of tactlessness.

"You will NOT, *repeat* NOT, *pull a weapon on a British national. They don't play by our rules."*
—BASE-SECURITY BRIEFING, SCULTHORPE.

On most air bases the official liaison between the G.I. and the outside community is the Community Relations Officer. She works diligently to find London theatre tickets for her clients and is always on hand to lecture village tea clubs on the "human interest" side of the American Air Force. Invariably she is an attractive, poised, intelligent English girl, invincibly middle-class in the sense that she is at such a distance from the concreteness of social levels above and especially below her that she is incapable of transmitting the less exterior actualities to foreigners. That most G.I.'s naturally make their closest contact with working-class girls is treated by the Community Relations people as a most unpleasant social fact which it is best to ignore in so far as possible.

"Yeah, that's right, I spend most of my weekends in Birmingham. Nice place.
—Who do you stay with?
Friends of mine. They're an English family.
—Oh, how interesting. What do they do?
Dunno. Think he works in a factory, and so does his sons.
—Oh. You must find them terribly amusing.
"Naw, I don't find them amusing. I just like them.
—Of course—of course. But I mean, they must appeal to you because of their simplicity.
Naw, I don't find them especially simple. I just like them. And they like me."
—CONVERSATION BETWEEN A COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER AND AN ALABAMA-BORN G.I.

The United States Air Force in England spends considerable money, time, and energy on its "Anglo-American relations" programme, much of it designed to hide its light under a bushel. Patrol and training operations are conducted as discreetly as possible. G.I.'s are strongly advised not to wear their uniforms off the base and to avoid political arguments. Every effort is made to muffle jet noise and to compensate for damages. Unobtrusiveness in every respect is encouraged. Roadside signposts near U.S.A.F. bases are so infrequent that a stranger easily loses his way. Any incident between G.I.'s and British civilians is regarded as a major catastrophe by Public Relations officers who live

"The Americans have the goodwill of the people who matter—the Establishment. . . . A large part of Anglo-American relations works from the top downwards."
—THE AMERICAN WEEKEND NEWSPAPER, March 7, 1959.

"Like the man who came to dinner, we're here and Lord knows when we're going home."
—BRIEFING NON-COM., SCULTHORPE.

"The British never gave a damn what the natives thought about them. But you Americans, you want to be loved, poor sods."
—BRITISH CIVILIAN EMPLOYEE, SCULTHORPE.

"A man who can't defend himself is not going to like the man sent in to defend him, now is he?"
—FARMER, BURFORD.

"I just don't make connection in Cheltenham. But London—Hey!"
—NEGRO RADAR OPERATOR, OXFORD.

"We don't take Americans."
—HOTEL-KEEPER, IFFLEY ROAD, OXFORD.

"Go get 'em, IRA!"
—AMERICAN AIRMEN ON READING NEWS ACCOUNT OF RAID ON BRITISH MILITARY BARRACKS, FAIRFORD.

"Anglo-American relations couldn't be better."
—PUBLIC INFORMATION OFFICER, WEST RUISLIP.

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in constant dread that some drunken G.I. will accidentally upset the delicate balance of Anglo-American relations.

This programme, in so far as it intended to help achieve a level of congeniality conducive to the continued existence of foreign air bases on British territory, must be marked a success. In so far as it wished—if indeed that was one of its aims—to promote close and mutually comprehending associations between the English and Americans, it has failed.

"A colony of bloody strangers is what they are."
"Doesn't make me unhappy."
—CONVERSATION BETWEEN SALESMAN AND FARMER, PUB IN FAKENHAM.

At the present time, in fact, "Anglo-American relations" is a bit of a euphemism. When all is said and done, and despite protestations and pretences to the contrary, there is not very much the British and the Americans have to do with each other. Relations between them are correct, even amiable, certainly improved—and superficial in the extreme. There is a large sense in which it can be said that a serious human link hardly exists at all, possibly to quiet relief on all sides.

"It was a horrible sensation to drive on the wrong side of the road for the first time. And they're so antagonistic to our style of doing things. I always thought of this as the mother country."
—SERGEANT'S WIFE, WEST RUISLIP.

The G.I.'s of the Air Force are not expatriates (although to some private extent they may be self-exiled). Nor, despite much travelling, are they especially cosmopolitan. They identify their interests entirely with the United States and have a stake in the success of the system. It is this context, and for a number of complicated reasons, that the G.I. soon develops an attitude, often amounting to superiority, which he finds difficult to shake off, even when he wants to.

Partly this is in response to the absence in England of what he is used to (or says he is), partly to the different and more conservative patterns of acceptance, particularly in the smaller villages. In this, as in other respects, the G.I. compares the Englishman unfavourably with the German.

"Damn right I prefer the Germans. They snap to."
—LIEUTENANT, SCULTHORPE.

But also this insularity could be taken as a defensive reaction to the implied rebuke to him, and his way of life, by an ordered, structured society such as he believes Britain to represent. (Most Britons usually fail to grasp that, while the American would never willingly relinquish what material objects he possesses, and clearly is sometimes guilty of that which he is accused of—obsession with them—he simultaneously has a deep longing for a rooted, stable, and conservative society. He wants his fridge and parliament too.)

"These English are funny about some things. One night we went out pubbing with good old Sir Harry, and the next night with the man who delivers our coal and his wife. We couldn't care less. But, oh, we found out, they do. They do."
—LIEUTENANT'S WIFE, HUNSTANTON.

THE G.I.'s astonishment at the English deference to class is somewhat more subtle than he lets on. I kept running into a surprising number of Americans who said the trouble with the Air Force was that it is "too democratic." The G.I. himself is not untouched by hunger for authority and awe of social position.

It may be of a different and milder sort. But it is there. He says it's not. But, as anyone knows who has lived in America, this indifference to class is a sometime thing. Its sources—in a relatively mobile, "classless" society laced with strong egalitarian traditions—is real enough. But back home in Peoria or Victorville, the G.I. would not feel quite so easy to pub with the coalman on Monday and the local gentry on Tuesday as he is, or says he is, over here.

Which is not to say that the G.I.'s flaunting of anti-class prejudice is purely synthetic.

Though he is most easy with working-class Britons—whose acceptance of him is far less tinged with that complicated series of emotions, not excluding a slight shame, which I found many middle-class Englishmen suffer on approaching an American—the G.I. really does have no compunction about mixing (and marrying) on any level of British society. This "couldn't-care-less" attitude by G.I.'s in the matter of social class is something of a major, if unspoken, irritant in Anglo-American relations.

"I'm a traditional Englishman, and I don't mind telling you the Americans are an affront to me. I come on to a base and say, 'Maybe the Yanks have something there.' But deep down I reject it. You can never tell what he is from the way he dresses or talks, what class he's from. What kind of country can you have where the

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officers and other ranks have this so-called friendship?"

—JOURNALIST, OXFORDSHIRE.

In its way, probably the most poignant relationship I found was that between the G.I. and the middle-class Englishman. Between these two there is often absolutely nothing in common excepting language, an eagerness on the part of the American to prove he can make friends anywhere, and a kind of horrified fascination by the Englishman.

Yet they will *work* at it. For, unlike the working-class English, who appear more agreeable to grappling with what the American foreigner represents, the middle-class person (from the shopkeeper to the doctor, including the businessman but *not* the gentry or the local rich) often gives the impression of being a little ashamed to be seen with the G.I. For him there seems to be something about the American which repels while it mesmerises. Anyone who has witnessed, in an informal setting, the differences in relationship between an American farm-boy G.I. and an English factory worker on the one hand, and between the G.I. and a businessman or university lecturer on the other, may know what I am trying to suggest.

Unfortunately, any accidental area of shared interest is fatally narrowed by the interdiction Americans live under not to discuss "controversial" topics. (The Air Force imposed a "gag" at the time of Suez.)

SEX, of course, is another important irritant in "Anglo-American relations." Just as it is on this level that the Negro and white G.I.'s have yet to find an honest accommodation, so it is with the American G.I. and the Englishman.

To judge by all he says, the latter is only too aware, sometimes loftily, sometimes bitterly, of the threat posed to him by the presence in his midst of a band of affluent, sexually aggressive foreigners; a threat which is, I think, a little more shadowy than the Englishman's insistence that the G.I.'s money alone accounts for his attractiveness to English girls. The girls say otherwise.

"Yanks. Plain as the nose on your face. They corrupt our girls with their money; it's nothing else but that. Well, I say any girl who likes it can keep it."

—PUB-KEEPER, LAKENHEATH.

The plain fact is that annually 3,000 G.I.'s marry English girls. This is an extraordinary percentage of the available Air Force bachelors.

The girls do not deny that a part of the G.I.'s attraction (or glamour, if you will) is the fact that he has some money to spend. (Remembering that we are dealing here with working-class girls and the four pay-grades of airmen who have the least money to spend.) What impresses them, the girls said, is less the money than the use to which it is put—on them and in a way which makes them feel considerably more "feminine."

"Look, you and I both know that as a lover the American male is no great shakes. I can't answer for the Englishman—never having made love to one. But our boys put on a better show. And they start out with one terrific advantage. They like women."

—FLIGHT SURGEON, OXFORDSHIRE.

I talked to a lot of them, girls in the industrial towns of Lancashire, the rural villages of Norfolk, in Oxfordshire and around London, the girls who went out with G.I.'s. They said they like the American because, sometimes for the first time in their lives, they are treated "as women," with a gallantry and a sexual open-mindedness which they declared they missed in the English boy. They said they delighted in being treated as more of an equal. Most of them said that now it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to marry an English boy. They preferred Americans. (A girl's emphatic preference may be influenced by a slight feeling of having burned her bridges. In some parts of England there is undoubtedly a special attitude towards any girl in the American "dating" orbit. Especially in the smaller towns is she at times given a blunt social ultimatum: either the Yanks or us.)

"The Yankee bashers and the G.I.'s have only one thing in common. They both think America is a great place."

—FORMER AIR BASE LIBRARIAN, OXFORD.

In this connection, one of the big reasons for the persistence of local "anti-Americanism," if it can be so called, is the continued existence in each large town near an American air base, of a certain type of pub functioning almost exclusively as a meeting-ground for G.I.'s and "Yankee bashers." Such pubs are the province of the low-ranking bachelor G.I.'s. (They may also be used for "hunting" or assignation purposes by married Americans in the town for a night. Sometimes Teddy boys and British Servicemen, home on leave, deliberately and challengingly choose this place to do a night's drinking.)

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They are an ugly splotch any way you look at them, a primary incubator of fights and probably of venereal disease.

There is a popular misconception that the girls who hang out in these places are prostitutes. I don't think so. There may be a sprinkling of "semi-pros," but in the main they are working-class girls out for a good time. They aren't sure what this good time should mean, and it does not always entail the spending of money. In Warrington, for example, the "Yankee bashers" consider themselves fortunate if they can persuade the G.I. to see them home afterwards. The G.I., knowing this, often spends the entire evening manœuvring not to do so. This, presumably, is his triumph.

The conversation in these crowded, noisy pubs is almost entirely a grim sexual dialogue of unbelievable hostility and brutalisation. Why, when the G.I. may be a fresh-faced Indiana boy with a year of university behind him, and the girl the daughter of a church-going Liverpool dock worker?

What accounts for this abrupt breakdown in sexual courtesy, I think, is what happens to the young American's idealism and puritanism when it has an experience not in the books. The American has always had trouble locating the gradations between the "dirty" girl and the "clean" girl. If she isn't like Mom or Sis, she must be some kind of whore.

"I didn't mind his language so much. Or even his wanting to bed me down. But why did he have to keep on talking so much about his mother and sister while he was doing it?"
—WOMAN, WALTON-ON-THAMES.

The tragedy is that so many English girls go along with this because the American represents the only hope of rescue from their existence. Once upon a time these girls wanted to marry G.I.'s. But now they know, with a despair expressed only by their numb willingness to engage in nightly torrents of dull, obscene repartee, that few of them will; that their very presence in such a place cancels them out, in the eyes of the American, as potential marriage partners. For when he does marry, the G.I. does not usually take a girl out of that pub, but most often a respectable girl from a working-class family.

Why do G.I.'s marry British girls? On all sides, in the towns and on the bases, I was led to believe that it was because the G.I. is far from home and the girl wants a one-way ticket to the States.

Maybe. I wonder. It isn't the reasons given by the young men and women themselves, reasons which add up to an interesting portrait of what American men think of American women, and what English girls think of British men.

"They don't compete."
—SERGEANT MARRIED TO KENT GIRL.

"They're a bit more lively, aren't they?"
ST. HELEN'S GIRL MARRIED TO G.I.

"These English girls, they're not like the ones back home. They appreciate you more."
—G.I. BRIDEGROOM-TO-BE, BURTONWOOD.

"Any man who marries an American woman must be plumb out of his head. All they ever do is wait for you to put them in their place and then jump at you."
—MARRIED SERGEANT, SCULTHORPE.

"How do I know what he'll be like in a few years' time? All I know is what he is now. He opens the door for me, and takes me places. He likes me. He's sweet to me. He doesn't go around with a long face and thinking I'm undignified if I want to say something. A woman likes that."
—G.I.'s GIRL-FRIEND, OXFORD.

I don't know what finally happens to these marriages. But when an English girl marries a G.I. because she believes he is an emancipated lover and husband—and when a G.I. marries an English girl because she knows her place and won't challenge him—it is interesting to speculate what happens when the truth of these first idealisations begins to crystallise.

So, although flowers of (non-sexual) friendship may not be wildly blooming, formal relations may be said definitely to have improved. Military-police jeep-patrols are a thing of the past (except in isolated areas). *"Yanks Go Home"* signs are weather-beaten and illegible: the politics of the Cold War have grown familiar and institutionalised. The troublesome bachelor G.I., if he has not exactly disappeared, is certainly on the decline. He makes a local girl pregnant; the family hold a hurried conference; the chaplain is called in; something is worked out. As the G.I.'s say: "No sweat." Overall, things are very, very quiet.

Time has done its work. Property owners no longer refuse to pay their tax rates because of jet noise, and whole towns no longer threaten to march on Downing Street to have the Americans out. Local political flurries, as when the Oxford Town Council last year protested against H-bomb flights over the area, are short-lived. Anti-nuclear marchers periodically demonstrate

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at the bases, politely present their petitions which are politely accepted, and go home.

"I'm not happy they're there, I mean as soldiers not as people. But I'm not alarmed any more. I was at first, especially after the bomber crashing in America. I suppose I just got into the habit of not thinking about it.

—HOUSEWIFE, WITNEY.

I was surprised at how little English villagers were affected by the presence on their front doorstep of the bomber bases, with all their chilling paraphernalia of barbed-wire fences, guard towers, and atom-bomb sites. Some of the bases are old R.A.F. stations, and the nearby residents find it hard to think there's much of a difference. They have gotten accustomed to living with the G.I.'s, the bases, the flights of bombers, the anxiety.

Very few complain any more. Those who had once been frightened say that over the years they have come to terms with their nervousness.

"We don't carry weapons over England any more. We do when we fly in the States. The people back home are a lot less sensitive."

—OPERATIONS OFFICER, B-66 SQUADRON.

In Oxford, for example, I spoke with a number of students who had only recently participated in a march on the Brize Norton base (and were that night preparing to picket Mr. Gaitskell outside the Union). But even these highly articulate and nuclear-conscious young men confessed that, in a personal or emotional sense, they did not "feel" the presence of the base or the bombers, but, like the farmers and villagers, thought of the Americans as abstract and far away.

"It's just up the road. But really we hardly ever think about them. Maybe it's because we never see them, in the flesh I mean."

—STUDENT, MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

The G.I.'s are now such a normal and routine part of the English social scene that they largely go unnoticed—until the next incident, of course. They have not so much settled in as settled back. Only in connection with children, the lame, and the old, do the air-base Americans find it within themselves to "break out" with displays, often touching, often fabulous, of pent-up good feeling and generosity.

The rhythm of each base has synchronised itself to that of the larger English community in such a way as to preclude its becoming an integral part of the community. The tea parties and official exchange visits which pass under the name of Anglo-American relations drone on . . . the G.I.'s throw their Christmas celebrations for the nearby children's hospital and wish someone would ask them to do it more often . . . the English half-fearfully, half-wistfully wonder what would happen if the Americans came out of their "Little Americas" . . . and everyone supposes that while he personally may not have mastered the trick of knowing the elusive Englishman (or American) he has it on definite authority that his neighbour two doors down has.

THE Americans who live on the bases repeatedly tell you that they don't have much of a chance to meet the British, but their friends who live out "on the economy" for sure do. So you visit the Air Force Americans living in the villages and towns, and the first thing you find is that most of them are trying to move on to the bases where they can feel more at home.

Unable, unwilling, perhaps unfitted to "make connection," the G.I. tends to lash out, among his own, and blame his isolation on the British —their stand-offishness, their inertia, even the English honesty in money matters which, to the moody, befuddled American, appears as an almost inhuman indifference to "going after the buck." (Here, again, the G.I. may contrast the Englishman unfavourably with the German.) This resentment can take curious forms. Many G.I.'s, for example, complain they are "sitting ducks" in the matter of traffic violations, and are punitively fined in English courts. They take belligerent pride in pointing out (or letting it be known) that certain English towns and villages would economically collapse were it not for Air Force patronage. Some insist that the English bobbies are more brutal than American policemen. And always, of course, unceasingly, profoundly, the "climate," the attitude towards which (especially by the Air Force wife) verges on obsessive.

It's not that they encounter overt friction or antagonism in the villages. They often enjoy amicable relations with their neighbours. Occasionally they pub and play darts, even baby-sit for each other. But it doesn't usually run much further, and often not as far as that.

I assume there must be Americans who have made the kind of legendary true friendships with the English that I heard about. But I didn't meet any. It was always over in the next village.

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In this kind of situation, it must be axiomatic that neither party gets to first base in understanding the other. And so it is.

"I've known Bill for three years now, and I find him absolutely fascinating, don't you? But he hasn't a clue to what makes me or my family tick!"

—UNIVERSITY LECTURER, LIVERPOOL.

"Hugh, he's a fine guy. Brilliant, too. Funny thing. We don't really know much about him. The English are like that, you know."

—"BILL," AN AIR FORCE OFFICER, ABOUT "HUGH," AN ENGLISHMAN.

A subtle but deep difference appears in this disinclination, I think. The ordinary G.I., coming as he does from a fluctuating, unsure society, nostalgic for something steady to hold on to, but constantly provoked to worship the new, is often ill-equipped to make the leap.

The Briton can, but—for reasons of pride or shyness or sheer chauvinism—won't. There are many reasons for this, not the least that strong undercurrent of traditionalism (or anti-Americanism, which is one of its forms) which seriously suspects the Americans of transmitting a cheapened and debased popular culture into the essentially sound body of England.

Leaving aside the question of just how pernicious this culture is, I think that Britons who take this view are overestimating the long-term effect of American G.I.'s living in a community. I find more "Americanisation" among the teen-agers of Battersea and Blackburn than in the villages and towns closest to the American air bases. (Not that I believe British young people *are* "Americanised," but that is another matter.)

To be sure, places close to the American base soon begin to develop trading habits aimed at the American purse. But glossier store-fronts and flashy clothing are not necessarily to be equated with serious inroads on the indigenous culture. A G.I. rarely visits in a British home. ITV and the BBC do.

V. The Idealistic American

HE WAS a really nice boy, this pilot, and I liked his family. Between him and his wife was a manifest and strong bond of affection, and she said, "The honeymoon isn't over for me as with some of the other wives." They had been married a surprising number of years: they looked like a couple of college kids.

In some ways they were an unusual couple. Although they now lived in a "tobacco" house on the base, I think they were sincere when they said they regretted no longer living "on the economy." Whenever possible, they made motor trips all over the county, and resolutely refused to be sucked into the social whirl of the officers' club. They were determined, they said, to make the most of their "English experience."

A university graduate with a fondness for the early Elizabethan poets, he was regarded as a bit of an odd-ball by some of his fellow officers, but they liked him. He had once, he confessed, been a "Norman Thomas socialist" and still to-day, he said with a mild defiance as he chewed reflectively on his pipe, he admired the work of some of the English Marxist literary historians. He was extremely proud of his eldest brother, who though a "tired liberal" had once risked ostracism in his home town by defending the right of a Negro family to move into the neighbourhood. A resident of California, he had been one of the few to raise his voice against the enforced re-location of thousands of West Coast Japanese in the hysterical days after Pearl Harbour. He was a good American.

Into the early dawn hours we talked, as he fiddled with a tiny dynamo. (Model trains were his hobby.) He was due to fly that morning. His wife, possibly because she always was gloomy when he had to go away, didn't say much.

After explaining his background, he said, "I joined the Air Force out of college, like a lot of the others, figuring if I had to serve I wanted it to be as an officer." He loved, he said, to fly, and probably would remain in as a career officer. He "liked the English very much" and was a little disappointed that he and his wife had not, in their time here, made more friends. He said he had a "love for humanity" and that it gave him almost physical pain to think of the millions in India who starved to death each year.

He said he never worried about the H-bomb. "No, nobody in the Air Force ever does." I told him of my talk with the chaplain, who had been concerned with the moral apathy on the base, and he said, "Yes, there is very much of that. All they ever think about is food and sex and shelter. But that's all anyone ever thinks about, isn't it?"

He said that "like all civilians" I tended to exaggerate the matter of nuclear bombs. "See here, I've transported the item lots of times, and I can assure you that the thing can never and will never go off accidentally."

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Several times he said he had once almost been a conscientious objector. "I loathed McCarthyism and everything it stood for. It was a sickness and I'm ashamed of it for America." Above all, he detested, he said, totalitarianism, any system of government which denied to its citizens the basic freedoms of the Bill of Rights. With an air of fearlessness he said he supported the Tennessee Valley Authority "and certain minimum federal guarantees," and that he used to read *The Nation* but didn't find the time any more.

"You've got to understand, I think dropping the bomb on anyone is, of course, horrible." When I said that I had once seen a girl who had been blown up at Hiroshima both he and his wife gasped with compassion.

"I don't think about things like that often," he said. "I have nothing against the average Russian or average Chinese. In fact, my wife and I would like to visit Russia and China, to get to know the ordinary people. We're ordinary, and they're ordinary, we should be able to settle things without wars. I was once almost a pacifist." We joked about Khrushchev and English food and the Air Force bureaucrats. He disputed several points of American foreign policy (constantly telling me that he was infringing Air Force regulations by even mentioning it to me), and believed in raising the standard of underprivileged nations. "If I had been a civilian," he said, "I would have wanted to be a teacher. Force young people to think. They don't seem to think any more these days."

At the time of the Hungarian uprising, he said, the base had been put on an alert. Talking about it touched a spring in him. "Yes, to bomb innocent people is a terrible thing. But there is something even more terrible, and that's to live under a totalitarian rule." He said that he had once spoken to a Hungarian refugee in Canada who had asked him why the Americans didn't come to their aid after making promises.

"And I felt rotten," he said, "because I had nothing to say. We should have called Khrushchev's bluff. We should have moved in." His voice rose and he was speaking in real earnestness. "It's a terrible thing to deny freedom to anybody. It not only has to do with me but with my children. I don't want my child to live under a tyrant's heel. Better death than that." I asked him if that was what he really meant. His wife said, "You mean, while there's life . . . ?"

But he would not be deflected. "This is what I mean," he said with angry deliberateness. "I think that in order to have safeguarded their free elections—to let the average Hungarian choose his own form of government—we should have said, 'Look,' to the Russians, 'we give you four weeks to get out or we come in.'" And if the Russians refused to back down? "Then we should have moved in. With paratroops and the army." And the atom bomb?

"Yes, that too, if necessary, and if there were sufficient targets of size and concentration. You just can't use that thing anywhere. That's why we didn't use it in Korea. But if there were suitable targets I think we should have used nuclear weapons. Yes, I know innocent people would have been killed. But freedom is more important than mere living." His wife looked sceptical but said nothing.

He shook his head stubbornly. "We backed down. That's what we did. Those people were looking to us for help and—we chickened out. The trouble is, we're always waiting for the world's approval. But what about being true unto ourselves? We back down and back down. If we believe in collective security then we ought to prove it. Hungary, we should have gone in, called their bluff, and used the weapons at our disposal if the Russians didn't move out. A lot of us felt that way around then. We were really sore. Look at me, you can tell I feel about this thing." He did, too.

He reverted to this question of personal responsibility. "Look," he said, "this dropping the bomb business. I'm only one of many. Someone has to think of it, someone has to make it, someone has to transport it, and someone has to let it go." I asked him how he divided up the responsibilities.

He said there were a number of things I didn't understand. For example, did I like driving a car? I loved it, I said. "Well, that's how a pilot feels, only more so. I, personally, couldn't kill a man with a bayonet, it's too personal, but up in the sky, in the practice rat-races [dogfights] it's a game. Very impersonal. Sometimes fun. That way, I could kill a man. You have to remember that along with all the other aircrew men I think of nuclear weapons as only one weapon of many in the Air Force inventory, a little more destructive, perhaps, but not different in kind. What difference does it make, how a man dies, H.E. [high explosive] or atomic?"

I must try, he said, to understand the Air Force combat pilot. "First, there is very little question in my mind that nuclear weapons

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differ only in degree and not in kind. . . . Secondly, pilots are committed. When you're committed to a job you don't ask questions about it. . . . Thirdly, most rated men [fliers] don't think there's going to be a war at all. . . ." In their hearts, he said, they felt themselves to be dumb instruments in the game of world-wide diplomacy: though they practised at war every day, most of them felt this to be a necessary military hypocrisy.

"Fourth, it's a routine. You do anything long enough and you just don't think about it any more. . . ." The fifth and final reason, he said, was "Perhaps this moral apathy of which the chaplain spoke."

Oh yes, he said, there was another reason. "What can we do about it, even if we disagree? It's not for us to decide, is it?" He became grim and angry. "I don't know, sometimes I think it's just two great big imperial blocs playing power politics. But what I do know is that the worst thing in the world is to take away a man's freedom. . . . Anyway, what can the Americans do just so long as the Russians keep their bombs and their ambitions? In foreign policy what else is there for us to do?" He shook his head sadly. "There are lots of things I don't like about the situation—but what do you suggest as an alternative?"

For no apparent reason, he then told me a story about an incident in his past while his wife, who had apparently heard it often, nodded bitterly in the background.

Some years ago, he said, as an undergraduate he had come under the strong influence of "a real crusading liberal," a youngish professor. It was this professor who had, to a great extent, guided his thinking into forward-looking channels and had given him books to read. He looked up to the professor with respect, even reverence. The years separated them. After he joined the Air Force it happened that he again encountered, by pure chance, and in a strange city, the professor, of all places, coming down the steps of a church. He was thunderstruck, more so when his professor engagingly told him that he was a deacon of the church. The young officer demanded to know how the professor could do such a thing in light of his liberal, agnostic beliefs. Did he pray? Of course he prayed, said the professor. But that was all a lot of mumbo-jumbo; he didn't believe a word of it. Why then did he go to church? The professor said this: "You can perhaps afford to be a non-conformist in one, maybe two areas, but not more. If there's a tide running you run with it. Anyway, the chairman of the department is a member of the church. And it's a good thing for him to see me there every Sunday."

He said that though sick at heart he and his wife went home with his old professor. During a night's conversation he asked the professor whether he would still stand up for a colleague threatened with dismissal for unorthodox beliefs. "That depends," said the professor.

"'That depends!'" cried the young officer. "Depends on what?"

"On the circumstances," said the professor.

The young officer said that to this day he has never gotten over the sick shock of hearing those compromising words. They quarrelled that night, and broke off their friendship. It was only recently that he had heard from an old classmate that his professor was now chairman of his own department and being publicly groomed for a college presidency. According to the classmate, he said, the professor had completely disowned all his former liberalism and was now a back-slapping, smiling administrator.

He ended his story and said no more. Obviously he and his wife felt very deeply about this. They both felt as though they had been personally betrayed. That was why, he said, he revered his late brother, who, while he was alive, could still "stand up for what he felt was right." In recent years, he said, he hadn't encountered too many friends who had the courage to stand by principles.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe that's why I believe in the Air Force mission."

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Love among the Moralists

By Noel Annan

WHEN C. S. Lewis was translated from Oxford to another see, he found to his surprise, so he has written, that at Cambridge he never met a philosopher: Literary Criticism (the capital letters are his) had taken the place of philosophy as the medium in which morality was discussed. He may have had in mind Joan Bennett or Hough or Hodgart, but almost certainly he was thinking of F. R. Leavis for whom criticism is supremely a moral activity. For Leavis the analysis of the texture of language is important only in so far as it reveals the profundity or triviality of the writer's moral vision and his ability to realise that vision. The critic must judge works of literature by a common morality and discriminate between them; he must demand from the novelist "a vital capacity for experience, a kind of reverent openness before life, and a marked moral intensity." Literary criticism, then, is a criticism of our own culture and of the intelligentsia (which he calls Bloomsbury), that influences it, and he depicts those critics who are not committed uncompromisingly to the kind of discriminations that he makes as betraying their trust. They support the trivial standards of worldly society; they pretend to moral neutrality and thereby encourage flabby nescience; and they debase the cultural currency by substituting amusement for concern, peacock superiority for reverent humility and evil communications for integrity.

As Leavis' prose is subtle and opaque, and as he expresses his intention often in symbols, opposing, for instance, Henry Sidgwick to Lytton Strachey or D. H. Lawrence to Bertrand Russell, the philosophical implications of what he asserts about goodness or conduct are far from clear. What precisely is the standard of morality against which artists and their works are to be measured? Clearly the great moral philosophers should help us—and this opens the door to another advance by the literary critics. They find at once that it is their duty to examine the moralists in the same fashion as the novelists and to make just as sharp discriminations among *them*. Philosophy is treated as a branch of literature and subjected to the techniques of criticism.

This is the task that Dorothea Krook set herself in her book *Three Traditions of Moral Thought*.* Although her criterion of goodness and her conclusions unquestionably set her apart from Leavis, her approach, and even her phraseology, derive from him—and she asks the same question. Is there not a far more serious alternative, which is neither Marxist nor (like Eliot) Christian, to the sloppy corrupt rationalism that calls itself "humanist"? And can we not best discover this by applying the techniques of criticism to the writings of the great moralists? Philosophers, she argues, like poets, reveal themselves through their style. Style is much more than Hume's elegance or Hobbes' use of metaphor or Plato's dramatic dialectic; and when it is analysed by a "developed literary sensibility" in detail, the detail will reveal the quality of the philosopher's moral experience and his sense of "human possibility." How illuminating such criticism can be is well shown by Mrs. Krook's brilliant analysis of Socrates' dialectical method, and her explanation of the apparently sophistical methods by which he defeats his adversaries in argument. The modes of thought in poetry and philosophy are different. In the one images and rhythm create meaning, in the other ratiocination and the movement from premises to conclusions. But the differences are not irreducible. The greatest philosophers surprise us by their imagery and concreteness, and poets, as Coleridge reminds us, have to think in order to generalise their feel-

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ings. When, therefore, the literary critic examines philosophers his first object will be to "discriminate between the great and the good, the good and the not-so-good, the not-so-good and the downright bad, the downright bad and the wholly non-existent." Mrs. Krook has a further object. Through discrimination the reader will be purged of his own corruption and possessed of "saving truths." We do not read for pleasure or to admire fine images or "for the emotional luxury of a small safe quantity of uplift that in no way commits one": we read to expose ourselves to poetic truth.

THE evangelical tone of voice warns her readers what is to come. She begins by eliciting three "traditions," the Religious, the Secular, and the Humanist. Putting secular and humanist side by side is meant to make us ask how they differ, and one of her objects is to oppose the bad secular humanism of Hume and Russell to the good religious humanism of Matthew Arnold and D. H. Lawrence. The good moralists are those who put love at the centre of their moral system, who have a high view of human possibility, and who believe in a transcendent order of values which are absolutely binding upon men's conduct. This is at the root of the Platonic-Christian (or religious) tradition.

To it is opposed the secular tradition which either denies the power of love to redeem all men or substitutes some other quality for it; which takes a low view of human potentiality; and which is "nominalist" in philosophy and relativist in morality. Although her humanist tradition owes something to the secular, Mrs. Krook wants to rescue the word from the bad company it has for so long been keeping and show that it stands far more in the religious tradition. She therefore has nothing but praise for Plato's arguments in the *Gorgias*. The good, the true, and the beautiful are all one and consequently what is evil is also ugly and false. Socrates asserted that perfection exists—and thus implied that men can aim at it. Part of perfection consists in refusing to harm others, and the very fact that some men have preferred to suffer injustice than ever to commit it establishes it as the standard of human possibility. To this standard we must be committed in deed as well as by word—and this means that we must be born again. We must adopt a redemptive rule of life and demand moralists to tell us what this rule is—what specifically a man must believe and do to be saved. The sole test of any faith is whether we commit ourselves wholly to it: such commitment is separated by an abyss from the faith of those secular humanists which is not much more than "an agreeable disposition to reflect upon serious matters in an agreeably haphazard way." That man could be changed by example and taught to seek virtue—that he could be converted—was one of Socrates' noblest insights.

Socrates, however, was at a disadvantage. He had put love at the centre of his moral system but he had not "the knowledge or the authority" to do more than advocate the pursuit of the good. Christ, whether or not He was God, had the authority to proclaim himself the Son of Man, the model for all mankind, and thus assured St. Paul and His disciples that love is the root of all goodness and the world of the spirit superior to the world of power and pleasure. In her treatment of Christianity Mrs. Krook is on one point unassailable: she rightly says that humanists cannot dispose of Christianity by reason or ridicule alone, they must first expose themselves relentlessly to all the moral implications of what they are rejecting if they are to be intellectually respectable. But being unassailable has no special attraction for her and she goes on to say that while humanists cannot accept the Resurrection in a Christian sense, nevertheless it is for them a fact—a fact of "the supreme symbolic affirmation of the profoundly redemptive experience of the power of love to transform and redeem the world." It is this and not any historically attested miracle which alone is the basis of the redemptive power of the dogma.

The secular tradition rejects this vision of morality because its ideal is worldly success. Aristotle's Magnanimous Man is a self-sufficient creature; being self-sufficient he has no mission to convert others, nor is he committed to any definite beliefs because he has no yearning to be saved. His main task is to be one up on his fellow-men, his highest duty to be *magnanimous*—to disdain to act in a vulgar or base fashion, because to do so would lower himself in his own self-esteem. Whereas in Plato the contemplative life deeply affected the practical, in Aristotle the two are divorced: instead of placing his trust in love or in "the redeeming power of perfected intelligence," he relies on good laws and institutions as the sole means of improving men; and if he admits a Supreme Good, it is so abstract and formalised that it might contain within it the political systems of both Plato and Marx.

Aristotle is the prophet of Lifemanship. Hume is simply a clubman, who assumes that the maxims of his society are wisdom. He declares that he knows what human nature *is*, and blithely ignores what it *could be*. He beams with pleasure while arguing that there is no transcendent standard of morality: for him ultimate

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goods are unattainable—whereas for Mrs. Krook they are merely *difficult* to attain. He sets before us jolly, optimistic, gregarious ideas—and Mrs. Krook envelops him in ridicule. What does he say of love? "Nothing invigorates and exalts the mind equally with pride and vanity, [while] love or tenderness is found rather to weaken and enfeeble it." Like Aristotle, pride is his ideal, "a well-regulated pride without breaking out into such indecent expressions of vanity as may offend the vanity of others." Mrs. Krook comments:

> Whatsoever things are cheerful, whatsoever things are comfortable, whatsoever things are of pleasant report, these, and these alone, are the things necessary to salvation in the moral world of the *Enquiry*.

When Hume praises Virtue's "genuine and most engaging charms," she explodes:

> One has the sense here of being asphyxiated in an ocean of cotton-wool . . . it is the sheer unreality of Hume's happiness and cheerfulness that makes it so lethal.

Or when Hume, choosing an example of social sympathy, denies that a man "who is walking along [would] tread as willingly on another's gouty toes, whom he has no quarrel with, as on the hard flint and pavement," she is hard put to it to censure more the doctrine of naked self-interest (*i.e.*, if the man *has* a quarrel, he *will* stamp on the other man's toes) or the fatuity of the example which betrays "the basic shallowness and even frivolity of Hume's attitude to what is after all a central point in his doctrine."

It is with relief that she turns to Hobbes who for her has some of the splendour of Satan in *Paradise Lost*. The world of Aristotle and Hume excludes both sanctity and depravity but in the world of Hobbes pride and fear alone move men. But even if we overlook the inherent contradiction in his psychological theory (pride and fear being mutually antipathetic springs of action) the decisive flaw in Hobbes is that, though he congratulates himself on his hard-headed low view of human nature, he does not in fact pitch it low enough—like Aristotle he bases human action on self-interest and therefore cannot picture that ultimate evil (of which Hitler is an example) which rejoices in doing evil for its own sake. He fails to convince those who know that there "*is* a Supreme Good . . . a single ultimate end of human endeavour . . . the loss of self in the soul's union with God or the perfect love and service of our fellow-men."

THE low view of human possibility—the refusal to put love (*agape*) at the centre of the moral system—the rejection and mockery of Christianity and its tradition of love—this, so argues Mrs. Krook, is what passes for humanism to-day. And these false attitudes spring from a false philosophical method. The thinkers in the secular tradition are nominalists, utilitarians, and atomists, and hence never see society as composed of members one of another, or discriminate between different types of pleasure, or perceive that moral relativism and the denial of objective good must lead via Hume to the Gadarene slope of modern analytical philosophy and "its most primitive branch," logical positivism. Thus when Mrs. Krook comes to analyse her third tradition which has emerged in the last hundred years she does not maintain that the other two traditions are moribund. She wants simply to establish that a moral tradition is emerging which, though secular in the sense that it does not rest its case on supernatural sanctions or on Christ's divinity, stands more in the religious tradition and is hostile to modern rationalism. She illustrates this tradition by four texts all "imperfect and incomplete" (because the tradition is emergent and therefore by definition deficient) but all grappling with the religious question: What shall a man believe that he may be saved?

The first and least important is Mill's *Three Essays on Religion* which exemplifies, perhaps, the only part of the secular tradition that can add something valuable to morality—the belief that through the reform of laws and institutions man may be enabled the better to lead the good life. The second text is Bradley's *Ethical Studies* written from a philosophical standpoint bitterly opposed to that of Mill yet belonging, so she claims, to the same moral tradition in that both agree that the end of life is not "to do as one likes." Bradley annihilated hedonism and ranged himself with Plato when he declared that man could realise himself only by performing what he was fitted to do in life. Unfortunately Mill was a religious philistine, and Bradley created an ethical system in which will, and not love, was the central concept: so what they gain by the cogency of their philosophy they lose through the deficiency of their morality.

Arnold, on the other hand, though inferior to both as a philosopher, unhesitatingly placed love at the centre of his system; and just as Mrs. Krook defends Mill from Basil Willey's gentle irony, so she rescues Arnold from T. S. Eliot's strictures. She invokes *Literature and Dogma* as evidence that the humanist must welcome the fact that the Christian religion can make men love righteousness and seek truth. What kind

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of truth? Arnold argued that there was such a thing as poetic truth established by reference to its power of commanding men's passions and hence their conduct. That was why we must read the Bible not like fundamentalists, literally, nor like æsthetes "as literature," but must learn its lessons of self-renunciation and inwardness. It may be that Arnold failed to recognise what worship is, it may be that he overlooked what the community and fellowship of belonging to the Church can mean, it may be that in his weary exposure of the crude interpretation of dogmas so beloved by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester he forgot to take into account the sublime ideas which these dogmas incorporate; but he had every right to claim that it is the Gospel virtues of selfless love and inner conversion, and not the dogmas, that make men righteous.

But there are two aspects of love, and while Arnold spoke of *agape* someone blessed with a religious nature was needed to speak of *eros*. St. Paul did not put it happily when he said that it was better to marry than to burn, and St. Augustine declared that sexual love, though it may be sanctified by marriage, was something that it were better for the human race to be without. Mrs. Krook most fairly admits that the attitude of some Christian churches towards sexual love has been changing but her last text is taken to expose this inadequacy in the religious tradition. D. H. Lawrence in *The Man Who Died* proclaimed that sexual love, even outside the marriage bond, is part of the "saving knowledge" necessary to a true understanding of morality. Lawrence's seriousness about physical love distinguishes him from moralists in the secular tradition such as Havelock Ellis; and his reverence for life compelled him to invent a myth about Christ to reveal what he thought deficient in the Christian religion. In Lawrence's fable the risen Christ revolts against his former life because he realises that he gave in love more than he took, just as Mary Magdalene took more than she gave—the repression of the self is as unwholesomely erotic as prostitution. But Mrs. Krook believes that Lawrence too was deficient in understanding love: there is no *necessary* opposition between *agape* and *eros*. And so she re-writes the fable. Christ should have been portrayed as believing that he had discovered something which added another dimension to *agape* which becomes complete only when the union of two minds has been achieved in the body. There are not two distinct kinds of love, and it was Henry James, she claims, who demonstrated that it was indivisible. James was the greatest of all religious humanists—but Mrs. Krook has no space to show how he fulfilled so much of what she believes vital to this tradition. There is a book on James to come.

WHEN anyone of Mrs. Krook's intelligence says something so obviously important to her, and when she says it with such seriousness, energy, and trenchancy, one ought always to listen; and no summary can convey how her conclusions bubble up from the play of her mind upon the texts nor how her scrupulous good manners contrast with the sneer or whine in the voice of some critics. It is a courageous book because she gives all her hostages to fortune owing to her total inability to be obscure; and with this courage runs a strain of genuine spiritual humility. But, as is sometimes the case with the pure in heart, their spiritual humility is accompanied by an intellectual—I will not say arrogance, nor yet blindness—but a blinkered obstinacy which prevents anything being seen to left or to right. She is no innocent abroad and has served her apprenticeship researching into 17th-century philosophy. Yet anyone, so it seems to me, trained in philosophy or in history or in the study of politics, must judge the book to be ruinously wrong and misleading, and feel that the dangers of this particular extension of literary criticism have never been more strikingly exhibited.

Pure and noble as Mrs. Krook's scheme of morality is, it exists by virtue of a simple device. Practically all the fundamental questions in ethics are ignored. Of course one would wish that all human conflicts should be resolved by love. But *how*? On this Mrs. Krook does not say a word. And no wonder. To love God and thy neighbour, to love mercy and walk in justice, to love Virtue she alone is free, are as compelling as when they were first written: the difficulty begins in applying them in a given situation. A moralist who does not purport to solve all problems by appealing to love is not necessarily corrupt. Love can destroy as well as heal. Cousin Pons destroyed himself and his best friend by giving affectionate and fatally wrong advice, and in *The Spoils of Poynton* the high-minded girl bent upon perfection forces the man to marry his fiancée, whose worthlessness wrecks the lives of three people by her indomitable urge to be good. Mrs. Krook would reply that simple-minded love is not enough—the love that is to redeem men must be both intelligent and courageous. But until men acquire the prescience of God Himself they will always be unable to foresee all the effects of their actions and advice, and thus the wisest and most loving actions may end in disaster. Precisely for this reason Mrs. Krook's despised utilitarians always emphasised that the goodness of a state of affairs was the primary concept in ethics, and that the

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question "What is my duty to do?" is derivative. Mrs. Krook not only ignores (and shows no signs of having read) modern works on ethics by P. H. Nowell-Smith, R. M. Hare, Stephen Toulmin, K. Baier, or even by W. D. Ross; she dismisses twenty-three centuries of ethical debate without ever indicating to her reader that it might have some relevance to her theme.[1]

She also uses dubious methods to establish her case. She employs the usual techniques in demolishing the utilitarian moralists—this argument is circular, that tautologous, here a false disjunction, and so on. The illogicalities which she points out are not new and most of them have been made by the utilitarians themselves. The unwary reader might imagine that the exponents of the secular tradition still to-day believe in the kind of hedonism that Socrates exposed or Bentham advocated. But when Plato or Bradley are being examined she never once alludes to the destructive criticisms that have been made of their systems, and the examples she chooses to reinforce the supremacy which she accords to them spring apart at a touch. Socrates, it is asserted, lacked the authority to keep Alcibiades on the straight and narrow path, whereas Christ having the knowledge to proclaim himself the Son of Man not only converted St. Paul but held his allegiance. The equation of Alcibiades with St. Paul is grotesque: if there is to be an analogue to Alcibiades it is surely the young man who "went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions" (*Matt.* xix, 22). Unfortunately this would have destroyed the point of the comparison. Even when Mrs. Krook calls in the techniques of literary criticism to her aid, the results are not much happier. St. Paul, who put love at the centre of his moral system, expelled from the Christian community at Corinth a man who had gone off with his father's wife: Hobbes, who puts fear at the centre of his, is equally ready to expel the intractable from Leviathan. In what way, then, do these harsh sentences differ? Apparently, in the imagery employed: St. Paul, who describes the relations between men as springing from an olive tree, thinks of men as living creatures in an organic whole, whereas Hobbes compares them to stones brought together to build an edifice![2] Are we to suppose that the recipient of St. Paul's wrath would at once deduce that this was a sentence pronounced in love, or that here is proof positive that St. Paul (who was a more terrifying and adamantine figure, particularly ruthless towards backsliders, than Mrs. Krook suggests when she draws her picture of the loving pastor) always acted under the inspiration of love? What we are now witnessing is yet a further extension in the meaning of the word "love." It has already been extended to include courage and an intelligence bordering on omniscience. Now it is to include anger and rejection. Perhaps one of the services which analytical philosophy since G. E. Moore has performed is to insist on treating language—to use a word Mrs. Krook uses—reverently. To accept Plato's identification of goodness, truth, and beauty seems to me no more reputable than to urge that goodness is identical with happiness; and to subsume all good actions under the word *love* renders the word meaningless.

Nothing could better illustrate this fallacy and expose another than Mrs. Krook's rewriting of D. H. Lawrence's fable. Some forms of physical and spiritual love are not irreconcilable, but Lawrence's vision of *eros* and Mrs. Krook's vision of *agape* are. How could Mrs. Krook conceive that Lawrence's story could be re-written? How could she ignore his denunciation of Jesus and Dostoievsky for preaching a false ideal of love? She has some acid remarks to make about Aldous Huxley's botanising among the religions of the world to construct his perennial philosophy, "a painless way of enjoying the varieties of religious experience at the smallest cost," yet how does this differ from her picking the flowers of social reform from Mill, of *agape* from Arnold, and of *eros* from Lawrence? Stuart Hampshire recently pointed out that those who dislike Plato's theory of a class society cannot jettison it and retain the theory of personality on which it rests. If Mrs. Krook wants Lawrence's kind of love, she must accept the theory of the relationship between the

[1] Critics are justifiably contemptuous when a well-meaning enthusiast thinks that he has said something important about literature while remaining ignorant of the revolution in criticism ushered in by *The Sacred Wood* and *The Principles of Literary Criticism*. Moral philosophers may well feel the same sense of scandal here. Or are we to be told that ethics have *no* connection with morality?

[2] The argument from imagery is not substantiated. When John Holloway in *The Victorian Sage* showed how the persuasive force possessed by certain moralists sprang from the images they used and how such imagery established a kind of "poetic truth," he made an exhaustive study of the texture of their style. The single instance quoted above is hardly convincing particularly since one immediately recalls texts such as Christ becoming the cornerstone of the temple or Thou art Peter. . . . It is, moreover, not true that all "organic" philosophers consistently use organic metaphors. Burke, for instance, compares the State to the Keep of Windsor, a venerable castle, and a vessel requiring to be cunningly balanced.

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sexes (singularly lacking in *agape*) on which Lawrence based it.[3]

It is curious that Mrs. Krook never asks herself why the secular moralists do not put love at the centre of their moral system. "Our first task," she writes, "is neither to assent or to dissent but to understand." Well, to *understand* any moralist one must ask: what questions is he answering and why does he ask these particular questions? She disdains to do so. The secular moralists will not fit into her scheme because they are interested in politics. For of course it is politics that more than anything else destroys her claim to have discovered a general ethical rule by which all conduct is to be judged. When Plato tried to translate the personal code of conduct of the *Gorgias* into political terms, he wrote the *Republic*; and even if not all the hard words thrown at the *Republic* in recent years are justified, it is significant that Plato's pupil, Aristotle, repudiated his master and taught that one must distinguish between a good man and a good citizen. Love is a face-to-face, not a political emotion; there can be goodwill between nations or groups, but goodwill is not the same as love and therefore lacks that power to redeem which Mrs. Krook claims is the sovereign cure for all maladies. The morality of love in the past has been applied to political problems by, for instance, St. Francis; or in modern times by pacifists who follow Socrates in being willing to suffer any injustice rather than commit it. Precisely because the State is not a collection of individuals, the ideal is illusory in politics; and thus when Mrs. Krook appeals to the *facts* of human experience to support her contention that a State or a group can be redeemed through love, the facts are against her.

The moralists whom Mrs. Krook admires have a way of disregarding these arguments. They draw a distinction between the "true" nature of politics and the insignificant, puny, despicable business of *current affairs* with which the noble study of politics is often confused. The first penetrates to the "essential" nature of man and is concerned with the welfare of the commonwealth, with the permanent interests of citizens, and with the creation and maintenance of a morally good society. Whereas the second is concerned with short-term solutions to specific crises, with administering preventive medicine to a sick State, with bare self-preservation, and with a material welfare that is not much more than the gratifying of the citizens' desires without considering how many of those desires are good. Plato's philosopher-kings are wiser and better than any statesmen have ever been, and Bradley's human beings accept their "station and its duties," a condition of "perfect felicity towards which men must constantly aspire but can never perfectly attain," in a state of spiritual obedience that the Mother Superior of any convent might be proud of.

But in political life man is faced not with one standard of morality by which to act, but by many—to name only a few, the morality of his country and his class; his duty to his family and the other voluntary and involuntary in-groups to which he belongs; his own conscience and the appeals of other systems of belief, religious and secular. In politics statesmen never speak for themselves alone, still less solely for their country. They represent their friends and the interests of numbers of conflicting interest-groups; and though they may be guided by principles or ideologies or general intuitions about the nature of politics, their decisions are always dictated by specific short-term compromises and adjustments, and they often have to choose between greater and lesser evils on inadequate evidence. But even this account is over-simplified. Studies of "decision-taking" in government are in their infancy but we no longer picture statesmen and bureaucrats as entirely free agents each making purposive decisions towards large-scale ends. Co-operation, trust, goodwill, are better states of mind for politicians than fear and hostility. But they are not the same as love, and even if they were, they would be only part of a total situation in which action is not simply a function of will. That is why man in society, operating in social groups, is confronted with a different moral situation from that in face-to-face relationships. No amount of indignation against "setting up a double-standard of morality" can alter what is implicit in the history of political thought and explicit in the findings of sociological research during the past thirty years.

Sociology and history are not studies for which Mrs. Krook has much use. Though both are interpretative, both are based on brute facts and the only facts which Mrs. Krook as a critic admits are the "facts of moral experience." She dislikes anthropologists because by comparing religions they make us think about the subject thus destroying (apparently) our moral

[3] It is worth noting that Eliot ever since *Ash Wednesday* has denied that the sexual act can be translated into the religious metaphor of redemption; and *The Cocktail Party* explicitly denies the power of sexual love to redeem. To-day such an assertion is unusual—and perhaps this explains why he has recently been attacked.

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awareness and leading us to take refuge "in that twilight region between affirmation and denial whose contemporary name is comparative religion." Bradley is chidden for having referred to the sacraments of the historic Church as its *cultus*, a term that "no serious Christian would use and some serious Humanists would also prefer not to use, *or to see used*" (my italics). Are the facts of *social* experience to be banned when surely they affect our moral experience?

She asserts that we cannot logically "refuse Hobbes a single step in his argument . . . unless we affirm that there *is* a Supreme Good, a single ultimate end of human endeavour [love] which alone has the power to annihilate Hobbes' state of nature by rendering it absurd." This is grotesque. What primarily enables us to reject Hobbes' argument is the falsity of his theory of social behaviour. It is not love but those numerous forces listed in any elementary textbook of sociology that bind together and control society. That Christ "alone discovered the law of love that lay buried in the old Mosaic Law" is a claim which she admits historians are bound to dispute (though she will not endear herself to most historians by appealing solely to the testimony of Arnold Toynbee). Her defence against any historical evidence that might be brought against her (particularly by historians of Judaism or Buddhism) is to argue that it is irrelevant whether Christ was the first to preach a gospel of love: all that matters is that He is so regarded in our culture, and the proof is that "the most intimate inward experience" of the religious humanists affirms that His teaching has a unique power.

Yet the whole argument, as circular as any she detected in Hume, is not in fact as peculiar as it seems and will be familiar to any student of literary criticism. To the school of criticism in which Mrs. Krook was bred, the past is to be judged almost wholly in terms of the present; and since poetic value is a constant, the main object of the critic is to show at any time what is of lasting value irrespective of fashion or taste. Fact and opinion are not different things but part of the process of criticism, and facts which do not bear on making judgments about literature or the society and the artists' relation to it are irrelevant. As long ago as 1935 in *Scrutiny*, F. R. Leavis defended criticism against the claims of literary history in an exchange with Bateson, and Mrs. Krook is here rescuing moral criticism from the (to her) irrelevant issues raised by historians of thought. In this operation there is a term hallowed by T. S. Eliot which critics employ: tradition. While for historians tradition means a set of beliefs or practices handed down the generations for whose existence evidence exists and which society explicitly recognises, for the critic tradition is something that the critic discovers and which is so deeply implicit in society or literature that no one but the critic has perceived it. Unfortunately Mrs. Krook uses this hard-worked concept in such a way that the worm of the historian at last turns. No Christian, and certainly no historian, can accept her interpretation of the Christian tradition. During four centuries the most acute minds in mediæval Europe wrestled with the problem of reconciling the Divine Attributes of which love was certainly one but only one. Christianity is not concerned only with conduct. It explains God's ways towards man, His creation of and immanence in Nature, and the unfolding of His purposes through history. Strange as it may seem to Mill, Mrs. Krook, and other humanists, the dogma of Omnipotence matters immensely for Christians; and to say that it must be dispensed with if it appears to conflict with the concept of a loving Father is naïve. God's Love, Christians remind us, is hard to fathom: during the Reformation Europe divided over two theological terms, Grace and Predestination, which express propositions about the nature of that Love (and also about a great deal else). If love was so clearly at the centre of the religious tradition, and if this fact resolves all moral problems, why in the 17th century was casuistry studied so minutely by Catholics and Protestants? Even to-day when the churches are more conscious than they were of the message of love, Christians somewhat wearyingly remind humanists that Christianity cannot be reduced to the Sermon on the Mount and deprived of Christ's eschatology. So when Mrs. Krook informs us what the morality of Christianity is we can at any rate say that her version is different from what Christians take it to be.

Nor will humanists accept her version of their tradition however much they will want to applaud certain parts of it. How right to insist that the gritty diet of the R.P.A. does not contain the bread of life! How sensible to perceive that humanism cannot fake a worship or ritual like Comte's Religion of Humanity, but must take into account vital responses that religion and literature reveals! And yet how wrong to argue that because some have been "saved" all human beings must submit to this rule because "potentially" they can all lead *the* good life! Once instruct people that they must judge everything "under the aspect of love," and show humility and reverence while at the same time smiting the unconverted hip and thigh, and you will breed unction, hypocrisy, cant, and snivelling (of which a good deal can be observed in modern criticism).

In society, moreover, such a creed has in the

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past bred persecution and bigotry wherever the creed becomes institutionalised—and if ever it comes to be widely accepted it will surely be institutionalised. Commitment to a faith is admirable; but in this faith we have to believe that the whole human race can simultaneously be converted to the gospel and practice of love. None of the four texts she cites seem to me to be committed to this proposition.[4]

Thus the three "traditions" that she has discovered are not in any historical sense traditions, just as the facts on which they are based are not historical facts. Surreptitiously this kind of literary criticism is trying to persuade us to rewrite history in accordance with what we believe at any time to be "good" ideas, or the "right" people, or a "healthy" tradition. If *Pilgrim's Progress* is a profounder work than any in Cavalier literature then we must conclude that Puritanism was the superior "tradition" and judge the civilisation of the past and the present in that light. This is not an activity which an historian can be expected to relish. For him life is infinitely too complex to come to such jejune conclusions.

THE more one ponders over this book the more one becomes convinced that many of its peculiarities spring from the attempt to incorporate into a "rational" metaphysical theory apprehensions derived by criticism from the visions of poets and novelists. Mrs. Krook has claimed elsewhere that in *The Golden Bowl* Henry James implicitly is using in a humanist fashion the moral fact of the Resurrection which symbolises the power of love to redeem the world. Here she argues that this symbol is to be taken as empirically true—though human experience to which she appeals can cite a multitude of cases to show that many men and women are in fact dead to love. Then there is the gift of prophecy which has been used with noble effect by poets—and also by novelists. Long ago E. M. Forster cited Herman Melville and Dostoievsky as prophetic authors and quoted the passage in *The Brothers Karamazov* of Mitya's dream about the babe. Redemption or prophecy, in the sense that D. H. Lawrence and Dostoievsky portray them, are realities, and it is understandable that Mrs. Krook wants to embody them in our moral consciousness.

But what happens when she urges humanists to grow prophetic wings and look for signs and portents of a world "in travail, perishing for the lack of a saving faith . . . and ripe for destruction" yet with voices, however confused, proclaiming the need for a redemptive vision? The examples she gives of such signs are horrifyingly banal—*The Outsider* and the Kinsey Reports.... Then again the critic is concerned with the *concreteness* of the novelist's vision: can he transform his ideas into fictive form and realise them in the interchange between his characters? This leads Mrs. Krook to argue that "Humanism . . . is Messianic in character." It will be remembered that Christ made the Platonic theory of love concrete and gave new authority to the redemptive theory of love. But what are we to make of Mrs. Krook's assertion that we need a new revelation and that humanism "believes that the redemptive power of sexual love can be affirmed only by a single individual Person who shall proclaim it with the authority derived from his unique knowledge of its power to redeem . . ."?[5]

All this is part of a simplicity which imagines that we need only proclaim that there is but one "single and ultimate end in human endeavour, the perfect service and love of our fellow men—in the case of the Christian in imitation of Jesus, in the case of the humanist without reference to the greater glory of God." There is, of course very much more to Christianity than this; and how the Christian pursues this aim cannot be set out in a series of brisk propositions because ultimately the Christian world is a world of mystery in which the relation between things is known only to God, and man is comforted by faith that in a future life he will no longer see through a glass darkly. The humanist can have no such faith, and Mrs. Krook is trying to claim that he can.

Indeed what she ignores is that humanists, even those whose humanism is something more than anti-clericalism, are humanists precisely because they have rejected her kind of metaphysics. Nor does she realise that what opposes her system is neither as feeble, despicable, nor as degraded as she imagines.

What opposes her is nothing less than what we may call the morality of liberal compassion. It starts from the premise that there is no one end in life. There are many good ends and these often conflict. Nor is there such a single abstraction as "man" or "the human race" to which a

[4] Why choose Mill and Bradley, who do not put love at the centre of their moral system, in preference to Moore and McTaggart who do? Is it solely because the former will be known to English students through the essays of Leavis and Eliot? Or is Moore omitted because as a secular utilitarian he does not fit the pattern?

[5] Possibly what Mill made of Comte's proposal to replace the Sign of the Cross by placing the hand in succession on the three organs of Love, Order, and Progress, when he said: "Anyone who had appreciated its effect upon the profane reader would have thought it judicious to keep back till a considerably more advanced stage of the Positive Religion."

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potentiality can be assigned: there are human beings of infinite variety and complexity who cannot all be measured by the same yard-stick. Mercy conflicts with justice, reverence with gaiety, change with order, liberty with equality, and they cannot be reconciled in the portmanteau term of love. The philosophical grounds for believing this to be true have recently been set out by Isaiah Berlin in *Two Concepts of Freedom*; and even English Idealist philosophers of a kind Mrs. Krook would infinitely prefer, such as Bernard Bosanquet and (in a muddled fashion) T. H. Green, admitted the existence of non-social goods, *i.e.*, good realised by actions which were performed without reference to the love and service of one's fellow men. The sociologists provide as convincing testimony as the philosophers. They confront us at every turn with evidence for the *inescapable* conflict between good ends; and they tell us that we must accept a plurality of such ends, not merely in the interests of tolerance, but because the multitude of groups in society inevitably set up different standards of conduct. To steam-roller all these diverse ideals operating at different levels of sensibility—to subsume them under the word, love, would be to devitalise morality.[6] The sociologists have also illuminated the problems of individual morality, and in the theory of rôles, the most important concept that sociologists have developed, have shown how immensely complicated moral problems are in practice. Mrs. Krook immediately concedes the difficulties: but ten thousand difficulties do not for her raise one doubt that by faith all conflicts can be removed. She never concedes that those who deny this might do so out of regard for *truth*.

The truth about human beings—how myriad their facets, their actual capabilities, their concrete complexities—never concerns her. Biography, history, the novel itself, is testimony enough to the platitude that human nature is not the same everywhere and at every time and that there is only one way of life for each of us. What she has done is to construct a model, *Moral Man*, which bears as much resemblance to reality as did the *Economic Man* of the classical economists. She constructs it by abstracting this piece of experience here, and adding it to another, when in fact these pieces could not be grafted together and contained within a human being of flesh and blood.

There is, however, at least one good reason why she is able to despise and reject what I have called the morality of liberal compassion. It has not been well represented in England in the world of criticism of late. Its most distinguished representative in England, E. M. Forster, is over eighty; G. E. Moore and Lowes Dickinson are dead; and many of its ablest adherents seem unaware how much there is to defend. It suffers from all the illnesses of an orthodoxy: flabbiness, arrogance, lack of humility and self-criticism, self-satisfaction and an inability to take into account the powerful criticisms delivered against it.[7] The blows come from that school of criticism (from which Mrs. Krook derives), whose prime purpose is to make discriminations, which looks to the author's morality, which assumes that literature gets at the reader urging him to do something about the situation which it depicts—to do something if only to purge his corrupt consciousness.

And yet it is from a critic, bred in this movement and committed to laying immense importance on the author's morality, that the challenge comes which Mrs. Krook never meets. Lionel Trilling's first book was on Matthew Arnold—but his second was on E. M. Forster; like Forster, Trilling is aware of the variety of human beings and their experience. His first volume of essays dealt with the inadequacy and sterility of the progressive view of life (Mrs. Krook's secular moralists): his most recent on the revolution in literary criticism and the adequacy of *its* standards.

For Leavis' achievement Trilling is full of respect, and his differences from him do not alter his judgment that Leavis is a critic of first-rate importance. All the same he differs. When Trilling finds that the only novel of Charles Dickens admitted to Leavis' Great Tradition is *Hard Times* he finds something deeper than this particular judgment to disagree with. When he asks why Leavis rejects Dickens, he finds that "he takes no account of the art that delights and enlightens by the intellectual relaxation of moral awareness by its invitation to us to contemplate the mere excess" of what Leavis calls "irrelevant life." In this irrelevant life and in the most curious places Trilling is continually finding good: in George Santayana's disgust with the lack of goodness in life, in Monckton Milnes' profession as a man of the world, even in Saintsbury—a critic about as distant as any from what Trilling thinks a critic should be—in that unintellectual mind he finds something "which might seem to pass for an idea," the affirmation of a "swarming multitudinous democracy of letters, a testimony to the rightness of loving civilisation and culture in

[6] Both Plato and Hobbes, of course, spoke against such pluralism—and perhaps this is why Mrs. Krook so greatly overrates Hobbes as a philosopher.

[7] *The Business of Criticism* by that excellent scholar Helen Gardner displays just this inability.

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and for themselves and of taking pleasure in human communication almost for its own sake. . . ." Indeed towards criticism itself he will say

> One need not agree with a critic—or one disagrees with this or that judgment—but that is not what matters: what matters is the consistency with which he holds his views, his general vision of life against which he judged literature.

And as with criticism, so surely with artists and people. If we remember the article in ENCOUNTER [Feb., 1957] on Kenneth Clark's book *The Nude* with its vigorous approval of the morality of sensuality it is clear that the quality in literature that he values more and more is what he calls "lived reality"—a term as happily vague as Bernard Berenson's "life-enhancing"—anything which seems to reproduce for us the spontaneity and concreteness of human beings, rather than the life of considered moral choice.

This is the approach, at once both catholic and humanist, that Mrs. Krook neglects. To urge it is in no way to sneer at the supreme importance that she attaches to love. This seems to me entirely good, and she is right to point out how often the word is forgotten by moralists. Like her, I believe face-to-face relationships between human beings to be of greater importance spiritually than political or historical relationships. Like her, I think that the morality of the soul needs continually to be upheld against the claims of public morality; and the rebel and the seer to be supported against the worldly. Like her, I value those poets and novelists who remind us of the dignity of man and of love's potency (sometimes) to heal and redeem. But not even Tolstoy (though he created Platon Karataev), or Dostoievsky, makes such claims as Mrs. Krook. The compassion of Karataev or Father Zossima (which differs greatly from that of St. Paul and which presumably she despises) certainly makes other virtues pale. But neither novelist ever suggests that such loving-kindness is a possible goal for the other characters whose destinies and make-up postulate some other aims in life. Indeed the famous "truthfulness" at the end of *War and Peace* in which Pierre and Natasha, Nicholas and Princess Mary, are depicted as changed but in no sense redeemed, is the kind of "experience" which I would adduce against Mrs. Krook's claims.

And in these claims is surely the profoundest fallacy in her book. Let us put love highest among all virtues: but for its own sake alone. It may do good, it may do harm, but to love our fellow men is a command that we neglect at our peril even if they are incapable of responding. But Mrs. Krook urges us to do this because it will affect the future of mankind. Love for her is a condition of human progress and *that* is why it is supreme. What is this but a kind of "utilitarianism" of the type which she deplores? As a testament of faith her book must command more than respect and sympathy. Through it there shines an ardour, a horror of human wickedness and a passionate belief in human goodness. It is the book of a dedicated teacher of righteousness which has the effect of making at least one of its critics feel minuscule. But critics they must be: for she solves the problems of morality by ignoring them and in the search for the good neglects the truth.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Hypnosis Explained?

THERE are a few phenomena at any given period of time which have the power to produce endless argument and discussion—the geocentric as opposed to the heliocentric theory of our planetary system; Darwin's theory of evolution; in recent years extra-sensory perception. Hypnosis may be said to out-strip them all because argumentation about it has been going on for some two hundred years, and still shows no signs of abating. Some people even now believe that it is all trickery and deception; others swear by it and would have all teeth extracted and babies born under hypnosis.

Balanced accounts of the facts are hard to find, and where they do exist they tend to be highly technical. This has prevented the realisation among a great majority of people (including professional psychologists) that a great deal of factual information is now available, and that while hypnosis still presents considerable problems of understanding and explanation, nevertheless, there is now an agreed basis of fact. The recently published Pelican Book by F. L. Marcuse* fills this gap in a remarkably competent and accurate manner; he has managed to present a great deal of information intelligibly, readably, and often amusingly, and his factual account will not easily be faulted. The author is an expert in the field himself, with considerable experience in hypnotising people and in carrying out research on their reactions, and is at the same time a well-read academic psychologist. This is what modern psychology has to say about hypnosis. The reader, of course, must not expect to get answers to all his questions. In many cases we do not yet know the answer; but often the questions frequently put are rather meaningless and do not admit of a sensible reply.

Take the question which is often asked: "How many people are hypnotisable?" Such a question presupposes (a) that there is a definite, clear-cut state which can be recognised without the possibility of doubt; and (b) that this state can be produced by any and every hypnotist by means of a certain laid-down procedure. Unfortunately, neither of these assumptions is even remotely correct. Hypnosis is not a state, nor is it always easily recognisable. What we have is a large number of so-called hypnotic phenomena, some of which can be induced in almost everybody, and nearly all of which can be induced in some people. These phenomena range from simple responses to suggestion, such as "you are feeling sleepy—your eyes are closing" to the almost incredible complete lack of pain even during major operations (such as the amputation of a leg or an arm). It is as sensible to ask "How many people are suggestible?" as it is to ask "How many people are tall, fat, or intelligent?" These are all continua from one extreme to the other, and any cut is purely arbitrary. With respect to qualities of height, weight, and intelligence, we tend to draw graphs showing the bell-shaped kind of distribution in the population which has been found for these qualities; much the same will probably be true of hypnotisability.

AGAIN, THERE ARE MANY DIFFERENT methods of hypnosis. One hypnotist may be successful with certain subjects while another may fail; yet with a different group of subjects success and failure may be reversed. The subject's needs and drives may influence his hypnotisability; thus a person who is difficult to hypnotise in the ordinary way may be hypnotised quite easily when severely ill and hoping for some benefit or cure. All these complications make any straightforward answer to the question quite meaningless. But by and large it would perhaps not be too widely inaccurate to say that one person in five can be very deeply hypnotised, one person in five can hardly be hypnotised at all, while three people out of five may form hypnotic trances intermediate between these extremes.

One of the many reasons why hypnosis still appears to be mysterious is simply that we have no workable theory of hypnosis. In science a phenomenon is understood when it is explained in terms of some other, better-known set of phenomena. This resolution of hypnotic phenomena in terms of some well-understood general laws has presented great difficulties, and Dr. Marcuse argues that "explanations" of hypnosis in terms of sleep, or hysteria, or rôle-playing, or hyper-sensibility, or dissociation are not really explanations at all because they do not explain the unknown in terms of the known. What they do is to point out some superficial similarities between one set of ill-understood phenomena and another equally ill-understood set of phenomena. Quite clearly little is to be gained in that way.

Marcuse also extends this criticism to the theory which would explain hypnotic phenomena in terms of conditioning, but I think that here he is a little too harsh and quick. Recent experimentation directed to the proof of the

* *Hypnosis, Fact and Fiction*. By F. L. MARCUSE. Pelican Books. 3s. 6d.

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"conditioning" hypothesis has produced some rather startling confirmatory evidence (evidence which was not published when Marcuse wrote his book, and which it would, therefore, not be fair to accuse him of neglecting). I should like to call attention to this theory.

Most people are familiar with the term "conditioning," and the type of experiment which Pavlov performed to demonstrate its existence and study its properties. He studied the salivary secretion of the dog and divided the stimuli presented to the dog into what he called "unconditioned stimuli," *i.e.*, those which produced salivation (the sight, smell, and taste of meat) and those which he called "conditioned stimuli"—bells, flashing lights, and other similar sensory impressions which did not produce salivation in the dog. After these conditioned stimuli had been paired with food, however, for a number of times, they acquired the property of producing salivation even when no food was forthcoming; in other words the dog had become conditioned to react with salivation to the previously neutral conditioned stimulus.

Now we may note that it is possible to condition stimuli which are in no sense under voluntary control; this distinguishes "conditioning" from what is usually understood by "learning." We cannot voluntarily control the dilation of the pupil; it occurs reflexly in response to electric shock. We cannot control the changes in heart-beat which accompany the sudden appearance of a surprising stimulus. We have no way of imitating voluntarily the drop in the electric resistance of the skin of our hand which occurs when any emotionally-arousing stimulus is presented. We can, however, condition all these responses to previously neutral stimuli.

Take a typical example. The subject has in front of him an apparatus which flashes words on the screen at the rate of one every ten seconds. Strapped to his hand are electrodes which lead to amplifiers and recorders, giving an exact measurement of the electric conductivity of his skin. Among the words thrown on the screen is the word *"cow,"* which occurs a number of times in the series. Whenever the word *"cow"* appears in front of his eyes, he receives a strong electric shock to his leg; this shock reflexly produces a strong drop in the electric resistance of the skin of his hand. After a while it is found that the word *"cow"* by itself is sufficient to produce this drop; no further shock is needed. Furthermore, it is found that similar though rather less marked drops in resistance occur when the names of other animals (sheep, goats, etc.) are thrown on the screen. There exists what is called a *generalisation gradient* around the conditioned stimulus which causes stimuli similar to, but not identical with, the conditioned one to become capable of eliciting the conditioned response. These gradients can be verbal; the similarities between cows and other animals are learnt through the medium of language. We thus have here a mechanism, *i.e.*, that of conditioning, which may be very relevant to hypnotic phenomena. In the first place, conditioning enables us to produce reactions which are not under voluntary control; it is this which has always formed the most surprising part of hypnotic phenomena. Secondly, language and the generalisation gradients play an important part in conditioning; they also form an important part in all hypnotic phenomena. Thirdly, a great deal is known about the laws of conditioning, and if it were possible to relate conditioning and hypnosis it could not be reasonably objected that we are explaining the little known by the lesser known.

What forms, then, would a conditioning theory of hypnosis take? It would state simply that hypnotic phenomena are conditioned responses occurring through the mediation of language, and it would explain differences in the hypnotisability of subjects by postulating that those who were easily hypnotised were also those who formed conditioned responses quickly, while those who were difficult to hypnotise were also those who formed conditioned responses generally with great difficulty. Differences in ease of conditioning had been observed by Pavlov right from the beginning, and what he found true of his dogs has since been amply confirmed in other animals and in human beings.

The essential proof of this type of hypothesis would lie in a demonstration that people who were easily hypnotised also formed conditioned responses easily and *vice versa*, and it is this proof which we have recently been able to furnish. As a measure of hypnotisability, we took a scale leading from the simplest hypnotic phenomena, such as eye closure to suggestion of sleepiness, to the most difficult, such as post-hypnotic amnesia. Every subject was given a cumulative score depending on how many of these suggestions he accepted, and how far up the scale he went.

The test of conditioning was a well-known one involving a strong puff of air to the eye as "the unconditioned stimulus," the closure of the eyelid as "the response," and a tone delivered over earphones as "the conditioned stimulus." After several appearances of puff and tone together, the tone alone becomes sufficient to induce closure of the eyelid, and the speed of conditioning is measured by the number of pairings required to produce this effect. When the

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same sample of subjects was subjected to conditioning and to the test of hypnotisability, it was found as predicted that those who were easy to condition were also easy to hypnotise, while those who were difficult to condition were difficult to hypnotise. There does, therefore, appear to be a fairly strong relationship between these two types of phenomena, and it would seem feasible to look for an explanation of hypnosis in terms of conditioning. It should not be thought that a detailed theory of this kind will be easy to construct; hypnosis has so many facets and involves so many different types of phenomena that a great deal of experimental work will be required to elucidate relationships in detail.

But there would seem to be, for scientists, some light at the end of the tunnel at last.

H. J. Eysenck

"Beastly to the Germans"

A Defence of Popular Prejudices — By FRANCIS WILLIAMS

I THINK I had better say at the start that I share most of the feelings about Germans that Terence Prittie* deplores. I have no doubt he is right to deplore them. I deplore some of them myself, although not all. But there you are, they exist. I can argue myself out of a good many of them when I consciously set out to do so, and intellectually I, of course, agree on the "sheer necessity of a better Anglo-German understanding." At least I think I do although having written that sentence I find myself wondering whether to be really honest I care a damn about such understanding except on the purely minimal, practical level necessary for the ordinary business of getting along with another nation inhabiting the same continent on the same globe. Beyond that I *feel* no particular desire to "understand" the Germans and no interest whatever in whether they understand me. Intellectually I am prepared to admit that this is shocking of me. But if I am honest, that is how I feel.

I find it difficult to forget the First World War, I find it impossible to forget Hitler (and nauseating to try), and I find it incredible that anyone should think of forgetting Belsen. Of course the German youth of to-day isn't to blame for these things. But if there is to be "understanding" it might begin with Germans showing more of how and why a lot of British people feel the way they do. I find it odd that H. G. Alexander should be praised by Prittie for his "real prescience" in focusing on Belsen as one of the factors in British attitudes. If this counts for prescience in Germany to-day then there must be even more insensitive Germans about than one had suspected.

My personal feelings are, of course, of no particular account. I state them only because (a) they seem to me to be shared by quite a lot of other people, however regrettable it may be, and (b) they are the sort of feelings that arouse such anger and dismay among Germans when they are reflected in the columns of the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Express*. It seems to me silly to pretend that this reflection is not honest. Whether one likes it or not, it is a true reflection, and I think it much better that it should be allowed into the open than hidden.

Probably if I was editor of one of these papers I might take a different view. But that would be merely because long writing on public affairs has grown on me a skin of public responsibility, I have become what Delane said a journalist should not, "concerned to frame a system of convenient application to the exigencies of the day."

But the emotions of ordinary people are often inconvenient and it is, I think, the business of mass circulation newspapers like the *Daily Mirror* to reflect these emotions, which it does on the whole very truthfully and with results often disturbing to statesmen, bishops, and "youth leaders." (I do not speak here of the *Daily Express*, whose motivations are more complicated and whose prejudices, although they may at a given moment be those of a housewife in Wimbledon, are even more likely to be what the staff thinks are Lord Beaverbrook's. The *Daily Mirror* has a simple heart. The *Express* has a private line to the Beaver.)

I THINK IT IS NECESSARY HERE to make a distinction, which Prittie fails to do, between the true functions of such a paper as the *Daily Mirror* and such papers as the *Guardian*, the *Observer*, and the *Daily Telegraph*, whose comments he regrets are not given the same prominence in

* *The Germans and the English*, ENCOUNTER, December 1959.

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West Germany. These last are concerned with informing and persuading public opinion. They cannot ignore it. But they seek to shape it, as conscious instruments of that formative and interpretive power which is one of the classic functions of the serious, opinion Press. Their purpose is not, except on the rarest occasions, to give a voice to popular emotion. They present public opinion, not as it is, but as what they think it should be.

What they have to say about Anglo-German relations is important because it is an expression of what informed and intelligent opinion, operating on a rational level, believes to be desirable. German opinion should take comfort from the fact that despite a good deal of provocation from Dr. Adenauer and others, and a lot of memories, British opinion at this level is as sympathetic and friendly—and as nearly unanimous—as it is. This is what the influential would, for a great variety of reasons, some practical, some ideological, some, no doubt, ethical, like Anglo-German relations to be fifteen years after the defeat of Nazism.

But it should not be taken as representing what a large number of ordinary men and women emotionally feel as of this date—and it would, I think, be absurd to imagine that it could be. For this the *Daily Mirror* is a more correct guide—that, in fact, is its function. The *Mirror* is not, of its nature, primarily concerned with informing and persuading public opinion —and it knows that it cannot ever change it much, if at all. What it is concerned with is expressing the emotions—and often no doubt the prejudice, ignorance, and silliness—of its readers, and making them conscious that they share them with a good many others. This is not an unimportant function in the modern world. At the very least it is useful that those who want to change public attitudes should know what they actually are, as well as what they would like them to be—and there have been occasions when the *Mirror* can claim that what its readers felt turned out to be more accurate than what others told them they ought to think.

Maybe it is a pity that a lot of *Mirror* readers still feel as they do about Germany. As I feel like that a good part of the time myself, I don't know. But that they do is, I think, undeniable. And that the *Mirror* is doing its natural and proper job in reflecting their feelings seems to me equally undeniable. It is much better that the Germans should recognise that these feelings exist, learn to understand them if they can, and get used to living with them if they can't, than that kind friends should try to persuade them that what the *Mirror* says in its nasty colloquial way is not representative. It is.

I MAY BE WRONG BUT I SHOULD judge that an awful lot of people in Britain could not care less whether the visit of President Heuss created the worst impressions in Germany or not. They behaved towards him correctly. But they did not pretend a warmth they did not feel—and they see no reason why they should have done. And if Germans think they should have stood up and been respectful and taken their hands out of their pockets when he was around—that just shows the sort of people Germans are. The British had no objection to their leaders—and the "posh" papers—making the right sort of noises (that is what they are for). But they saw no reason at all for being either respectful or enthusiastic themselves, and if the Germans think they should have been—why, that simply shows how thick-skinned Germans can be about other people's feelings, and how thin-skinned about their own.

As for Dr. Adenauer, most ordinary British people I think would say that if he doesn't like them they don't like him much either—and like still less the reflection of the German character shown in the, as it seems to them, servile acceptance of every whim of this old man. No doubt he was personally wronged by the British. That is a pity. But a lot of British people—as well as an awful lot of others—have been personally wronged by the Germans in much more tragic ways in the course of the past half-century, and if Dr. Adenauer is to be forgiven for his prejudices they must be forgiven for theirs. Meanwhile they see him more often than not in the rôle of a perverse enemy of any genuine attempt to unfreeze the cold war and find him, in most of his public attitudes, narrow, arrogant, unattractive, and almost completely insensitive to what Britain did to help Germany after the war —and did, moreover, in terms which meant that not only did millions of ordinary British people have to go on making sacrifices they had expected to end, but take on new ones.

AGAIN I MAY BE WRONG, but I should judge that a lot of ordinary people in Britain like and admire the Berliners as both tough and humorous—when, that is, they think about them at all. But in so far as they think about the rest of Germany, which is even less often, they don't like Germans much and don't see why anyone should expect them to. And it seems to them presumptuous on the part of Germans to lecture them for not doing so, or to become indignant when their popular papers fail to express admiration for the German character.

If the German people assume from reading some of the British popular press that "several million Englishmen are basically anti-German," they are probably wrong. Most are neither anti

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nor pro. They don't care. The majority, I think, just want not to be bothered with the Germans any more than they can help for a long, long time. They don't hate them any more, but they can't bring themselves to love them and don't intend to try much. They would prefer, if it were possible, to put them out of their minds. Since that is not altogether possible, let us stick to such practical arrangements as are necesary between us and keep emotion out of it.

The best thing to do with Anglo-German relations, in fact, is to leave them alone.

The Anglo-Jewish Writer

THERE are Anglo-Jewish writers; there is no such thing as Anglo-Jewish writing. As for the writers, the two things that strike one about them are their scarcity, and their relative lack of distinction. The great bulk of Anglo-Jewry shares with American Jewry its origins in Eastern Europe, where a mass exodus began after the passing of the Russian May Laws, in 1881. But where American Jewry has produced an astonishing crop of writers and poets—Saul Bellow, Lionel Trilling, Karl Shapiro, Nelson Algren, Arthur Miller, and the rest—English Jews can point only to a handful of minor figures.

This was forcibly made clear to me when the *Jewish Chronicle* recently asked me to conduct a series of interviews with "younger Jewish writers." One found, in the event, half a dozen, but of these, not one could remotely be called a major literary figure, while three were in that amorphous category known as "young and promising." A category from which Arnold Wesker has since emerged.

One more characteristic of Anglo-Jewish writers instantly comes to mind. They don't, on the whole, write about English Jews, though Wolf Mankowitz, the chief exception, has made a name with highly competent whimsy about an East End Jewish world which no longer exists, presented in terms of a tradition which was built up and died in Eastern Europe. Bernard Kops, a young playwright, has written plays in the same romantic *genre*, but it is really a question of blowing on the embers of a fire which went out with the death of Israel Zangwill.

These facts—the scarcity of Anglo-Jewish writers, their general lack of stature, and their apparent disinclination to write about Jewish life—seem to me to be intimately connected.

For a complex of reasons, the Anglo-Jewish writer is inclined to be much less identified with his group than his American counterpart. In the first place, this can be partly explained in terms of sheer numbers. The Jews in America can be counted in millions; there are some three million in New York alone. The English Jews amount to roughly four hundred thousand. This means that the Jewish community in Britain cannot be physically so all-embracing as it is in the U.S.A.

Secondly, where the tendency in America has been for the national group to remain intact and self-contained, in Britain the trend is towards assimilation. Lip-service may be paid in the States to an American, initially Anglo-Saxon, culture, but in practice Jews, Greeks, Italians, Germans, tend to stick together; certainly to a far greater degree than they do here.

Thirdly—and as a consequence of both these factors—there is in America a definite Jewish intellectual life, centred on New York. In Britain, there is none; if the young second- or third-generation Jew wants intellectual activity, he knows very well that he must go outside the group. There, he will very probably meet other young Jews, but it will not be within a Jewish context. Cultural attempts within the Anglo-Jewish group are almost always half-hearted, promoted and patronised by the second-rate, with no organic life of their own.

This leads to the nature of Anglo-Jewish society itself. I have the impression that it differs from American Jewry in no radical sense, but only in so far as it possesses no intelligentsia. Thus, a self-perpetuating process has arisen, whereby, for lack of such a stratum, the intellectual goes outside the group, the group is deprived of intellectual "leaven," and the writer loses contact with the group, as possible material.

The Anglo-Jewish community is recent, wealthy, and isolated. Though various Jewish families have been settled in Britain for several hundred years, few of them play much part in Jewish society, which is overwhelmingly made up by descendants of the immigrants of 1881–1910. To the materialism of Western society, British Jews have brought the traditional Jewish characteristic of living through, by identifying themselves with, their children, and the result is a community polarised around materialism and possessive love. These qualities both interact and reinforce one another, and the result is a society in which the artist has no place. Though middle-class English society may not have a great deal more respect for him, the important difference is that it hasn't the same intense pressure towards conformity.

The response to my *Jewish Chonicle* interviews with young writers was, as one should have expected, on the whole violent, emotional,

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and confused. The mild remarks made by Mr. Wolf Mankowitz produced an almost hysterical attack from a rabbi in Westcliff-on-Sea, and the paper itself cautiously prefaced the series with a leader which reaffirmed most of the preconceptions of its readers.

These were stated with less restraint in the subsequent correspondence. What clearly hurt most of all was that none of the interviewees subscribed to the Jewish religion, though it was significant that Peter Shaffer, the only writer to show deep concern with religious issues, aroused more spleen than anybody else. The general line of attack—or perhaps defence would be a better word in the context—was to accuse the six of "lack of Jewish knowledge." It was a stout stick with which to beat the dog, but none of the correspondents followed the editorial in realising that this should be viewed as an alarming symptom, rather than a useful defence mechanism. A letter, almost obsessional in tone, affirming the validity of salvation through ritual, showed how wide the gap between Mr. Shaffer's near mysticism and the orthodox wing of the Jewish church can be.

A deep horror and fear of assimilation also became clear—and with it, a further gap between the six young Jewish writers, none of whom would endorse such prejudices, and the community, still living in a ghetto which is moral where it isn't geographical.

The series concluded with the reactions of four younger members of the Jewish establishment, which emphasised better than any outside criticism could have done the poverty and complacency of its thought. One young rabbi deplored the lack of interest shown by the intellectual in religion, and the religious in modern thought, but he was alone in his concern. Reading the other replies, it became perfectly clear that English Judaism has little hope of reclaiming its lost sons.

The community, however, shows a corresponding indifference to its writers; its slender link with modern fiction has been the novels of the late Louis Golding, to which a complete evening was devoted in the course of the recent Anglo-Jewish book week.

Thus, the Jewish writer in Britain does not stay long enough within his community to produce much more than a novel of protest. Of these, there have been several: the first—*Reuben Sachs*, by Amy Levy—was published in 1888.

Reuben Sachs (whose author committed suicide at the age of twenty-eight) is a poor, stilted, self-conscious piece of work, full of the knowing self-congratulation of the "educated" child of *nouveaux riches* parents. What interest it retains lies in the extraordinary similarity of the monied, Bayswater Jewish society it depicts, at a time when the East Europe immigrants had yet to emerge from the East End—and their descendants in London to-day. There is the same ostentation, the same social intolerance, the same overt materialism, the same breach with Jewish traditions, uncompensated by a real identification with those of England.

Nearly fifty years later, Gerald Kersh and Willy Goldman similarly attacked the Jews of the East End. Kersh wrote a bitter novel, *Jews Without Jehovah*, which was withdrawn after libel proceedings. Goldman endorsed it, describing the East End Jews, in an essay, as "a scattered backwash of a people, shorn of its tradition of learning." When any young man wanted to become an artist, he wrote, every possible obstacle was put in his way, and he was urged to go into business, which meant finding any means he could of "crooking a living." If he succeeded, the very people who opposed him were the first to acclaim him as a Jew. Both Kersh and Goldman struck a slightly hysterical note. Yet neither created the controversy caused by *Reuben Sachs*. This was equally true of Kersh's *The Thousand Deaths of Mr. Small*, a novel published in 1950, sprawling, bitter, undisciplined, and often brilliantly comic, in which he returned to his former whipping boys.

THE EXPLANATION WAS simple enough: the new Anglo-Jews had by this time moved out of the East End into North-West London, and could afford to regard their parents and themselves when poorer with a certain indulgence.

The fact that my own novel, *The Bankrupts* (1958), caused a commotion among them similar to *Reuben Sachs'* was because of its immediacy, rather than its alleged malice; *The Thousand Deaths of Mr. Small* makes it seem almost a eulogy by comparison, but it hasn't the sting of contemporaneity.

For the most part, the chief Anglo-Jewish writers have been recognised on the basis of work which has nothing to do with Jews, or Jewish problems. I have tried to explain the reasons for this; a corollary of one of them—the tendency towards assimilation—is that Jewish writers want to *belong*; not to the Jewish community, but to England itself. If they feel separate, this is a source of embarrassment, rather than strength, and there is no tradition of Anglo-Jewish letters to fortify them.

Thus, Peter Shaffer's recent play, *Five Finger Exercise*, presents the classical Anglo-Jewish family situation of wealthy, ignorant, adoring parents, and cleverer, assimilating son, who doesn't want to "go into the business." The play, however, makes the family an English one. There's no doubt that such problems can perfectly well exist in English households, but it is

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significant that Mr. Shaffer should have felt the need to disguise his material.

As for the better-known Jewish novelists, Alexander Baron made a name with his novels and short stories about British infantry in World War II, and although he has published a novel with a Jewish theme, it was neither as successful as his earlier work, nor did it appear as grateful to him as a subject. Marghanita Laski has not dealt with Jewish themes at all.

The misfortune of this is that Jewish writers are cutting themselves off from the best of their material. Anglo-Jewish middle-class life may be strident, materialistic, and culturally barren; it is still far more vivid and vigorous than its English counterpart, which produces so much competent, bloodless, mediocre writing, year by year. In addition to this, the Anglo-Jewish writer tends to turn away from his problems and conflicts as a Jew, another rich potential source of literature. There has been no English equivalent of Bellow's *The Victim* or Arthur Miller's more talented if equally obsessional novel, *Focus*.

Nor will there be. The Anglo-Jewish writer has attached himself to a culture which no longer can provide him with material, even if he successfully assimilates its traditions. Yet he can hardly be blamed for turning his back on a community where he is so patently unwelcome.

Brian Glanville

The "Two-Cultures" Controversy

Afterthoughts — By C. P. SNOW

WHEN I gave the Rede Lecture last May, I intended it as a call to action. Action, to begin with, of a humdrum kind, such as seeing English and American children get a reasonable education: then action, on a major scale, but still immediately practicable, in helping to industrialise the East. I wasn't over-hopeful that I should produce any effect. I said in the lecture, "I don't know how we can do what we need to do, or whether we shall do anything at all." I still don't know. It is too early to say whether there will be any result on the plane of action. If there is no result, then the lecture is a failure. It is either a first stirring of activity, or it is nothing. Those who have understood most exactly what I was trying to do (Walter Allen, *New Statesman*, May 29; Bertrand Russell, David Riesman, John Cockcroft, A. C. B. Lovell, all in ENCOUNTER, August; John Sharp, *Listener*, September 10th) understand that also. We may all sink back into combination-room cosiness. If we do, I shall have wasted everyone else's time, and my own.

Meanwhile, there have been some consequences which I confess I did not bargain for. Almost everyone I have met since May wishes to argue on the subject. I have found myself in the middle of a complex and proliferating debate. Comments come in from all over the place, not only from Europe and the U.S., but from the Soviet Union and the East. In October, in the United States, the arguments were going on round me. All this is no thanks to me. It means simply that, almost entirely by chance, a nerve has been plucked. This nerve exists not only in Western society, but, much more than I realised, in the Communist society too. When it is plucked, one gets a sense of the reserves of creative and moral energy latent in the world. But to release that energy needs, of course, much more than the plucking of a nerve. Until the energy is released, we shall not begin to solve the problem I tried to set out. At present, I repeat, we are all playing at it, and we must not let ourselves think that anything at all has been achieved.

THE debate has, however, thrown up a good many points of interest. First, I think it is fair to say that the concept of "the two cultures" has been generally accepted. Accepted, that is, within the modest limits I defined in the lecture—"something a little more than a dashing metaphor, a good deal less than a cultural map." Almost no one has quarrelled with me about that.* Professor T. B. L. Cottrell has told me that he would be happier if the term "cultures" was restricted to creative persons on both sides of the divide; in conversation at Harvard, Archibald MacLeish said something much the same. Julian Symons (ENCOUNTER, September) is, as far as I know, alone in believing that one ought not to speak of a scientific culture. Does this need establishing at the present point of time? I should have thought not. Culture, in the intellectual sense, means the development of the mind: does anyone really imagine that in Rutherford's Cambridge, Franck's Goettingen, Bohr's Copenhagen, Landau's Moscow, Cockcroft's Harwell, the fortunate inhabitants weren't individually and collectively developing theirs? Culture also means the development of the moral and æsthetic senses: does anyone imagine, after Hardy's *A Mathematician's Apology* and Bronowski's *Science and Human Values*, that these are not inherent in the pursuit of science itself? Culture is not necessarily tied to the past, though some parts of it may be: where do you think an artist of the High Renaissance, say

* As I read this article in proof, a good many more interesting comments have reached me, *e.g.*, Mr. Max Morris' in *Marxism Today* (Winter, 1959). Of these, only Mr. G. Warnock's (*Oxford Magazine*, Nov. 12) has doubted the concept.

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Verrocchio or Mantegna, would be most at home—in our artistic culture, or in the Princeton Institute? Mr. Michael Ayrton (ENCOUNTER, August) has answered that question once for all.

Just as the concept of "the two cultures" has been accepted, so has the existence of a gulf between them. I said that this gulf, in its present gaping and dangerous form, is of comparatively recent origin. That, too, has not been seriously challenged. Lord Russell gave, from his own experience, examples of 19th-century connection between the cultures. American scholars have reminded me of the links between literature and physics during the Enlightenment (Michael Polanyi made the same point, ENCOUNTER, September). The only apparent dissentient has been J. H. Plumb (ENCOUNTER, August), with a baffling piece of what American friends call "psychologising." He remarked that people have always had different temperaments and different temperamental needs. That is true enough, but not surprising. He then said that William Shakespeare and William Perkins would have had as much difficulty understanding each other as Rutherford and Virginia Woolf. That is a curious red herring. No one but an ass expects that all people are going to understand each other at all levels. *Of course* people have different gifts, different needs, and will live different lives. The most one can hope for—and this is the bone of my case—is that, *on the level of intellect*, they should reach, in Comenius' term, the first stage of understanding. That is, they should be able to say "I see" across the gulf. In those terms, it is nonsense to suggest that Shakespeare and Perkins could not say "I see" to each other.

Perkins was not, as one might think from the context, an Elizabethan scientist. He was the most eloquent preacher of the 1590's in Cambridge, with a command of beautiful, forthright, Authorised Version prose; he was, as it were, the public relations officer for the Puritan wing of the Church of England and one of the spiritual fathers of Massachusetts Bay. How in the world can Plumb come to believe that he and Shakespeare would have found each other intellectually unintelligible? They would have had a similar school education. Perkins devoted most of his sermons—and splendid sermons they are—to the central tenets of Calvinist theology, Predestination and Justification by Grace. In Stratford, which was a Calvinist town, Shakespeare must have heard those arguments time and time again. And though Calvinist theology is pretty subtle, it isn't all that incomprehensible. The comparatively simple people to whom Perkins preached, one supposes, grasped some of it. Dr. Plumb and I can do so, three hundred and fifty years later: why ever shouldn't Shakespeare?

Plumb's second point, though it has some poetic force, doesn't seem to me much more precise or valid. It is that the gulf in the cultures has occurred because of the supersession of the "old possessing class." Some of the climate of the traditional culture has had that feel, I agree; but the trouble is, one gets the same gulf in societies where both the history and the contemporary structure are unlike ours. In the United States, for example, the gulf exists to an extent not very different from ours—some of my informants think it is about the same; Edmund Wilson thinks it is significantly less; but all agree that the gulf exists. What is more revealing, there is a good deal of evidence that it also exists in the Soviet Union.

Some of my Soviet friends have made no bones about it. I think I should have guessed it anyway, after studying the new curricula for Soviet high schools. These are part of the educational reforms carried out in Khrushchev's name. The policy of full-time high-school education for everyone up to seventeen-plus has been abandoned, and a large slice of the population are now taking courses from fifteen-plus, which are very like our craft and student apprenticeships, though with much more training in arts subjects. For the academically clever children, the school education continues to seventeen-plus, as before, with mathematics, experimental science, and arts subjects in *everyone's* course; but there are two differences. The proportion of time spent on arts subjects has been slightly increased: and now everyone—I repeat, everyone—has to do some workshop training, if possible in a factory.

This is, of course, a conscious attempt to make sure that the entire intellectual class, whether they finish up as managers or writers or professors of archæology, know at first-hand something about the industrial life. It is also, one guesses, an attempt to keep common ground between the non-scientific and scientific cultures—and also between the pure and applied halves of the scientific culture, since, perhaps because of their rigorous mathematical training, Russian pure scientists are always liable to become more remote than ours. No one has any idea how this plan is going to work out, but I believe that in principle it is well-judged and wise. The fact that it is necessary, however, leads one to the suspicion that the division between the cultures is inherent in an advanced industrial society. The difference between the Russians and the West is that they are trying to minimise it, and we are not.

As soon as I mention advanced industrial society, or indeed society at all, I am likely to give pain. For a good many people whom I respect, this part of the lecture was the edge which worried them. Some of that I could not avoid. No one, certainly no one I respect, would wish me to make false compromises. But some I both could and should have avoided. When I read the sensitive and sympathetic comments of Mr. John Beer (*Cambridge Review*, November 7th), Mr. G. H. Bantock (*Listener*, September 17th), Mr. E. D. Mackerness (private communication), I wished I had made some qualifications. May I say here and now that I am sorry I didn't? I should have made it clear that, when I spoke of the illiberal influence of 20th-century literary culture, I was thinking only of the major creative artists. As Lionel Trilling wrote in *The Liberal Imagination*:

> For it is in general true that the modern European literature to which we can have an active, reciprocal relationship, which is the right relationship to have, has been written by men who are indifferent to, or even hostile to, the tradi-

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tional of democratic liberalism as we know it. Yeats and Eliot, Proust and Joyce, Lawrence and Gide—these men do not seem to confirm us in the social and political ideas which we hold.

I stick to that. In fact, when I take a crude quantitative test, and ask about the literary theses written last year at U.S. universities, I estimate that not one in ten of the modern writers studied—which means the modern writers influential upon the intelligent young—could, even in the wildest and most romantic use of the term, be considered in any conceivable sense liberal. That was what I intended when I made my categories. But let me say now what I should have said before, that many other writers, though they have not dominated literary sensibility so heavily, have been as concerned about man's social hopes as anyone could be; and that is at least as true, and perhaps more true, of other members of the literary culture, scholars, writers, and connoisseurs.

As a matter of fact, during this controversy, I have often thought that critics like Mr. Bantock have much more good-will than I have. When they are affected by a writer of genius, they are affected totally: themselves wishing good to all men, they cannot credit that the writer of genius does not wish the same. This is a generous attitude, but it has its dangers. It leads to explaining away what ought not to be explained away. In the last extremity (not that Mr. Bantock would go so far) it leads to the Court Jester view of art—"poor old Ezra, poor old Wyndham Lewis, they don't really mean what they say." Myself, I am less charitable and more sceptical, and I have my own kind of unsinkable belief in art and its responsibilities. I can credit that these distinguished men mean what they say. I am sure that, to take them seriously, we are bound to do so. I can even credit that a much greater man, such as Dostoievsky, meant what he said; so it doesn't surprise me that Russian critics, from his own time to ours, have always had reserves about him, muffled here.

In the same way, I can credit what writers have had to say against the scientific-industrial revolution, and here I cannot compromise. In my view, they have shown a lack—understandable if you like, but in effect serious—of the extended imagination. They have been so aware of the existential horror that they haven't been able to stretch, either in time or space. At this existent moment, none of us has the imagination to grasp the simple brutal truth of Brecht's maxim, *"Erst kommt das Fressen, dann kommt die Moral."* Yet that, as I have tried to explain, obviously without much force, is the compelling truth for more than half our fellow human beings. Until we know it, we can't even begin to talk to them. We have grown too far away.

In that brutal sense, as I said before, industrialisation is the only hope of the poor. Of course, industrialisation brings with it losses in the quality of life: but they are not the losses which writers have denounced it for. In the lecture, I drew a careful distinction between the individual condition and the social condition. There is much in the individual condition which is irremediable. About the social condition I said, and continue to say, the exact opposite. By the social condition I mean the condition of each of us in society, our relations with others as we work, the nature of our practical lives, and I exclude from it the condition of man-alone and the deepest part of those personal relations which (though they are affected by society, as indeed is the solitary life) are nearest to individual experience.

Judged by those criteria I should have no doubt that the social condition in advanced industrial society is out of comparison better than any the human race has managed up to now. I mean by that, that the factory workers in, say, Schenectady or Stafford, are not only better-fed and longer-lived than any mass population in the history of the world; not only have they better education, and enormously more leisure; but also their personal relations in their working lives are less humiliating, freer from what Lawrence called the "assertive will" than in any less articulated society. The assertive will is necessary to us collectively. It is necessary to an artist (Proust, Joyce, Lawrence himself would have been submerged without it), but we all know that it is intolerable between man and man. Highly organised society is the only way we have yet found of diluting the assertive will. We do not understand this kind of society very well yet, but at least we are beginning to avoid the worst insults to men's dignity.

WHAT have writers said about this? Mr. Bantock quotes Lawrence against me. I don't particularly relish this. Lawrence was a man of genius, and if I am going to match quotation with quotation, I shall have to show him at his least inviting. But the ground is not of my choosing. Mr. Bantock used the well-known passage in *Women in Love* about Gerald Crich:

> "He had a fight to fight with Matter, with the earth and the coal it enclosed. This was the sole idea, to turn upon the inanimate matter of the underground, and reduce it to his will. And for this fight with matter, one must have perfect instruments in perfect organisation, a mechanism so subtle and harmonious in its workings that it represents the single mind of man, and by its relentless repetition of given movement, will accomplish a purpose irresistibly, inhumanly. It was this inhuman principle in the mechanism he wanted to construct that inspired Gerald with an almost religious exaltation."

One might observe that coal-mining fifty years ago was a most primitive industry. But that's by the way. Is this insight any more valuable than the one into Birkin, earlier in the same book?

> "But I [Birkin] abhor humanity, I wish it was swept away. It could go, and there would be no *absolute loss*, if every human being perished tomorrow. The reality would be untouched. Nay, it would be better. The real tree of life would then be rid of the most ghastly, heavy crop of Dead Sea fruit, the intolerable burden of myriad simulacra of people, an infinite weight of mortal lives."

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Would it be so exaggerated to call that a "scream of horror?" If not, what is? And what about this, for another insight into the social condition?

> It is a great mistake to abolish the death penalty. If I were dictator, I should order the old one to be hanged at once. I should have judges with sensitive, living hearts; not abstract intellects. And because the instinctive heart recognised a man as evil, I would have that man destroyed. Quickly. Because good, warm life is now in danger. (*Sea and Sardinia.*)

There are lessons to be drawn from those quotations, as we try to make the social condition better. The chief one is, of course, that we all feel sometimes as Lawrence felt on those occasions—and, if human life is to be endurable at all, or indeed to survive, we have to set up checks against those feelings, checks imposed against the Rousseauian optimism—which believes that, if each man acts according to his feelings, we shall have a good world. No one ever acted more truly according to his "instinctive heart" than Adolf Hitler, and we very nearly didn't have a world at all.

There is, however, deep conviction behind Mr. Bantock's and Mr. Beer's criticism of the industrial society. They speak often as though there had been a much better society, somewhere, or at some time. Mr. Bantock talks of the loss of "sensuous awareness" and of "the old intuitive life"; Mr. Beer, in a review from which I learned a lot, of the loss of "individual differences."

The point about sensuous awareness—which of course Mr. Bantock attributes to Lawrence, who had as much of the quality as any man who ever lived—is a difficult one. It has roused the irritation of Professor C. H. Waddington, who is a connoisseur of the graphic arts as well as an eminent geneticist. "Sensuous awareness!" he says. "What makes writers think they are competent to talk about this? They've heard about the necessity of it from Lawrence. But how dare they talk about it to experimental scientists, who *live* just by that gift itself?" Professor Waddington might have added that Donald Bradman, Denis Compton, thousands of games players, pilots, and so on, live by sensuous awareness too; and there is a faintly Max Beerbohm-like flavour about the picture of any literary intellectual lecturing them. But Mr. Bantock is not, I am sure, using "sensuous awareness" in the straightforward physical sense. Any more, I am also sure, than he and Mr. Beer are implying historicity when they talk about "loss" of it, or "loss" of individuality. If they were implying genuine historicity, then one would be compelled to say—"Look! We now know a good deal about pre-industrial societies. Plenty of them are still existing on earth. Most of the evidence suggests that people in such societies are less individualised, not more, so far as those words mean anything at all. The distribution of sensuous gifts is very much scattered. There is no evidence that it is either impaired or improved by advanced society. Tell us. In what place, or in what time, did men have these benefits which we have lost? Where and when was this Eden?"

THERE is one real loss, in the historic sense. It is what I believe Mr. Bantock is hinting at with the phrase "the old intuitive life," or Mr. Beer with his "reserves of health which depend on the instincts or emotions," though it is not precisely either. It is the loss of significance in commonplace acts. Thus, in some pre-industrial societies, not in all, if you walk, say, a hundred yards north at sunset, this act is significant. It means something to the other people in the society. It is, like a whole set of your other commonplace acts, not private but part of the social condition. This we have lost. And the loss, which begins to occur at the earliest stages of industrialisation, is linked perversely not with a decrease of individuality but an increase of it. The loss of significance, together with the increase of individuality, means that men have lost a support. The industrial workers of Schenectady are probably more individual than members of any pre-industrial community: they have far more free choices; but the binding forces of sacred custom have left them, and they are more alone.

This loss we may eventually replace, but I shouldn't be too hopeful about that. There were probably, as I mentioned in a footnote to the lecture, losses as grave in the other great change in social evolution, when men changed from hunting and food-gathering to agriculture. I don't think it is seriously arguable, at least by anyone with reverence for the human life, that both prices were not worth paying. But I recognise that a sense of our more recent loss may hang over much of the artistic feeling of the age, and may partially explain—only partially and perhaps only indirectly—its looking-backward to the primitive. In a comment which I found most moving, Mr. Michael Ayrton (ENCOUNTER, August) talked of the primitiveness and mindlessness of the 20th-century graphic arts. What can a clever man do, he said in effect, when before practising them, his first requirement is to take off his head? In a couple of articles which, though only tangentially related to the original debate, have an important bearing upon it, Professor Frank Kermode (*Spectator*, September 11; ENCOUNTER, November) has examined the roots of myth-seeking, primitivism, anti-intellectualism in contemporary literature. Professor Kermode admires the products of this kind of literature rather more than I do; but (I hope I am not misrepresenting him) he would be as concerned as I should if, in any advanced society, this was the only way which literature could go.

WELL, it may be so. The forces driving the cultures apart are very strong. If they are too strong, then art and primitivism will become one and the same thing. But if that happens, other and even graver consequences will happen too. There seem to me good chances that we (and here I mean the whole intellectual world, in Communist countries as well as the West) shall be able to prevent them.

It is worth remembering that in the intellectual climate, particularly in the artistic climate, the present moment always seems more durable than

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it is. Professor Kermode, Mr. Beer, Mr. Bantock, Mr. Ayrton, and all of us are living, more totally immersed than we realise, in the climate of the 1950's. Let us notice that in 1882, Ibsen, on January 3rd, wrote to George Brandes: *"I hold that that man is in the right who is most closely in league with the future."**

That would have been the view of Tolstoy, Chekov, even Dostoievsky, nearly all the great 19th-century masters. It may again be the view of Russian, American, English masters at the end of the 20th-century. Whether that happens or not, is not inevitable. That may be the direction of Time's Arrow. Alternatively, the sliding-out of art into primitivism may be. It depends upon how much we can bind the cultures together now.

That is as much as I want to add to the theoretical discussion at this minute. The danger of this kind of debate is that one falls into the eristic temptation. Up to now, nearly all those who differ from me have set a good example, which I am trying to follow.

I haven't so much as mentioned a number of contributions of great interest. Michael Polanyi's (ENCOUNTER, September) I can't begin to touch within the scope of this article. He is arguing, as it were, at right angles to my original line. I have had a great, though somewhat mystified, regard for him, as he knows, for years: but I feel about his attack on scientific rationalism as I feel about Arthur Koestler's in *The Sleepwalkers*, that there is no answer in intellectual or moral terms, but only in religious. And one cannot *invent* a religion. People secure in their religion, like some of my Benedictine friends, Dom Illtyd Trethowan, Dom Mark Pontifex, Dom Sebastian Moore, seem to find my argument acceptable in its own order.

FINAL round-up. *1.* There are three verbal mistakes in the lecture, which will be put right. *2.* Dr. Charles Singer has ingeniously suggested that the differences between the English patent law and the patent law of the German States account for the German technical invasion of England in the mid-19th century. *3.* Mr. W. J. Walls suggests that lawyers, even more than literary intellectuals, best represent the anti-scientific pole. *4.* Sir Christopher Cox has protested about the use of "scientific revolution" in at least three different contexts, *e.g.*, A. R. Hall uses it for the period 1500–1700, and I of the controlled use of science, exemplified by the date of sub-atomic particles in industry, which we might date from 1906. Cox is quite right. Perhaps we ought to have a terminological conference. I am ready to admit that my phrase ought to be "Scientific-Revolution-in-Industry," which is rather a mouthful.

Last of all, I want to finish as I began. The test of all this is in action.

* I owe this reference to Professor Merle King, who in *The New Republic* (April 8, 1957) anticipated several arguments of the Rede Lecture, although I did not know this till a month ago.

Have you seen

the special notice on the inside of the front cover of this issue? It will probably be of interest to you,

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A Wreath for the Gamekeeper

By Katherine Anne Porter

THE dubious Crusade is over, anybody can buy the book now in hardback or paper-cover, expurgated or unexpurgated, in drug-stores and railway stations as well as in the bookshops, and 'twas a famous victory for something or other, let's wait and see. Let us remark as we enter the next phase that we may hope this episode in the history of our system of literary censorship will mark the end of one of our most curious native customs—calling upon the police and the post office officials to act as literary critics in addition to all their other heavy duties. It is not right nor humane and I hope this is the end of it; it is enough to drive good men out of those services altogether.

When I first read *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, thirty years ago, I thought it a dreary, sad performance with some passages of unintentional hilarious low comedy, one scene at least simply beyond belief in a book written with such inflamed apostolic solemnity, which I shall return to later; and I wondered then at all the huzza and hullabaloo about suppressing it. I realise now there were at least two reasons for it—first, Lawrence himself, who possessed to the last degree the quality of high visibility; and second, the rise to power of a demagoguery of political and social censorship by unparalleled ignoramuses in all things, including the arts, which they regarded as the expression of peculiarly dangerous forms of immorality. These people founded organisations for the suppression of Vice, and to them nearly everything *was* Vice, and other societies for the promotion of Virtue, some of them very dubious, and their enthusiasms took some weird and dangerous directions. Prohibition was their major triumph, with its main result of helping organised crime to become big business; but the arts, and especially literature, became the object of a morbid purblind interest to those strange beings who knew nothing about any art, but knew well what they feared and hated.

It is time to take another look at this question of censorship and protest which has been debated intermittently ever since I can remember. Being a child of my time, naturally I was to be found protesting: I was all for freedom of speech, of action, of belief, of choice, in every department of human life; and for authors all this was to be comprehended in the single perfect right to express their thoughts without reserve, write anything they chose, with publishers to publish and booksellers to sell it, and the vast public gloriously at liberty to buy and read it by the tens of thousands.

It was a noble experiment, no doubt, an attempt to bring a root idea of liberty to flower; but in practice it soon showed serious defects and abuses, for the same reason that prohibition of alcohol could not be made to work: gangsters and crooks took over the business of supplying the human demand for intoxication and obscenity, which hitherto had been in the hands of respectable elements, who regulated it and kept it more or less in its place; but it still is a market that never fails no matter who runs it. (I have often wondered what were the feelings of the old-line pious prohibitionists when they discovered that their most powerful allies in the fight to maintain prohibition were the bootleggers.)

Publishers were certainly as quick to take advantage of the golden moment as the gangsters, and it did not take many of them very long to discover that the one best way to sell a book with "daring" passages was to get it banned in Boston, or excluded from the United States mails. Certain authors, not far behind the publishers, discovered that if they could write

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER, *who here writes about the New York edition of* LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER *(with an introduction by Mark Schorer), is the distinguished American novelist, author of* FLOWERING JUDAS; PALE HORSE, PALE RIDER; *and other works.*

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books the publisher could advertise as in peril from the censor, all the better. Sure enough, the censor would rise to the bait, crack down in a way that would be front-page news, the alarm would go out to all fellow writers and assorted lovers of liberty that one of the guild was being abused in his basic human rights guaranteed by our Constitution, by those hyenas in Boston or the Post Office. The wave of publicity was on, and the sales went up. Like too many such precariously balanced schemes, it was wonderful while it lasted, but it carried the seeds of its own decay. Yet those were the days when people really turned out and paraded with flags and placards, provocative songs and slogans, openly inviting arrest and quite often succeeding in being hauled off to the police station in triumph, there to sit in a cell perfectly certain that somebody was going to show up and bail them out before night.

Writers—I was often one of them—did not always confine their aid to freedom of the word, though that was their main concern. They would sometimes find themselves in the oddest company, defending strange causes and weirdly biased viewpoints on the grounds that they most badly wanted defence. But we also championed recklessly the most awful wormy little books we none of us would have given shelf room, and more than once it came over us in mid-parade that this was no downtrodden citizen being deprived of his rights, but a low cynic cashing in on our high-minded application of democratic principles. I suppose for a good many of us, all this must just be chalked up to Experience. After some time, I found myself asking, "Why should I defend a worthless book just because it has a few dirty words in it? Let it disappear of itself and the sooner the better."

No one comes to that state of mind quickly, and it is dangerous ground to come to at all, I suppose, but one comes at last. My change of view began with the first publication in 1928 of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. He has become, this lover of Lady Chatterley's, as sinister in his effect on the minds of critics as that of Quint himself on the children and the governess in *The Turn of the Screw*. I do not know quite what rôle Lady Chatterley should play to Quint-Mellors. She is not wicked, as Miss Jessel is, she is merely a moral imbecile. She is not intense, imaginative, and dazzled like the governess, she is stupid; and it is useless to go on with the comparison, for she is not the centre of the critics' attention as the Gamekeeper is, she has not that baneful fascination for them that he has. But there is one quality both books have in common and they both succeed in casting the same spell on plain reader and critic alike: the air of evil which shrouds them both, the sense of a situation of foregone and destined failure, to which there can be no outcome except despair. Only, the Lawrence book is sadder, because Lawrence was a badly flawed, lesser artist than James. He did not really know what he was doing, or if he did, pretended to be doing something else; and his blood-chilling anatomy of the activities of the rutting season between two rather dull persons comes with all the more force because the relations are precisely not between the vengeful seeking dead and living beings, but between the living themselves who seem to me deader than any ghost.

Yet for the past several months there has been a steady flood of extremely well-managed publicity in defence of Lawrence's motives and the purity of his novel, into which not only critics, but newspaper and magazine reporters, editorial writers, ministers of various religious beliefs, women's clubs, the police, postal authorities, and educators have been drawn, clamorously. I do not object to censorship being so loudly defeated again for the present. I merely do not approve of the way it was done. Though there were at this time no parades, I believe, we have seen such unanimity and solidarity of opinion among American critics, and many of them of our first order, as I do not remember to have seen before. What are we to think of them, falling in like this with this fraudulent crusade of raising an old tired Cause out of its tomb? For this is no longer just a book, and it never was a work of literature worth all this attention. It is no longer a Cause, if it ever was, but a publicity device and a well-worn one by now, calculated to rouse a salacious itch of curiosity in the prospective customer. This is such standard procedure by now it seems unnecessary to mention it. Yet these hard-headed, experienced literary men were trapped into it once more, and lent a strong hand to it. There is something touching, if misguided, in this fine-spirited show of manly solidarity, this full-throated chorus in defence of Lawrence's vocabulary and the nobility of his intentions. I have never questioned either, I wish only to say that I think from start to finish he was about as wrong as can be on the whole subject of sex, and that he wrote a very laboriously bad book to prove it. The critics who have been carried away by a generous desire to promote freedom of speech, and give a black eye to prudes and nannies overlook sometimes—and in a work of literature this should not be overlooked, at least not by men whose profession it is to criticise literature—that purity, nobility of intention, and apostolic fervour are good in themselves at times, but at others they depend on context, and in this instance they are simply not enough. Whoever says they are, and tries to

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persuade the public to accept a book for what it is not, a work of good art, is making a grave mistake, if he means to go on writing criticism.

As for the original uproar, Lawrence began it himself, as he nearly always did, loudly and bitterly on the defensive, throwing out each book in turn as if he were an early Christian throwing himself to the lions. "Anybody who calls my novel a dirty, sexual novel is a liar." Further: "It'll infuriate *mean* people; but it will surely soothe decent ones." The *Readers' Subscription* (an American book-club) in its brochure offering the book, carries on the tone boldly: "Now, at long last, a courageous American publisher is making available the unexpurgated version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—exactly as the author meant it to be seen by the intelligent, sensitive reader." No, this kind of left-handed flattery won't quite do: it is the obverse of the form of blackmail used by publishers and critics to choke their ambiguous wares down our throats. They say in effect, "If you disapprove of this book, you are proved to be (1) illiterate, (2) insensitive, (3) unintelligent, (4) low-minded, (5) 'mean,' (6) a hypocrite, (7) a prude, and other unattractive things." I happen to have known quite a number of decent persons, not too unintelligent or insensitive, with some love and understanding of the arts, who were revolted by the book; and I do not propose to sit down under this kind of bullying.

Archibald MacLeish regards it as "pure" and a work of high literary merit. He has a few reservations as to the whole with which I heartily agree so far as they go; yet even Mr. MacLeish begins trailing his coat, daring us at our own risk to deny that the book is "one of the most important works of the century, or to express an opinion about the literature of our own time or about the spiritual history that literature expresses without making his peace in one way or another with D. H. Lawrence and with this work."

Without in the least making my peace with D. H. Lawrence or with this work, I wish to say why I disagree profoundly with the above judgments, and also with the following:

Harvey Breit: "The language and the incidents or scenes in question are deeply moving and very beautiful—Lawrence was concerned how love, how a relationship between a man and a woman can be most touching and beautiful, but only if it is uninhibited and total." This is wildly romantic and does credit to Mr. Breit's feelings, but there can be no such thing as a total relationship between two human beings—to begin with, what *is* total in such a changing, uncertain, limited state? and if there could be, just how would the persons involved know when they had reached it? Judging from certain things he wrote and said on this subject, I think Lawrence would have been the first to protest at even an attempt to create such a condition. He demanded the right to invade anybody, but he was noticeably queasy when anyone took a similar liberty with him.

Edmund Wilson: "The most inspiriting book I have seen in a long time . . . one of his best-written . . . one of his most vigorous and brilliant. . . ."

This reminds me that I helped parade with banners in California in defence of Mr. Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County*—a misguided act of guild loyalty and personal admiration I cannot really regret, so far as friendship is concerned. But otherwise the whole episode was deplorably unnecessary. My preference has not changed for his magnificent *To the Finland Station* and for almost any of his criticisms and essays on literary and public affairs.

Jacques Barzun: "I have no hesitation in saying that I do not consider Lawrence's novel pornographic." I agree with this admirably prudent statement, and again when Mr. Barzun notes Lawrence's ruling passion for reforming everything and everybody in sight. My quarrel with the book is that it really is not pornographic—the great, wild, free-wheeling Spirit of Pornography has here been hitched to a rumbling little domestic cart and trundled off to chapel, its ears pinned back and its mouth washed out with soap.

Mr. Schorer, who contributes the preface, even brings in Yeats to defend this tiresome book. Yeats, bless his memory, when he talked bawdy, knew what he was saying and why. He enjoyed the flavour of gamey words on his tongue, and never deceived himself for one moment as to the nature of that enjoyment; he never got really interestingly dirty until age had somewhat cooled the ardours of his flesh, thus doubling his pleasure in the thoughts of it in the most profane sense. Mr. Schorer reprints part of a letter from Yeats, written years ago, to Mrs. Shakespear: "These two lovers the gamekeeper and his employer's wife each separated from their class by their love and fate are poignant in their loneliness; the coarse language of the one accepted by both becomes a forlorn poetry, uniting their solitudes, something ancient humble and terrible."

THIS COMES AS A BREATH of fresh air upon a fetid topic. Yeats reaches acutely into the muddlement and brings up the simple facts: the real disaster for the lady and the gamekeeper is that they face perpetual exile from their own proper backgrounds and society. Stale, pointless, unhappy as both their lives were before,

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due to their own deficiencies of character, it would seem, yet now they face, once the sexual furore is past, an utter aimlessness in life shocking to think about. Further, Yeats notes an important point I have not seen mentioned before —only one of the lovers uses the coarse language, the other merely accepts it. The gamekeeper talks his dirt and the lady listens, but never once answers in kind. If she had, the gamekeeper would no doubt have been deeply scandalised.

Yet the language needs those words, they have a definite use and value and they should not be used carelessly or imprecisely. My contention is that obscenity is real, is necessary as expression, a safety valve against the almost intolerable pressures and strains of relationship between men and women, and not only between men and women but between any human being and his unmanageable world. If we distort, warp, abuse this language which is the seamy side of the noble language of religion and love, indeed the necessary defensive expression of insult towards the sexual partner and contempt and even hatred of the insoluble stubborn mystery of sex itself which causes us such fleeting joy and such cureless suffering, what have we left for a way of expressing the luxury of obscenity which, for an enormous majority of men, by their own testimony, is half the pleasure of the sexual act?

I would not object, then, to D. H. Lawrence's obscenity if it were really that. I object to his misuse and perversions of obscenity, his wrong-headed denial of its true nature and meaning. Instead of writing straight, healthy obscenity, he makes it sickly sentimental, embarrassingly so, and I find that obscene sentimentality is as hard to bear as any other kind. I object to this pious attempt to purify and canonise obscenity, to castrate the Roaring Boy, to take the low comedy out of sex. We cannot and should not try to hallow these words because they are not hallowed and were never meant to be. The attempt to make pure, tender, sensitive, washed-in-the-blood-of-the-lamb words out of words whose whole intention, function, place in our language is meant to be exactly the opposite is sentimentality, and of a very low order. Our language is rich and full and I daresay there is a word to express every shade of meaning and feeling a human being is capable of, if we are not too lazy to look for it; or if we do not substitute one word for another, such as calling a nasty word—meant to be nasty, we need it that way—"pure," and a pure word "nasty." This is an unpardonable tampering with definitions, and, in Lawrence, I think it comes of a very deep-grained fear and distrust of sex itself; he was never easy on that subject, could not come to terms with it for anything. Perhaps it was a long hang-over from his childish Chapel piety, a violent revulsion from the inane gibberish of some of the hymns. He wrote once with deep tenderness about his early Chapel memories and said that the word "Galilee" had magic for him, and that his favourite hymn was this:

Each gentle dove, and sighing bough,
That makes the eve so dear to me,
Has something far diviner now,
That takes me back to Galilee.
Oh Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so well to be,
Oh Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Come sing again thy songs to me.

His first encounter with dirty words, as he knew them to be, must have brought a shocking sense of guilt, especially as they no doubt gave him great secret pleasure; and to the end of his life he was engaged in the hopeless attempt to wash away that sense of guilt by denying the reality of its cause. He never arrived at the sunny truth so fearlessly acknowledged by Yeats, that "Love has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement"; but Yeats had already learned, long before in his own experience that love has many mansions and only one of them is pitched there—a very important one that should be lived in very boldly and in hot blood at its own right seasons; but to deny its nature is to vulgarise it indeed. My own belief is this, that anything at all a man and woman wish to do or say in their sexual relations, their love-making, or call it what you please, is exactly their own business and nobody else's. But let them keep it to themselves unless they wish to appear ridiculous at best, at worst debased and even criminal. For sex resembles many other acts which may in themselves be harmless, yet when committed in certain circumstances may be not only a sin, but a crime against human life itself, human feelings, human rights—I do not say against ethics, morality, sense of honour (in a discussion of the motives not of the author perhaps, but of the characters in this novel, such words are nearly meaningless), but a never-ending wrong against those elements in the human imagination which were capable of such concepts in the first place. If they need the violent stimulation of obscene acrobatics, ugly words, pornographic pictures, or even low music—there is a negro jazz trumpeter who blows, it is said, a famous aphrodisiac noise—I can think of no argument against it, unless it might be thought a pity their nervous systems are so benumbed they need to be jolted and shocked into pleasure. Sex shouldn't be that kind of hard work, nor should it, as this book promises, lead to such a dull future. For nowhere in this sad history can you see anything but a long, dull

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grey, monotonous chain of days, lightened now and then by a sexual bout. I can't hear any music, or poetry, or the voices of friends, or children. There is no wine, no food, no sleep nor refreshment, no laughter, no rest nor quiet—no love. I remember then that this is the fevered day-dream of a dying man sitting under his umbrella pines in Italy indulging his sexual fantasies. For Lawrence is a Romantic turned wrong side out, and like Swift's recently-flayed woman, it does alter his appearance for the worse—and his visions are easy, dream-like, not subject to any real interruptions and interferences—for like children they see the Others as the Enemy—a mixture of morning dew and mingled body-secretions, a boy imagining a female partner who is nothing but one yielding, faceless, voiceless organ of consent.

An organ, and he finally bestows on those quarters his accolade of approval in the language and tone of praise he might give to a specially succulent scrap of glandular meat fresh from the butcher's. "Tha's a tasty bit of tripe, th'art," he says in effect, if not in just those words. And adds (these *are* his words), "Tha'rt real, even a bit of a bitch." Why a bitch is more real than other forms of life he does not explain. Climbing on his lap, she confirms his diagnosis by whispering, "Kiss me!"

LAWRENCE was a very gifted, distraught man who continually overreached himself in an effort to combine all the authorities of artist, prophet, messiah, leader, censor, and mentor, by use of an unstable and inappropriate medium, the novel. His poetry and painting aside, he should be considered first as a writer of prose, and as a novelist. If a novelist is going to be so opinionated and obstinate and crazed on so many subjects he will need to be a Tolstoy, not a Lawrence. Only Tolstoy could be so furiously and fiercely wrong. He can nearly persuade you by sheer overwhelming velocity of will to agree with him.

Tolstoy once said—as reported by Gorky in his little memoir of Tolstoy—that in effect (I have the book in the house, but cannot find it now) the truth about women was so hideous he dared not tell it, except when his grave was dug and ready for him. He would run to it—or was it to his coffin?—tell the truth about women, and then pull the lid, or was it the clods, over his head. . . .

It's a marvellous picture. Tolstoy was merely roaring in the frenzy roused in him in face of his wife's terrible, relentless adoration, her shameless fertility, her unbearable fidelity, the shocking series of jealous revenges she took upon him for his hardness of heart and wickedness

Bunyan: The Pilgrim's Progress

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to her, the whole mystery of her oppressive femaleness. He did not know the truth about women, not even about that one who was the curse of his life. He did not know the truth about himself. This is not surprising, for no one does know the truth, either about himself or about anyone else, and all recorded human acts and words are open testimony to our endless efforts to know each other, and our failure to do so. I am only saying, that it takes Homer or Sophocles or Dante or Chaucer or Shakespeare, or, at rather a distance, Tolstoy, to silence us, to force us to listen and almost to believe in their version of things, lulled or exalted or outraged into a brief acceptance. Lawrence has no grandeur in wrath or arrogance or love; he buzzes and darts like a wasp, irritable and irritating, hovering and bedevilling with a kind of insect-like persistence—he nags, in a word, and that is intolerable from anyone but surely unpardonable in an artist.

This tendency to nag, to disguise poorly as fiction a political, sociological tract, leads Lawrence, especially in this book, into some scenes on the grisly-comic order; they remind me of certain passages in *The Grapes of Wrath*, and pretty much on the same level, regarded as literature. Yet Steinbeck's genius for bathos never exceeded a certain scene by Lawrence which I have never heard mentioned by anyone, in talk or in print, by any critic however admiring—certainly, I have not heard all the talk or seen all the print on this subject—but I sympathise with this omission for I hardly know where to begin with it. It is the unbelievably grotesque episode of this besotted couple weaving flowers in each other's pubic hair, hanging bouquets and wreaths in other strategic bodily spots, making feeble little dirty jokes, inventing double-meaning nicknames for their sexual organs, and altogether, though God knows it is of an imbecilic harmlessness, and is meant in all solemn God's-earnestness to illustrate true passion at lyric play, I for one feel that I have overheard talk and witnessed acts never meant for me to hear or witness. The act itself I could not regard as shocking or in any way offensive except for its lack of reserve and privacy. Love-making surely must be, for human beings at our present state of development, one of the more private enterprises. Who would want a witness to that entire self-abandonment and helplessness? So it is best in such a case for the intruder to tip-toe away quietly, and say nothing. I hold that this is not prudery nor hypocrisy; I still believe in the validity of simple respect and regard for the dark secret things of life—that they should be inviolable, and guarded by the two who take part, and that no other presence should be invited.

Let us go on with the scene in question. The lovers are in his gamekeeper's lodge, it is raining, the impulsive woman takes off to the woods stark naked except for a pair of rubbers, lifting her heavy breasts to the rain (she is constitutionally overweight), and doing eurythmic movements she had learned long ago in Dresden. The gamekeeper is so exalted by this spectacle he takes out after her, faunlike, trips her up, and they splash about together in the rilling rainwater. . . . It could, I suppose, be funnier, but I cannot think how. And somewhere in these extended passages the gamekeeper pauses to give his lady a lecture on the working class and its dullness due to the industrial system. He blames everything on the mechanised life "out there," and his complaint recurs with variations: "Though it's a shame, what's been done to people these last hundred years: man turned into nothing but labour-insects, and all their manhood taken away, and all their real life." Hadn't Lawrence got any notion of what had been done to such people the hundred years before the last, and the hundred before that, and so on, back to the beginning?

YET BOTH THE LOVERS did accept the standards of her world in appearances at least; over and over she observes that her gamekeeper is really quite elegant or self-possessed or looks "like a gentleman," and is pleased to think that she could introduce him anywhere. He observes the same thing of himself from time to time in an oblique way—he is holding his own among them, even now and again putting them down. Here are glimpses of Lady Chatterley sizing up Mellors on their first meeting: "He was a man in dark green velveteen and gaiters . . . the old style, with a red face and red moustache and distant eyes. . . ." And later, she noted that "he breathed rather quickly, through parted lips," while pushing his invalid employer's wheelchair uphill. "He was rather frail, really. Curiously full of vitality, but a little frail and quenched." Earlier she has been described as "a soft, ruddy, country-looking girl, inclined to freckles, with big blue eyes and curling hair, and a soft voice and rather strong, female loins"; in fact, "she was too feminine to be quite smart."

Essentially, these are fairly apt descriptions of Lawrence and Frieda Lawrence, as one would need only to have seen photographs to recognise. This is relevant only because the artist's life is always his material and it seems pointless to look for hidden clues when they are so obviously on the surface. Lawrence the man and Lawrence the artist are more than usually inseparable: he is everywhere, and everywhere the same, in his letters, his criticism, his poetry, his painting, the uneasy, suffering, vociferous man

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who wanted to be All-in-All in all things, but never discovered what the All is, or if it exists indeed. This will to omniscience is most clearly seen in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. In the entire series of sexual scenes, growing in heat and intensity quite naturally, with the language not coarsening particularly, it could not be coarser than it began, there is only more of it, with the man showing off his prowess as he perceives his success—all this is exposed from the point of view of the woman. Lawrence constantly describes what the man *did*, but tells us with great authority what the woman *felt*. Of course, he cannot possibly know—it is like a textbook of instructions to a woman as to how she should feel in such a situation. That is not his territory, and he has no business there. This shameless, incessant, nosy kind of poaching on the woman's nature as if determined to leave her no place of her own is what I find peculiarly repellent. The best he can ever do is to gather at second-hand, by hearsay, from women, in these matters; and though he had the benefit no doubt of some quite valid confidences and instruction from women entirely honest with him, it still just looks pretty fraudulent; somehow he shouldn't pretend he is the woman in the affair, too, as well as the man. It shows the obsessional nature of his self-centredness; he gives the nightmarish impression of the bi-sexual snail squeezed into its narrow house making love to itself—my notion of something altogether undesirable even in the lowest possible forms of life. We have seen in his writings his hatred and distrust of women—of the female principle, that is; with some of its exemplars he managed to get along passably—shown in his perpetual exasperated admonition to woman to be what he wants her to be, without any regard to what she possibly may be—to stop having any will or mind or indeed any existence of her own except what he allows her. He will dole out to her the kind of sex he thinks is good for her, and allow her just the amount of satisfaction in it he wishes her to have—not much. Even Lady Chatterley's ration seems more in the head than in the womb.

Yet, where can it end? The gamekeeper, in spite of a certain fragility of appearance, seems to be the fighting-cock sort, wiry and tough enough, and he certainly runs through a very creditable repertory of sexual styles and moods. Yet he is a man of physical limitations like any other. Lady Chatterley is the largish, slow-moving, solid sort, and we know by her deeds and her words she is not worn down by an active mind. Such a woman often wears extremely well, physically. How long will it be before that enterprising man exhausts himself trying to be everything in that affair, both man and woman too, while she has nothing to do

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but be passive and enjoy whatever he wants her to have in the way he wants her to have it? It seems to me a hopelessly one-sided arrangement, it places all responsibility on him, and he will be the loser. Such a woman could use up half a dozen such men, and it is plain already that she will shortly be looking for another man; I give him two years at the rate he is going, if sex is really all he has to offer her, or all she is able to accept. For if sex alone is what she must have, she will not abide with him.

Jean Cocteau has told somewhere a terrible story of a priest in a hotel, who, hearing the death-rattle of a man in the next room, mistook it for animal noises of a successful intercourse and knocked censoriously on the wall. We should all be very careful not to make the same mistake.

Lawrence, who was prickly as a hedgehog where his own privacies were concerned, cannot in his mischievous curiosity allow to a woman even the privacy of her excremental functions. He has to tell her in so many words just where her private organs are located, what they are good for, and how praiseworthy he finds the whole arrangement. Nothing will do for him but to try to crawl into her skin; finding that impossible, at last he admits unwillingly a fact you would think a sensible person would have been born knowing, or would have learned very early: that we *are* separate, each a unique entity, strangers by birth, that our envelopes are meant as the perfect device for keeping us separate. We are meant to share, not to devour each other; no one can claim the privilege of two lives, his own and another's.

MR. SCHORER IN HIS PREFACE HAILS the work as "a great hymn to marriage." That, I should say, it is not, above all. No matter what the protagonists think they are up to, this is the story of an "affair," and a thoroughly disreputable one, based on the treachery of a woman to her husband who has been made impotent by wounds received in war; and by the mean trickery of a man of low origins out to prove he is as good as, or better than, the next man. Mr. Schorer also accepts and elucidates for us Lawrence's favourite, most bathetic fallacy. He writes:

> The pathos of Lawrence's novel arises from the tragedy of modern society. What is tragic is that we cannot feel our tragedy. We have grown slowly into a confusion of these terms, these two forms of power, and in confusing them we have left almost no room for the free creative functions of the man or woman who, lucky soul, possesses "integrity of self." The force of this novel probably lies in the degree of intensity with which his indictment of the world and the consequent solitude of his lovers suggest such larger meanings.

If Mr. Schorer means to say—he sometimes expresses himself a little cloudily—that the modern industrial world, Lawrence's pet nightmare, has destroyed, among a number of other things, some ancient harmony once existing between the sexes which Lawrence proposes to restore by the uttering of short words during the sexual act, I must merely remind him that all history is against his theory. The world itself, as well as the relationship between men and women, has not "grown into confusion." We have never had anything else, or anything much better; all human life since recorded time has been a terrible struggle from confusion to confusion to more confusion, and Lawrence, aided by his small but vociferous congregation—for there remain in his doctrine and manner the style of the parochial messiah, the chapel preacher's threats and cajolements—has done nothing but add his own peculiar mystifications to the subject.

One trouble with him, always, and it shows more plainly than ever in this book, is that he wanted to play all the rôles, be everywhere and everybody at once. He wishes to be the godhead in his dreary rigmarole of primitive religion, as in *The Plumed Serpent*, but must be the passive female too. Until he tires of it, and comes up with a fresh set of rules for everybody. Mr. Schorer cites a passage from a letter Lawrence wrote to someone when his feelings were changing. "The leader-cum-follower relationship is a bore," he decided, "and the new relationship will be some sort of tenderness, sensitive, between men and men, and between men and women." He gets a good deal of himself into these few words. First, when he is tired of the game he has invented and taught as a religion, everybody must drop it. Second, he seems not to have observed that tenderness is not a new relationship between persons who love one another. Third, he said between men and men, and men and women. He did not say between women and women, for his view of women is utterly baleful, and he has expressed it ferociously over and over. Women must be kept apart, for they contaminate each other. They are to be redeemed one by one through the sexual offices of a man, who seems to have no other function in her life, nor she in his. One of the great enlightenments of Lady Chatterley after her experience of the sentimental obscenities of her gamekeeper is to see other women clearly, women sexually less lucky than she, and to realise that they are all horrible! She can't get away fast enough, and back to

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the embraces of her fancy man—and yet—and yet—

TRUE marriage? Love, even? Even really good sex-as-such? It seems a very sad, shabby sort of thing to have to settle for, poor woman. I suppose she deserves anything she gets, really, but her just deserts are none of our affair. The pair are so plainly headed, not for tragedy but just a dusty limbo, their fate interests us as a kind of curiosity. It is true that her youth was robbed by her husband's fate in the war. I think he was worse robbed, even, with no way out, yet nobody seems to feel sorry for him. He is shown as having very dull ideas with conversation to match, but he is not more dull than the gamekeeper, who forgets that the lady's aristocratic husband was not born impotent, as Lawrence insists by way of his dubious hero, all upper-class men were. At this point Lawrence's confusion of ideas and feelings, the pull and haul between his characters who go their own dreary way in spite of him, and the ideas he is trying to express through them become pretty nearly complete. It would take another book to thread out and analyse the contradictions and blind alleys into which the reader is led.

Huizinga, on page 199 of his book, *The Waning of the Middle Ages*, tells of the erotic religious visions of a late medieval monk, and adds: "The description of his numerous visions is characterised at the same time by an excess of sexual imagination and by the absence of all genuine emotion." Lawrence used to preach frantically that people must get sex out of their heads and back where it belongs; and never learned that sex lives in all our parts, and must have the freedom of the whole being—to run easily in the blood and nerves and cells, adding its glow of life to everything it touches. The ineptitudes of these awful little love-scenes seem heart-breaking—that a man of such gifts should have lived so long and learned no more about love than that!

I. A. Richards as Poet

Goodbye Earth and Other Poems. By I. A. RICHARDS. *Routledge*, 21s.

ON THE back cover of *Goodbye Earth*, there is a startling photograph of Richards—heavy socks, climber's knickerbockers, sleeves rolled up, shirt open at the throat. He is at some half-way point in the Swiss Alps, leaning on his up-ended pick, which is, like a prisoner's ball-and-chain, penitentially attached to his belt. In the mountains one feels free, yes, but a mountain climber is also enslaved. Even now, taking his breather, and resting before his Byronic scenery, as if it were a landscape he had painted, he knows he should be moving on. The next lap, the middle foreground's attractively gullied and evergreen rise, is not a picture—it is a problem. Beyond and above, and really, as in the photograph, just an arm's swing away, the absolute malignly beckons. Bald, treeless peaks, lifeless as the mountains on a relief-map, spread the sail-like mirage of their deadness. Malign, too, and seepingly present, though unrepresented here, is the other busy, lower world of routine, duties, books, interviews, and chairs. In this "sporting" photograph, the narrowed eyes and cheek-shadows of the climber's face have a down-dragging gravity. The obstinate chin, the toughness, the knowledge, the muscle —Goodbye earth at last! Nearly a lifetime it took. Richards' first book of poetry is also the first of its kind.

"How difficult and delicate a task even the mere mechanism of verse is, may be conjectured from the failure of those who have attempted to write verse late in life." Coleridge wrote this sentence, fortunately forced to "conjecture," for the pains and ineptitudes of the late beginner were among the few he never experienced. Compared with these, Coleridge's anguish for his decaying inspiration was commonplace and tolerable. *Goodbye Earth* was begun when Richards was nearly sixty. It bristles with the difficulties of "mere mechanism," and is unique in not providing another exhibit of failure.

The theorist shifting from observation to practice is always on show and likely to become a spectacle. Poetry is almost more encumbered than furthered by the critical mind filled with sustained, subtle reasoning, high, hampering criteria, fierce crotchets, and the sublime whir of favourite quotations. What makes the small, sporadic spouts of first-rate poetry written by the great critics peculiarly resilient is the intelligence's creased, gratuitous labours, as it struggles with serpentine hesitations.

Richards writing poetry is not much like the usual good critic. He doesn't wave a heavy baton, castigate the indulgences of the age, or try to build classical and exemplary models of rightness. He doesn't steel himself, entrench, and give an impression of unbelievable toils met. He is willing to be conventional, casual, and innocent, if he can be ingenious and himself. Though worlds apart from the slovenly, egotistical sprawl of the Bohemian, he glories in ingenuity.

On Richards' front cover, the black-and-white, abstract, yet protozoa-like, disc of the Yin and the Yang stares starkly outwards, like

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some device for testing astigmatism. His preface drops a phrase about recent "improved techniques for the exposition of structure," teasingly twits Poe for his failure to give his promised "step-by-step" description of how a "composition attained its ultimate point of completion," then the question is breezily tossed aside. Poems are prefaced by long, deep, and curious quotations; in the appendix, notes explain alternate meanings of words, and give more long, deep, and curious quotations. The poems themselves are loaded with steep reasoning, archaic words, technical terms, slang, special knowledges, and cunningly-exploded echoes from other literature. Often teacher, sage, idealist, and humorist huddle in one line—all elbowing and gouging for dominance. Fascinated by a poem's moments, one often has no idea what it means.

In perpetuity
Be here their prayer:
May may become
While would would waft
Or let let be
Our sum our raft our quay.

On one level, these lines are the joyful light fingerwork of a puzzle; on another, they ache with the growing pains of apprenticeship. An almost impossibly forbidding fancy for a poem to make a prayer out of is given an almost impossibly difficult metrical hurdle. The repetitions bang, the three rhyme words in the last line have a blasé disjunctiveness, *waft* is coyly archaic, *let* seems to split into two contradictory and emotionally annihilating meanings. Even here, however, I feel an airy assurance and the amused, didactic modesty of authentic style.

About half of Richards' poems are very hard. He has a Welsh streak that loves to jangle words in the manner of Dylan Thomas and to give simple passions a dazzling crackle. Beyond this, his mind, brimming with semantics, philosophy, physics, and strange bits of information, is miraculously quick and subtle. He is perhaps the only poet since Empson who deserves to be difficult intellectually and is even forced to be. His harder poems are too jerky, twisted, and abstract to quite come off. They are pioneering drives, grappling with new, intractable material —now getting in a sure, devastating thrust, now rocking apart. Perhaps success and failure are irrelevant. What remains and matters is the gallantry and doggedness of the mind refusing to desert its customary tools and targets, its promise to stay standing in the arena of the impossible.

The weight of this battle with abstraction seems to give greater force and delicacy to the many poems and parts of poems where Richards is passionate and direct.

HARVARD YARD IN APRIL:
APRIL IN HARVARD YARD

To and fro
Across the fretted snow
Figures, footprints, shadows go.

Their python boughs a-sway
The fountain elms cascade
In swinging lattices of shade
Where this or that or the other thought
Might perch and rest.
And rest they ought
For poise or reach.
Not all is timely. See, the beech,
In frosty elephantine skin
Still winter-sealed, will not begin
Though silt the alleys hour on hour
Débris of the fallen flower,
And other flowery allure
Lounge sunlit on the Steps and there
Degrees of loneliness confer.

Lest, lest . . . away!
You may
Be lost by May.

This flashes and zigzags like a humming-bird. The high points of poise are in the form, stiff, firm, yet improvisatory, the slyness in hiding the college girls under "flowery allure," the strange, glistening description, airy yet meticulous, the marvellous shaded pause of "And rest they ought, etc." As Richards darts with own unrivalled *élan* from the momentary to the absolute, his wavering, intricate, modern mind is joined to an old, joyful simplicity.

He can put speculation, cosmic and grand enough for Lucretius, in a stanza that some late, rather Alexandrian troubadour might have invented as a problem of metrical acrobatics.

Balanced up somehow on a ball
That spins
And spirals
As it plummets
Newton walked to Stourbridge Fair
And bought his prism
That was to fell the founding wall
Undo the
All
Renew the
Fall
Bound through all limits
And far and here declare
The mere abysm.

No other form could have encompassed this reasoning and given it the right tone of litheness and lightness and spellbinding daring and flat amusement. It is like attending a scientific experiment, one that can only be performed once.

Robert Lowell

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The Lost Revolution

Thirteen Days that Shook the Kremlin: Imre Nagy and the Hungarian Revolution. By TIBOR MERAY. *Thames and Hudson.* 21s.

The Truth about the Nagy Affair. With a preface by ALBERT CAMUS. *Secker and Warburg.* 35s.

AT THE time the Hungarian revolution read like a tragedy without a hero. No 20th-century Kossuth rose to the occasion. Imre Nagy seemed to be simply inadequate for the leading rôle: like Mikhailovich in Yugoslavia a decade before, he was "swept away by the gale of the world"; and his pitiful surrender and subsequent martyrdom only bore out the comparison. What can one say of the rest? Shakespeare might have made something of General Pal Maleter, though not above the level of Hotspur; or something of Kadar, though well below the standard of Richard III. István Bibo, the last of Nagy's Ministers to continue the fight, "entrenched with a machine-gun on the second floor of the Cabinet offices" against the advancing Soviet tanks, would have appealed to Victor Hugo, who declared General Cambronne to have been the victor of Waterloo because he was still fighting, and uttering his famous *mot*, when everyone else had stopped. But Hungary's tragedy lacks a Brutus or even a Macbeth.

Writing three years after the event, Mr. Meray has tried to restore Imre Nagy to the title rôle. He is well qualified for the task, being a distinguished Hungarian writer who knew Nagy intimately and lived close to him during the thirteen days of the revolution. But he sees his hero this side idolatry, and he is too honest to magnify him beyond his natural size. The book is valuable for the disillusioning light it throws on Nagy's personality, and for the confirmation which it gives of his limitations. We can now see exactly why Nagy failed. He failed firstly because he regarded Hungary as the centre of the earth at a time when its real importance in international affairs was strictly marginal; and secondly, because he did not really understand even what was going on in Hungary. He was, after all, with all his sterling merits, still a professing Communist.

The delusion of being the centre of the earth is common in the Balkans, and not confined either to Hungary or to the year 1956. All those countries of South-East Europe which had made the disastrous mistake of siding with Hitler in the second World War spent the last months of that war founding their policy on the belief that the sole object of the Western allies was to provide them with an easy escape from their follies, and above all to rescue them from Communism.

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Hungarians believed that the Anglo-American war aim was simply to liberate them (and incidentally to hold off the extravagant claims of the Rumanians as well as the Russians). Rumanians were confident, on the contrary, that the aim was to liberate them (and incidentally to hold off the extravagant claims of the Hungarians as well as the Russians). And so on round the Balkan clock-face the delusions persisted against all the evidence.

It must be admitted that by the autumn of 1956 the evidence had begun to pile up again in support of such delusions. Dulles had spoken of "rolling back the iron curtain by moral force." The Poles appeared actually to have brought off the miracle. Radio Free Europe was speaking in a way which, to those not accustomed to long-term propaganda, seemed to be an invitation to action. The tragedy was that when the Western Powers were presented with precisely the kind of revolutionary upsurge which they appeared to have been asking for, they had not the slightest idea what to do about it.

There was in fact nothing whatever that they could have done about the Hungarian rising unless they had been willing to risk a third world war. It was absurd to anyone in the West to imagine that such a price could ever have been acceptable, but it was not absurd in Hungary. The Hungarians concluded that the reason for the Western failure to come to their aid was the supervention of an incomprehensible event called "Suez." The baffling quality of this supervention is very apparent in Mr. Meray's book, but it is difficult to be quite sure whether the incomprehension is that of the Hungarians reflected in his narrative, or whether it is his own, or merely his translator's. The first mention of the Suez intervention in his book comes just over half-way through in the curious sentence which ends the account of October 30th: "Not much later the Associated Press reported that British and French troops had begun to occupy the Suez."

The sentence is chronologically inaccurate by a week, and the sense of geography implied in it is bizarre; though allowance must be made for the historical irony that the Anglo-French intervention is now universally known by the name of the one vital place which it never reached, which was Suez. But this and other scattered references suggest that the Hungarians also had only the vaguest idea what was going on in the outside world to affect their fortunes. In this respect Nagy seems to have been typical.

Probably they were not only ignorant about what was happening, but mistaken in believing that it could have made the slightest difference to them. A re-examination of the evidence does not suggest that the action of the Red Army in Hungary was in any way determined by events in the Middle East. But it needed a very sophisticated eye to see this at the time. The Hungarians were novices on the international political scene: it was less than a year since they had been admitted to the United Nations, about which, as Mr. Meray mildly remarks, "they harboured certain illusions as to its possibilities of action." It seems that Nagy himself was little if at all ahead of his fellow-countrymen in the depth of his understanding of international politics. Once the problem had outgrown the narrow framework of Soviet-Hungarian relations, he was lost.

No doubt he was lost anyway. It is difficult to believe that Nagy could have handled the revolution successfully even if it had been confined strictly within national limits. The recurrent, if reluctant and even involuntary theme of Mr. Meray's book is Nagy's failure to keep pace with events in his own thinking, and the disappointment which his inept reactions provoked among his supporters. From the start they hoped too much from him. When he was in disgrace between his first and final premierships, according to Mr. Meray, the public idolised him. Audiences would give him an ovation at the theatre. People gathered to shake his hand in the street, and passed round his writings with clandestine enthusiasm. Even when he was back in power surrounded by the discredited monsters of the Hungarian Communist Party, the man in the street still had confidence in him. But everything he did was too little and too late. He failed to distinguish between his disinterested supporters and the neo-Fascists whom Mr. Meray admits to have been active among the revolutionaries. He was aloof and impatient towards his sincerest advisers. When he did the right thing, he did it days after it might have been effective. Yet almost till the end he seems to have been under the delusion that he had everything under control.

In a sense—but a very different sense indeed—the same delusion was shared by the Soviet authorities and the relics of Hungarian Stalinism, who eventually put Nagy on trial and executed him for "treason." It is not easy from a Western viewpoint to see the Hungarian revolution through Soviet eyes, but it would be foolish and dangerous to doubt that they sincerely believed Nagy to be guilty of the organised conspiracy against the "people's democratic state order" with which he was charged. Everything, they believed, happened as Nagy intended it to happen, up to the moment when Kadar saw through his plans on November 2nd and recovered the initiative. The genuineness of this belief is one of the clear conclusions which emerges from a careful study of the indictment presented in the *Hungarian*

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White Book. Its genuineness withstands even the detailed commentary which accompanies it in *The Truth about the Nagy Affair*, now published with a preface by Albert Camus under the auspices of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. The frightening thing about the evidence presented against Nagy, so far as it is allowed to appear, is not that it is fabricated—obviously it is not—but that it should have convinced Communist judges of the exact opposite of what it would convince any fair-minded Western reader.

In *The Truth about the Nagy Affair* the indictment is taken to pieces and minutely examined by a group of anonymous Hungarians, including friends and colleagues and ex-party members. Sentence by sentence they show the absurdity of the charges of forming a "secret anti-state organisation," of "preparing and launching the counter-revolutionary uprising," of "calling for the overthrow of the People's Democracy by force," and so on. It is clear that in Western terminology the hero of Mr. Meray's book did none of these things and was incapable of doing them; and the same is no less clear from the detailed evidence quoted in the indictment. It is not, therefore, fabricated evidence. If it were fabricated, it would have been much more damning; and it could not be fabricated, because the trial of Imre Nagy, as the editors point out, differed from the Moscow trials of the 1930's in being concerned with events which "took place in the full light of history." The "prefabrication" to which they refer was therefore an operation not upon the facts but upon their interpretation. And in this context interpretation is not a matter of being honest or dishonest but of being a Communist or a non-Communist.

The crucial point which will act as a watershed between Communist and non-Communist interpretation is whether Nagy was or was not taken by surprise on October 23rd. The editors assert as common knowledge that "Nagy and the opposition which he led within the party played a decisive part in the ferment which had been continuous in Hungary from 1953 onwards." They distinguish between "a circle drawing inspiration from the reforming ideas of Imre Nagy," which did exist, and "a group of conspirators," which did not. But to Nagy's accusers that was a distinction without a difference; and there is the sum of the whole matter. It is impossible to argue across such a gulf. It can only be added in conclusion from the Western side that the indictment analysed in *The Truth about the Nagy Affair* completely bears out the picture of Nagy contained in Mr. Meray's book. If he ever was a conspirator, which in Western terminology he certainly was not, then he was a pitifully inefficient one; and when a revolution was presented to him ready-made, he had no more idea than the British and American Governments what to do.

The failure lay in the narrowness of his past experience. Agricultural economics was his special field, and he looked upon it as a branch of Marxist science, embodying rules of universal application. Rather as Neville Chamberlain approached Hitler as one Birmingham businessman to another, so Nagy confronted the flood of counter-revolution with the implements of land-reform. "In the midst of a revolution, he still saw himself as a man of science"; and while the Red Army was gathering round Budapest for the kill, he went to bed to sleep in peace, satisfied that there was no longer any fear of Stalinism raising its ugly head again in Hungary. One of his followers called the Hungarian tragedy "the revolution of the lost forty-eight hours," but this too is to misconceive the scale of the odds against which Hungary was pitted. A shift of a day or two in the time-scale of events and decisions would not have saved Budapest or Nagy, though it might have increased the latter's heroic stature. Only one conceivable conjunction of circumstances could have saved them both: a willingness on the part of the U.S.A. to risk starting the third world war over Hungary coupled with a refusal on the part of the U.S.S.R. to face that

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risk. We know now that the first of these two conditions was too much to expect, and the second therefore never needed to be tested. A more penetrating politician than Nagy would have seen this at the time; a more heroic national leader would have defied the fates nevertheless, and gone down fighting. Nagy was neither, and did neither: he was just a nice little man swimming against the tide out of his depth.

It is the "little man" whose portrait comes through Mr. Meray's narrative most persuasively. Nagy reminds one of the character once created by the cartoonist Strube: the "little man" with his bowler-hat and umbrella, bewildered by the events of which he was the victim but always hoping cheerfully for the best. Mr. Meray tells an anecdote from Nagy's early revolutionary career:

> An old friend of his, the miner Janos Zgyerka, told the story of how both Nagy and he had once (about 1925) been arrested because of Communist agitation and of how they had spent some time together in the ill-famed Budapest prison known as the *Gyujtofoghaz*. Imre Nagy quietly managed to keep up his spirits throughout the entire period of the imprisonment. He had a bowler-hat which he used as a pillow in his cell, and on it he slept very well—as befitted a man of good conscience. . . .

It is still too soon to reconstruct the life of Imre Nagy; but the outlines are fairly visible in Mr. Meray's book.

C. M. Woodhouse

Victoriana

The Age of Improvement. By Asa Briggs. *Longmans.* 35s.

The Prince Consort. By Frank Eyck. *Chatto & Windus.* 30s.

Lord Randolph Churchill. By Robert Rhodes James. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 36s.

The shift that has taken place in the focus of political controversy from the economic to the social has given a new depth to our historical literature, and has demanded a reassessment of the Victorian age from which the main features of our challenged "Establishment" are derived. It is perhaps unfair to classify Professor Asa Briggs' fascinating book as a piece of Victoriana; the plan of the new Longmans history of England of which this forms part has allotted to Professor Briggs the period from 1783 to 1867—from the setback to reform (which was what the French Revolution meant in England) to the "leap in the dark" of 1867 (which put England on the way to manhood suffrage and democracy). We thus get the preparation of the Victorian age and its early triumphs, not the questionings, new challenges, and unresolved problems of the age of Empire.

But these convenient distinctions are not wholly relevant to Professor Briggs' method and approach. He is concerned with the continuing development and transformation of an economy and a society, with its institutions and ideas and not with events or with individuals. This helps to explain the much criticised lack of attention to some important aspects of the period—Ireland and India, for instance. It is, as it were, sociology in depth—generalisation illumined by apt and telling illustration. Material progress is assessed not in purely statistical terms but as it affected different classes and groups of society; and Professor Briggs despite his sojourns in Cambridge, London, and Oxford is too good a Yorkshireman, too good a provincial in the best sense not to see that even in this small island there is a variety of experience by region as well as class.

Occasionally one may feel that for the sake of conveying the physical reality of the popular experience, Professor Briggs is perhaps too prone to sacrifice other qualities to this one. It is important to know not only what British experience was but whether it was unique; to concentrate on those events abroad after 1848 which helped to keep "militant radicalism" alive and so "broke the languor of English politics" is commendable. But one would like to know what Professor Briggs sees as the reason for the fact that "the balance of interests" was attained in mid-Victorian England but not, clearly, in mid-Victorian France. No one is better qualified to look at England as part of Europe, and it is a pity that for a wider synthesis we must still look outside our own universities. Nevertheless, in its scope and vigour, in its refusal to draw a rigid line of division between the economic, the political, and the social, in its firm sense of the really important and decisive turns in the story, this is a major contribution to recent historical literature.

One turning-point at the apex of English society, as Professor Briggs notes, was the Queen's marriage to a man who "displayed all those 'Victorian' virtues of character which Melbourne regarded as unnecessary in a man of his station"; for it was his friendship with another serious and hard-working person, Sir Robert Peel, which helped "to set the tone of mid-Victorian England." The Prince Consort's unpopularity was not only because of his un-English set of virtues but because he was popularly regarded as doing far more than his

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position warranted: being a busybody. Contemporaries could only see the evidence of this in his zeal for internal improvement; but we now know that it was the guiding of foreign policy upon which the Prince laid most stress. In his careful and painstaking biography, Mr. Eyck takes us through the Prince's actions in his self-appointed rôle as "the Queen's permanent adviser in affairs of State." In so far as the Prince clearly regarded himself not merely as the consort of an English constitutional monarch but as entitled to have views of his own on such highly controversial subjects as German unification—not a self-evident British interest when under Prussia's aegis—perhaps contemporary criticism was not wholly misplaced. It is rather the constitutional question of the Prince's right to urge his views upon ministers and to carry on a direct personal diplomacy of his own than his responsibility for later developments in Germany, of which one can certainly acquit him, that is at the real heart of the matter. Mr. Eyck's defence of his hero has some element of shadow-boxing in it.

In the year of the second reform act, Lord Randolph Churchill became an undergraduate at Merton. It was the fortune of this spoilt and moody young man to make himself by a combination of curious circumstance and undoubted ability, for a short period, one of the first English politicians to exploit the widening of the political constituency. His achievement has been obscured by the dramatic circumstances of his early fall from power and the subsequent terrible eclipse. To attempt a new biography of Lord Randolph in face of Sir Winston's own memorable account of his father's career is to show courage; and although Mr. James has had wider sources at his disposal than were available when Sir Winston wrote, there are still some limitations upon a writer's freedom when dealing with some personal issues of the time. Nevertheless, Mr. James has surmounted every handicap. With a real sense of construction, an unobtrusive and yet perfectly responsive style, and with a gift for significant quotation that many historians of much greater experience might envy, Mr. James is a young man who has clearly found his vocation in the writing of political biography. He has indeed produced a model of the genre; and his promised life of Lord Rosebery, another and even more powerful example of an aristocrat coping with democratic politics (and ultimately failing), should be looked forward to with something of the same eager anticipation with which, one supposes, Victorian readers awaited the next instalment of the latest Dickens.

Max Beloff

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LETTERS

North Atlantic Left

THIS is the third time in fifteen years that the voters in an English-speaking democracy have quietly, without warning, gone ahead and done the unexpected thing. In 1945 they decisively repudiated the Tories in Britain at Winston Churchill's very moment of fulfilled victory. They kept Harry S. Truman in the White House in Washington in 1948. And now they have made it quite clear that they do not regard the Labour Party as a sound answer to the present needs and hopes of Britain.

There is one common denominator in these three surprise verdicts. Each represented a repudiation of a party offering specific advantages to minority groups, but no broad and satisfying reward to the general community.

The Tories of 1945 were very Tory indeed. They overlooked the fact that after five years of blood, sweat, and tears the survivors wanted assurance of some reward more tangible than the joys of victory. Labour promised, among other things, a national health service and cradle-to-grave social security. The Tories neglected to offer anything equally attractive to the majority. They learned their lesson that year.

The Republicans of 1948 were also very Republican. They went out for the blood of Democrats. They promised to undo the New Deal. But the undoing of the New Deal was at that time hardly an offer of something obviously advantageous to the majority of the people who had tasted the New Deal and found it preferable to what they remembered of the old days. The Republicans won four years later under the leadership of a man who promised peace in Korea and was most careful to refrain from attacking the New Deal as being all evil.

Labour of 1959 promised special reward to the aged, to the victims of industrial changes in textiles and coal, and to searchers for low-rent housing. But it neglected to offer something tempting to a broad cross-section of the whole community. Labour in Britain this year was just as much a class party appealing to narrow groups as were the Tories of 1945 or the Republicans of 1948.

The one and only sure conclusion which can be drawn is just a simple, elementary, and time-honoured rule of applied politics. The victory goes to the party which appears in the eyes of the generality of voters to offer most to the broad community. Of course, it also offers special favours to special groups who appear at the time to be political or economic "hardship cases." But it must beware of offering bonuses only to minority groups which in the aggregate are still a minority of the whole population. If it concentrates on offers to small groups it runs the risk of seeming insufficiently interested in the welfare of the whole community.

Surely this is what Tories did in 1945, Republicans in 1948, and Labour in 1959. In each case the appeal of the loser was too narrow to persuade the majority. In each case the appeal of the winner was to a broader group—to the majority.

One can, as D. W. Brogan did [ENCOUNTER, January], go on from there and explore more esoteric and ideological conclusions. It is tempting to conclude that Socialism as a doctrine has lost its momentum and appeal. This, I think, may well be the case, but is not necessarily the case. After all, Socialism is a label which does not necessarily cover a completed set of policies. Toryism is a label for a changing set of policies. Lord Woolton and "Rab" Butler have made it highly flexible and adaptable. They have successfully blanketed under it policies of broad appeal. In theory at least, both Labour and Socialism, as labels, could be unfrozen and made flexible. There is no law which prohibits Socialists from revising their doctrines. They concurrently suffer merely from the fact that for a long time they have not revised their doctrines, but rather have for so long left them unrevised and unadapted to changing times that as they stand they seem singularly out-of-date and singularly inflexible.

The Labour appeal of 1959 was heavily directed towards such persons in the British community as still wear the label proudly and consciously. The events of October 8th are fairly convincing that this is a declining segment of the population. The label Labour is apparently accepted proudly only by those people who regard themselves as forever relegated to the class of daily or weekly wage-earners. Many a person currently in that category apparently now looks to the day when he will move out of it into the upper ranks of those paid by the month, by cheque, not by cash, and thus endowed by that final symbol of admission to the middle classes—possession of a bank account.

Too much for its own welfare, Labour last year appealed only to those who have no hope of arriving at "bank account" status.

How the Labour Party and the less defined body of socialists are to rescue themselves from their declining ability to identify themselves with the majority of the voters is of course a large question. They seem to be suffering the fate of most parties in history which identified themselves with some particular cause—Federalists, Free-soilers, Prohibitionists, Anti-vivisectionists, etc., etc. A single cause tends to suffer one of two fates. Either it is successful and is taken up by all parties, or it fails and that is the end of it (and of its apostles). In the case of the Labour Party, much of its original body of doctrine has been accepted by the general community and been long since put into practice. There is little unachieved among its original purposes except the doctrine of Nationalisation which has suffered a marked and provable decline in popularity—whether deserved being irrelevant to this argument. Philosophically, nationalisation may lead to the ideal society, but in terms of current political fact it has ceased to appeal to the majority. And it is mere elementary politics that parties which tie themselves to declining causes, decline with them.

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It may sound cynical, but it is also provable from the record that the longest-lived parties are those with the fewest fixed dogmas. Pragmatism pays in politics—as the longevity of Democratic and Tory Parties proves. No one can prove against either any consistent pattern of policy. Both have had dogmatic phases in their respective pasts, but both have managed to rescue themselves before it was too late from fatal commitment to lost causes. They have one thing in common. By and large both exist as professional political organisations existing for the primary purpose of winning elections and thus rewarding their faithful followers. This may be an earthier goal than the salvation of the human race by a single chosen route, but it wins more elections.

Socialists may have the true key to salvation, but they haven't yet persuaded a majority in Britain that this is the case. And they still are, or were, more interested in the victory of socialism than in the victory of their political party at the election just ahead. A good general in war-time discards his liabilities. Democrats and Tories may be soulless, but they are tough and resilient. Republicans gained a new lease on life when they too went pragmatic in 1952 and offered the American public something more appealing than repeal of the New Deal.

JOSEPH C. HARSCH
Chief London Correspondent, National Broadcasting Company
London

"Beastly to the Germans"

ONE fallacy which, as Mr. Terence Prittie suggests in his article on "The Germans and the English" [ENCOUNTER, December], keeps on poisoning international relations, is the foolish habit of personifying nations, attributing to them the characteristics of individuals, and imagining that they confront each other as individuals do. It is significant that it became a fashion in Germany to say *"der Engländer"*—first person singular—when talking about the British. This caused me some trouble when I first came to London some thirty years ago. When I met Miss Megan Lloyd George, I wanted to say something nice to her and told her that no "Englishman" was better known in Germany than her father. She flared up and informed me that her family was Welsh. What that implied became clear to me when I later visited Wales and particularly the island of Anglesey.

Everywhere silly little clichés are passed on from generation to generation, allegedly describing the character of a whole nation. If only we could get rid of these stupid generalisations! Anglo-German relations are still poisoned by outlandish ideas about our so-called national character. Read what Lord Bryce had to say on this subject in the first edition of his *History of the Holy Roman Empire*. He says about the French what was later said about us—and holds *us* up as a model to *them*!

Lord Northcliffe was less kind to us during World War I and tried to convey the impression that "killing babies" was our favourite national pastime. Lord Vansittart, a highly cultured and very learned man, put the finishing touches to that picture of "the Hun" who is wicked by nature and has behaved badly from time immemorial, or at least from the time when the Germanic tribes under Arminius were wrong-headed enough to fight Varus and his Roman legions.

I do not want to minimise in any way the horrible crimes committed by Germans during the Nazi period. We shall always be ashamed that fellow-countrymen of ours were capable of such immense atrocities. But nationals of other countries were also involved; and there are examples of inhumanity in the history of other nations as well.

I lived in Britain for eleven years and was quite happy there (far happier than in my own country at that time, where I had been persecuted for my political beliefs). But if you ask me whether I "love the British," I most emphatically answer *No*. That would be just as silly as hating them collectively. I have a great many friends in Britain, whom I like better than most of my compatriots. I found there some saintly people (more perhaps than in my own country), but also a considerable number of criminals—and every shade of human character and behaviour in between.

I certainly hate Communism and dislike intensely the policy of the Soviet Government, but I am not foolish enough to "hate the Russians." In more civilised days such an attitude would have been regarded as normal. That changed, perhaps, when Rousseau persuaded us that nations have the qualities of individuals. Since then it has become necessary to make the trite and obvious remark that "there are good and bad people in every nation." Some generalisations are, perhaps, permissible, *e.g.*, that "the average Englishman behaves well in a queue" and is more inclined to conform to general standards than the average German, because he has learned that democracy needs a large measure of self-discipline.

It is a myth that the German Press "cringes before the Adenauer government" and "obeys orders." When legislation was introduced recently to demarcate the freedom of the person and the freedom of the Press, both guaranteed by the Bonn Constitution, the German Press (including pro-Government papers) stood up as a man to fight it. When Adenauer started criticising Britain in a manner most of us disliked, no paper followed suit. I assure you we are very jealous of our independence and freedom.

It would be very unfair to ask British colleagues to defend the whole Press of their country. It is not run by a writers' collective. Everybody is responsible only for his own editorial policy. Britain has some of the best and some of the worst newspapers in the world.

Nor has my critical attitude towards some British papers anything to do with the fact that they hold opinions differing from mine. We certainly do not want a general *Sprachregelung*. Of course, I deplore the fact that a newspaper which has always been near and dear to my heart, *The Guardian*, advocates a policy of disengagement which I regard as most dangerous. I deplore the fact that they ignore the lesson of the "cordon sanitaire" between

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the wars; but they are perfectly entitled to their views, and they have my respect and admiration.

This I cannot say of others; particularly not of those who continue the conduct of psychological warfare against Germany. Some of them had "nothing against Herr Hitler" and the Nazis until Czechoslovakia was raped. Some of them hailed Stalin's conversion to democracy when he proclaimed that phoney constitution of 1936. They have been wrong time and again.

It is perfectly proper for us to criticise each other frankly, and not to mince words in the process. Nor do we mind your criticism either. We had to build up a free Press under most difficult conditions, and we are still far from perfect. I am fully aware of the fact that our German Press has not yet reached the high standards it had before 1933. But, to-day, in Western Germany, it is free and independent.

HANS A. KLUTHE
Publisher, Frankfurter Illustrierte

Frankfurt-am-Main

Israel in the Commonwealth

PROFESSOR Max Beloff's review of my book, *The Imperial Idea and Its Enemies* [ENCOUNTER, September 1959] is reflective and valuable, but may I take mild issue with his opinion that I have somehow been misled or perhaps seduced by British professional Arabophiles?

I was arguing neither *for* the Zionists nor *for* the "Arab cause," but was pointing out that if the British wanted to establish both their power and the necessary respect for it in the Middle East (as they did) then their promotion of two conflicting policies in the area was bound eventually to lead to their discomfiture. Certainly, as Professor Beloff reminds me, there were other elements in the Middle Eastern cauldron which when fused together were bound to come to the boil—nationalist elements not directly connected with Britain's support for Zionism. But there was an indirect connection, for Zionism helped these elements to fuse together and become effective. No subject-race likes or is expected to like its master: but the trouble here was that the Arabs did not *trust* the master either, as the master was simultaneously supporting the cause of a race Arabs could only consider as an enemy. Sophisticated and ambitious Egyptian and Iraqi leaders, whether they personally cared a straw for Palestine or not, could always most effectively use the Zionist stick to beat the British with.

The idea of Israel within the Commonwealth may have its attractions, but it is not a historical idea. What group of British statesmen ever promoted it? Certainly not Balfour, who having honoured the Zionists with his intellectual prestige and laid a foundation-stone for Jerusalem University never extended himself for them politically thereafter. Between 1922 and the second war Egypt was granted a tinsel kind of "Dominion Status," but nobody could envisage giving Palestine even this, as self-government in Palestine could only have entailed the killing of Jews by Arabs and of Arabs by Jews.

One further point: if I devote much attention to Middle Eastern affairs, it is because I consider them more significant than tropical Africa and south-east Asia in the story I was trying to tell, the story of the establishment and maintenance of British *power*. The Middle East was an area where British policy, however inconsistent itself, was consistently applied. No British Government ever devoted its attention to Africa or south-east Asia in the same way: settlers there might bring the affairs of their area into metropolitan political prominence, but never for long and usually without attracting any lasting attention.

A. P. THORNTON

University College of the West Indies, Jamaica

I WILL not trespass on your space to take up all the points made by Professor Thornton in his interesting letter. But he has challenged me on a point of fact in his statement that the idea of Israel within the Commonwealth is not "a historical idea" in the sense that it was not advocated during the period of the mandate by any important section of opinion in this country.

Professor Thornton is wrong on this point. It is true that responsible British statesmen could hardly go on record as directly advocating the annexation of a League mandate. But many of those statesmen in the 1920s most concerned that Britain should retain her connection with Palestine and most committed to the view that the establishment of the Jewish National Home would help to preserve this connection—Mr. L. S. Amery, for instance—clearly envisaged the future of the country as being bound up with that of the Commonwealth.

In his book advocating the creation of a Jewish State within the Commonwealth—significantly entitled *The Seventh Dominion*, Josiah (later Lord) Wedgwood wrote that the policy of appeasing the Arabs would end "the hope, or dream, of seeing Palestine a free, self-governing Dominion within the British Empire." Thus, writing in 1928, Wedgwood clearly assumed that such a hope or dream was something which could be alluded to as a fact.

Perhaps, however, Professor Thornton would prefer a less pro-Zionist source. In the 1936 volume of the Chatham House *Survey of International Affairs*, reference is made to the debate in the House of Commons on June 19th and to Mr. Amery's exposition of the "relevance of Palestine to the Empire." After quoting Mr. Amery at some length, the writer of the *Survey* continues:

> In this and other speeches, notably that of Mr. Lloyd George, there was a tendency to equate the security of these interests with the success of Zionism in Palestine. This connection was emphasised in several contemporary publications, from both the Jewish and Imperial points of view; on both sides the possibility was envisaged of the

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Mandate being terminated by the absorption of a predominantly Jewish Palestine into the British Empire.

Professor Thornton would hardly regard Mr. Harold Beeley, the author of these lines, as notably Zionist in sympathy.

The idea that Israel should become a member of the Commonwealth may be a good or a bad one —but it is certainly not a new one.

MAX BELOFF

All Souls College,
Oxford

Epaminondas

THE difficulties of trans-Atlantic proof-reading led to a number of misprints in my recent article, "Thoughts on Co-existence," in ENCOUNTER. One was serious enough to require correction for the record. The Greek whose military innovations influenced the organisation of the Macedonian phalanx was, of course, Epaminondas, and not the imaginary "Etanionondas." I should, perhaps, have added that the theories of Iphicrates and the example of Jason of Pherae must also have had a good deal of influence.

JOSEPH ALSOP

Washington, D.C.

Accents

IN "A Dialogue with Durrell," Kenneth Young writes: "He . . . speaks with an accent that is Foreign Office rather than B.B.C." Could Kenneth Young tell us how these accents are to be distinguished?

RICHARD STORRY

St. Antony's College,
Oxford

[KENNETH YOUNG writes: *To my mind a B.B.C. accent is basically Cockney distilled out of the clashings of provincial snobbisms in the soundproof studios of Portland Place. A Foreign Office accent is basically Home Counties modified into a pleasing clarity by its owner's need to make himself understood by those who have not had the grace to learn English.*]

THE publication in our January number of Abram Tertz's story *The Trial Begins* has aroused widespread interest among editors and publishers in various countries, and we should like to call attention to the fact that the world copyright lies with *Kultura* (Paris), in whose pages the story was first printed. Enquiries should be addressed to Jerzy Giedroyc, Editor, Maison Lafittes, S. & O., France. A book edition of ENCOUNTER's English translation (by Max Hayward) will shortly be published by Collins, London.—*Ed.*

AUTHORS

Clancy Sigal *writes*: "Single, currently resident in London, looking for a flat where the neighbours won't mind hearing Brubeck and the MJQ at odd hours. . . . Came to Europe on Houghton-Mifflin literary fellowship for novel-in-work, which I'm still plugging away at. First book published in January by Secker & Warburg entitled *Week-end in Dinlock*, working on one or two others. Sole ambition: to write books and teach in quiet university where there is a jug-band in which I can play tenor kazoo. . . . Born a mile east of Capone's Cicero and south of Algren's Division Street in Chicago, took my first education in Tennessee. Was a sweet and silent child. Also was a GI, rose to rank of company sergeant when all the other sergeants were sent home from Germany. . . . Served time in the various worlds of Detroit labour unions, Hollywood film studios and Sunset Strip conferences, New York documentary movieola rooms, and a glorious three-year vacation on the beaches of Malibu out of which I emerged with a B.A. in English literature (UCLA, class of '50). . . . Had the usual jobs, script-writer, taxi-driver, reporter, spot-welder, about fifty more, but *never* was a lumberjack or dish-washer."

*

Noel Annan is Provost of King's College, Cambridge, "very young" (he was appointed in 1956 before he was 40) and "very cosmopolitan" (born in London; father from Scotland; mother from America; wife from Berlin). His book on *Leslie Stephen* (1951) was a study in 19th-century intellectual history. Two years ago he delivered a most curious lecture in London on *The Curious Strength of Positivism in English Political Thought*: it was a very conventional performance, and now that it has been published (O.U.P.) it may be more widely discussed. On Bertrand Russell ("treating individuals as atoms and desiring a world of passionless calculators who measure in a timeless void the effects of different courses of action upon the human race"), he remarks:

> Russell would introduce symbols not only into logic but into politics. The correct solution, he has maintained, to any political equation can be discovered by subtracting emotion from both sides and by substituting the symbols x, y, and z for Britain, Russia, and the United States in any international dispute. . . .

And, for a political philosopher, he puts in a remarkable plea for sociology:

> One reason why political theory in this country is in decline is that, with some notable exceptions, we are still trying to produce ore from mines which have for long been worked out, namely the old concepts of state, society, will, rights, consent, obligation; and we have turned our backs on the social studies and methods of analysis which alone would restore some value and new meaning to those concepts. Such

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rejuvenation can come primarily from the fruit of that revolution in sociology which so curiously passed us by over half a century ago and is still despised and feared by some of the most influential figures in academic life—to their very great discredit.

*

The remarks on "Lady Chatterley in America" were first written by **Miss Katherine Anne Porter** for a student magazine, *Shenandoah*, at Washington & Lee University in Lexington, Virginia, where she is in residence. She has revised it and enlarged it for ENCOUNTER.

No unexpurgated edition of Lawrence's novel has been published over here. For the latest development in the story of "Lady Chatterley in England" we refer our readers to the following report in *The Guardian* (November 26th, 1959):

> Dr. Alan Thompson, Labour member for Dunfermline, is to ask the Home Secretary . . . on what authority the Metropolitan Police confiscated twelve copies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* imported from the United States by Mrs. Barbara Barr, stepdaughter of the late D. H. Lawrence, and if he will give instructions for these books to be delivered to Mrs. Barr.
>
> According to Mrs. Barr, complimentary copies of the American unexpurgated edition of *Lady Chatterley* were sent to her, and her brother and sister, by the New American Library and the Grove Press. She was not told of the books being stopped, but was visited by two policemen who said that the Metropolitan Police had been notified of the books' arrival, had collected them, and sent them to the Director of Public Prosecutions.
>
> The officers said they had to take action on being told of the seizure. Officially the same view was still taken of *Lady Chatterley* as in 1929 at the original prosecution. . . . The Post Office list of obscene books is roughly the same as that of the Home Office and the Customs.

And to this account of the exchanges between Dr. Thompson and Mr. Anthony Barber (Economic Secretary to the Treasury) in the House of Commons on December 3rd, 1959:

> MR. BARBER replied: "This matter is being investigated and I will write to you."
>
> DR. THOMPSON: "Will you bear in mind that this controversy over Lawrence has been dead for about twenty-five years, that he is now recognised as a major English novelist, and that his works are prescribed reading for university students in every reputable department of literature in this country as well as in other countries? It is absurd that, in 1959, Customs officials should be rummaging through the luggage of British or foreign citizens looking for copies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*."
>
> MR. BARBER: "I am afraid one has to abide by the law, and as recently as 1955 this particular book was ruled to be obscene by a magistrate at Bow Street."
>
> MR. JO GRIMOND (Liberal Leader): "Is not one of these books in the House of Commons library?" (*Laughter.*)
>
> MR. BARBER: "I have not found it yet." (*Renewed laughter.*)
>
> MR. DOUGLAS JAY (Lab., Battersea): "If a magistrate gave that ruling, does it not show there must be something wrong with the law and that it ought to be altered?"
>
> MR. BARBER: "That is hardly for me to answer."

*

Hugh Trevor-Roper was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford two years ago at the age of 43. He is the author of a book on *Archbishop Laud* (1940), and his more recent study of *The Gentry* was the subject of almost as much controversial discussion in the pages of ENCOUNTER as his essay on "Arnold Toynbee's Millennium" which we published in our number of June 1957. His best-known book is *The Last Days of Hitler*, and his most recent a collection of *Historical Essays*. Both of these, by the way, were included by the British Council for its "cultural exchange" exhibition in Moscow this winter—but only one made it. The Soviet censor intervened at the last minute and objected to *The Last Days*; the British Council had it removed (along with some thirty books and periodicals, including ENCOUNTER). No one quite knows why. "Delicate" was possibly only his explanation of the mystery of Hitler's death and the strange suspicions of Marshals Stalin and Zhukov, both long since absent from the Moscow scene. Left on the shelves was the book which contained a long critique of Marxist historiography. On this subject Professor Trevor-Roper, in a letter to the *Times* (November 30th, 1959), remarked:

> This is not the first instance, nor are Communist countries the only countries, in which its policy in respect of typical British ideas seems to be one of prudent suppression. In non-intellectual matters—in the arrangement of football matches or trade agreements or arms conventions—it may be right to exclude inconvenient ideas; but in the exchange of ideas it is not. The 17th-century Jesuits in China, we are told, in order not to upset the social sensitivities of the Chinese, excluded the Crucifixion and certain other details from the story of Christ. We do not learn that they made many lasting converts by the unobjectionable residue of the story.

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